K.7.i.2
1-104

Francis Horton

# A Collection Of Songs

By Severall

Masters

Anno 1704

38.
12 – 14.
147.

A Song by **Abell**
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Songe by **Akeroyde**
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The Rays of dear Clarindas P. 114.

**Barrett**
Liberia's all my thought P. 123
Oh Happy Groves P. 124

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This way Mortall P
All things seem Deaf P
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Belinda's pretty pleasing P
So well Corinna P
Love is A God P
Relieve the fair Belinda P
What Beauty is P
A Swain long slighted P
Love is an empty airy flame P
As Cupid Rogishly P
Must then a faithfull P
I Burn I burn P
Ye Gentle gales P
That you alone P
Wasted with sighs P
Love's but a frailty P

**Elridg**
Some ease Orinda P
How Sweet and lasting P
In me Orinda P

**Gouge**
While sighing at your feet P

**Gillier**
For mighty Loves P
One day when Damon
Chloe is divinely fair

## [illegible]all

The great good man P. 14

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Cou'd I the lovely Celia P. 127

## Hart

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Sound the Trumpet P. 122

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Come let us leave the Towne P. 18
Celemene pray tell me P. 19
Fair Cloe my breast P. 21
Now the maids & the men P.23
Let the dreadfull Engines P.26
Celia has a 1000 Charmes P.29
'Tis Natures voice P. 30
I see she flyes me P.31
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Dear pretty Youth P. 33
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See where repenting Celia P. 35

## Purcell

Stay lovely Youth
Forbear O Goddess
O Ravishing delight
This way Mortall
Help me Hermes
Hither turn the Gentle Swain
Far from the anxious care
Nature fram'd thee
So Fair Young Celias charms
Lovely Charmer
Sabina has A Thousand Charms
The Jolly Swains
Cupid make your Virgins tender
Alass when Charming Silvias gon
Phillis has such Charming graces
Thus Damon knock'd
In A Groves forsaken shade

## Robart

Sylvia I'll on P.

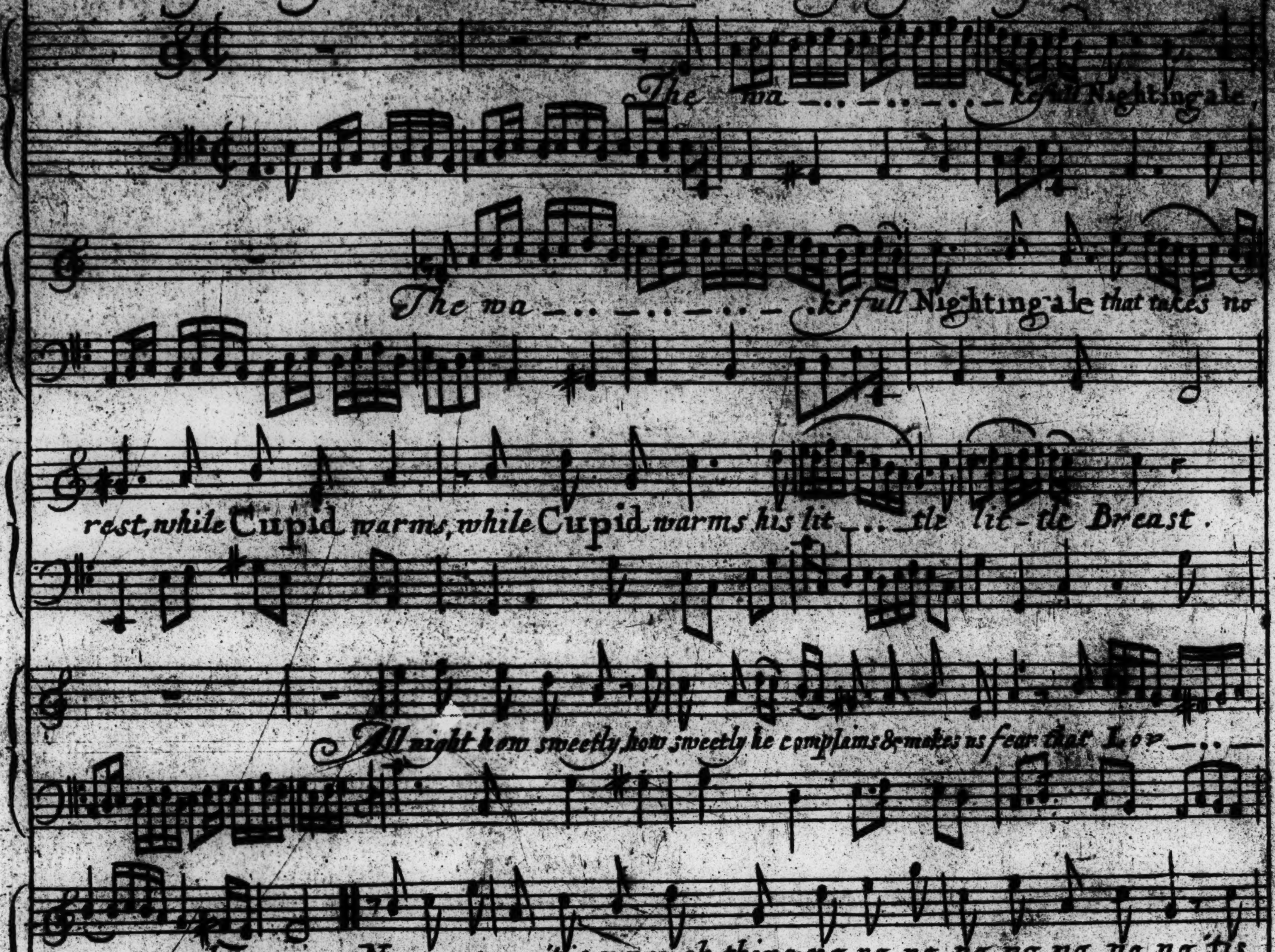
## Weldon

The Wakefull Nightingale
Take O Take those Lips away
Stop O yea waves
Insulting Rivall $y^e$ $2^d$ Song in the book
Panthea all the senses treats
Why will Clemene
Reason what art thou

## Wilford

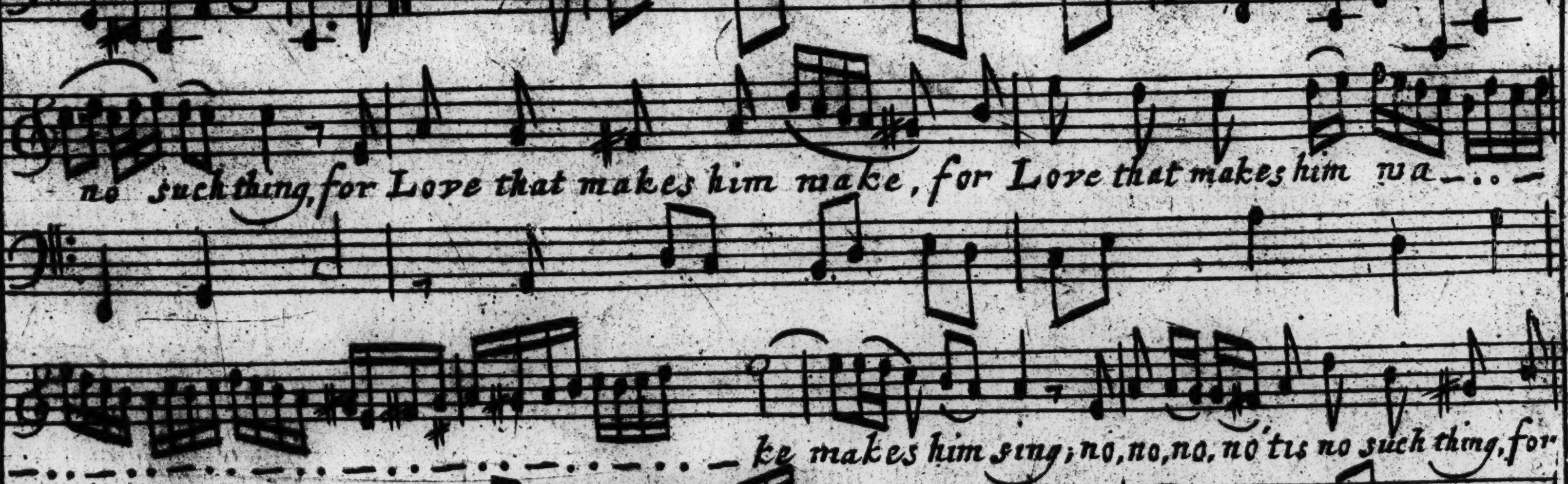
In vain I hope P.
Sweet Nightingales
Tell me dear Charmer
Tell me Ye happy
If [illegible] the Macedonians

# A Song set by Mr. John Weldon, & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


The wa——kefull Nightingale
The wa——kesfull Nighting-ale that takes no
rest, while Cupid warms, while Cupid warms his lit—tle lit-tle Breast.
All night how sweetly how sweetly he complains & makes us fear that Lov—
—e has pains. No, no, no, no 'tis no such thing; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no 'tis
no such thing, for Love that makes him make, for Love that makes him wa—
—ke makes him sing; no, no, no, no 'tis no such thing, for
Love that makes him wa——ke makes him Sing.
1
2

BRITISH MUSEUM

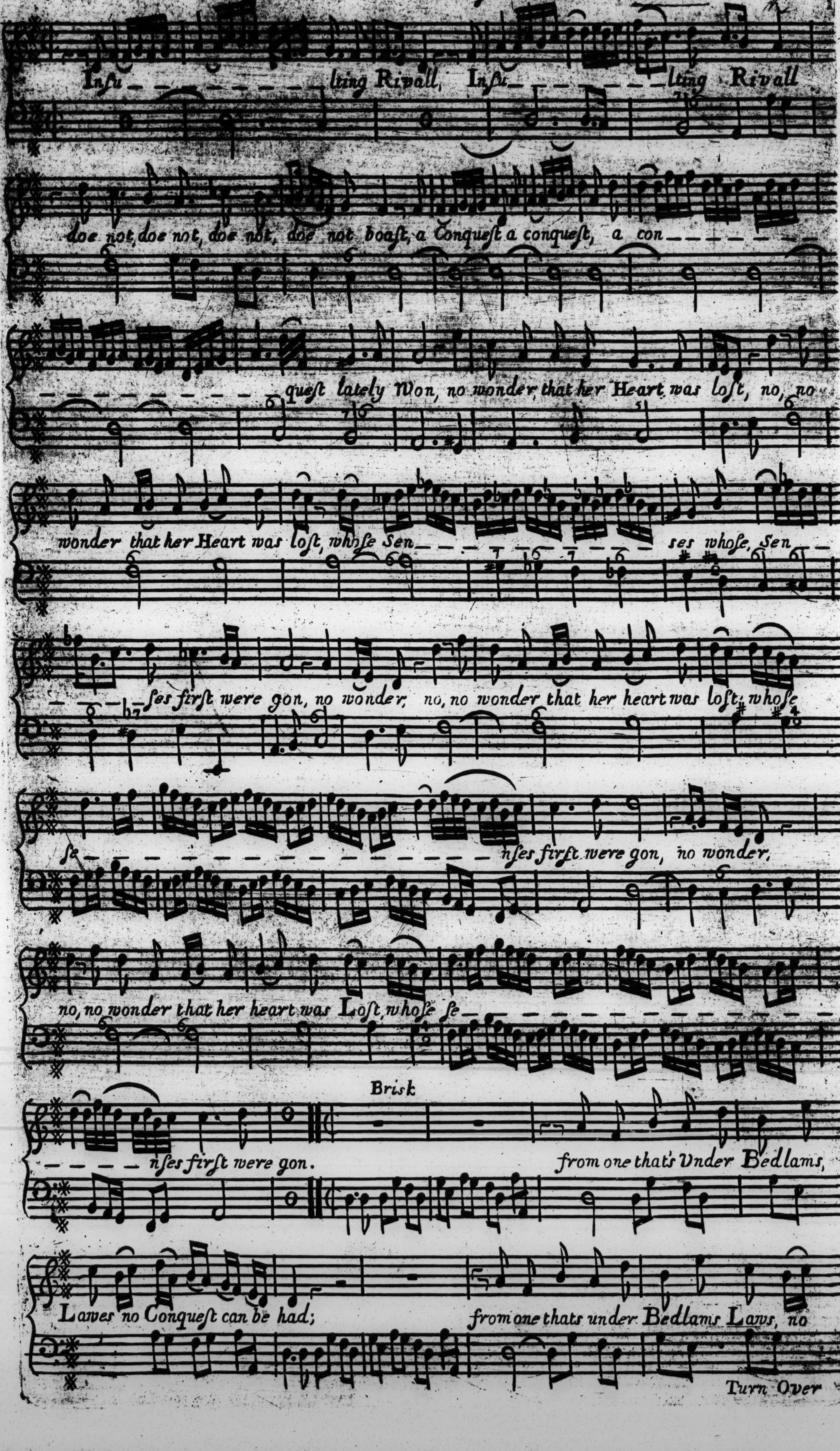
## For the Flute.



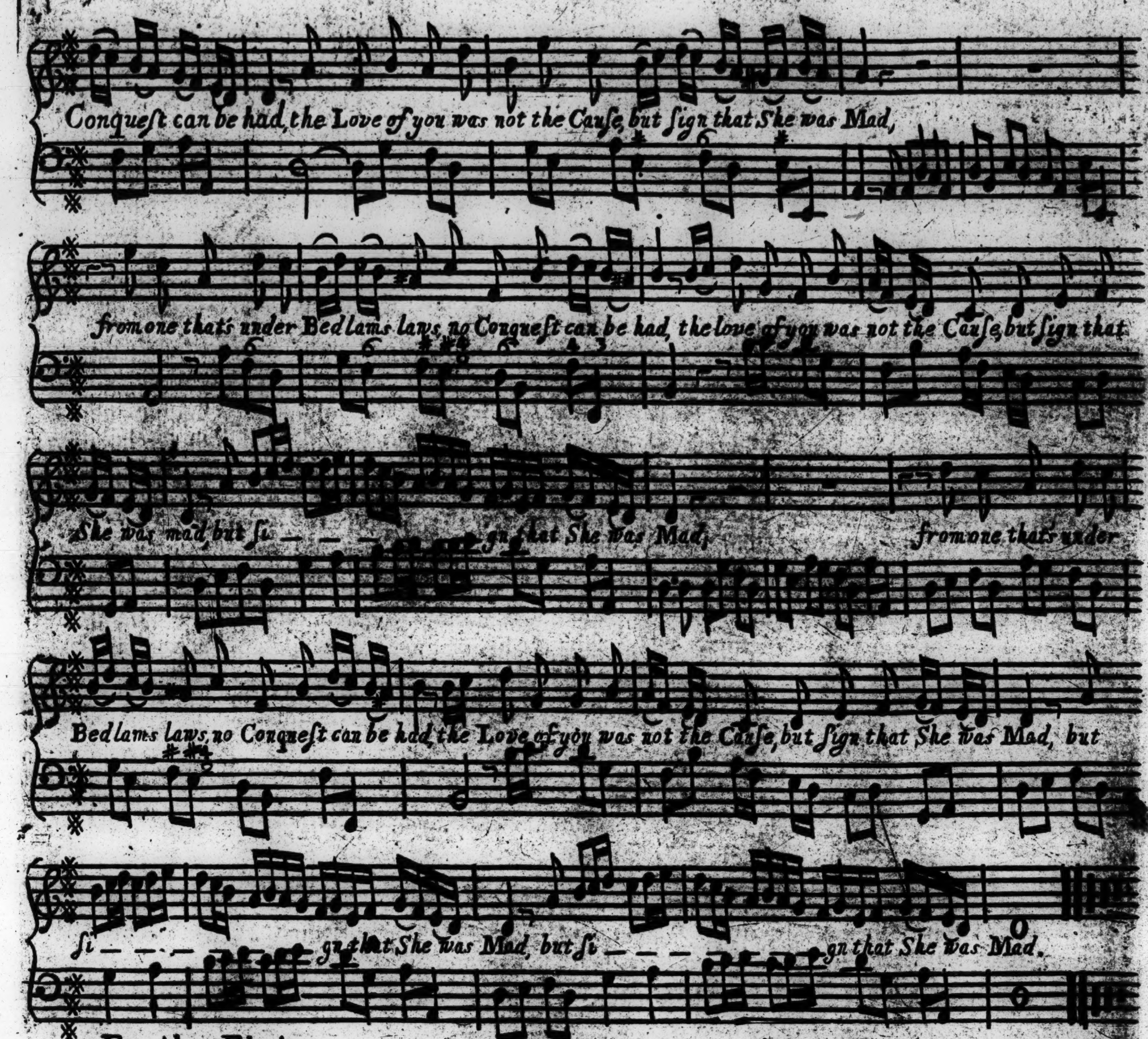
In Weldons Collection of Songs.

## A SONG on a Rivall who Marryed a Lady after She had Loſt Her Senſes

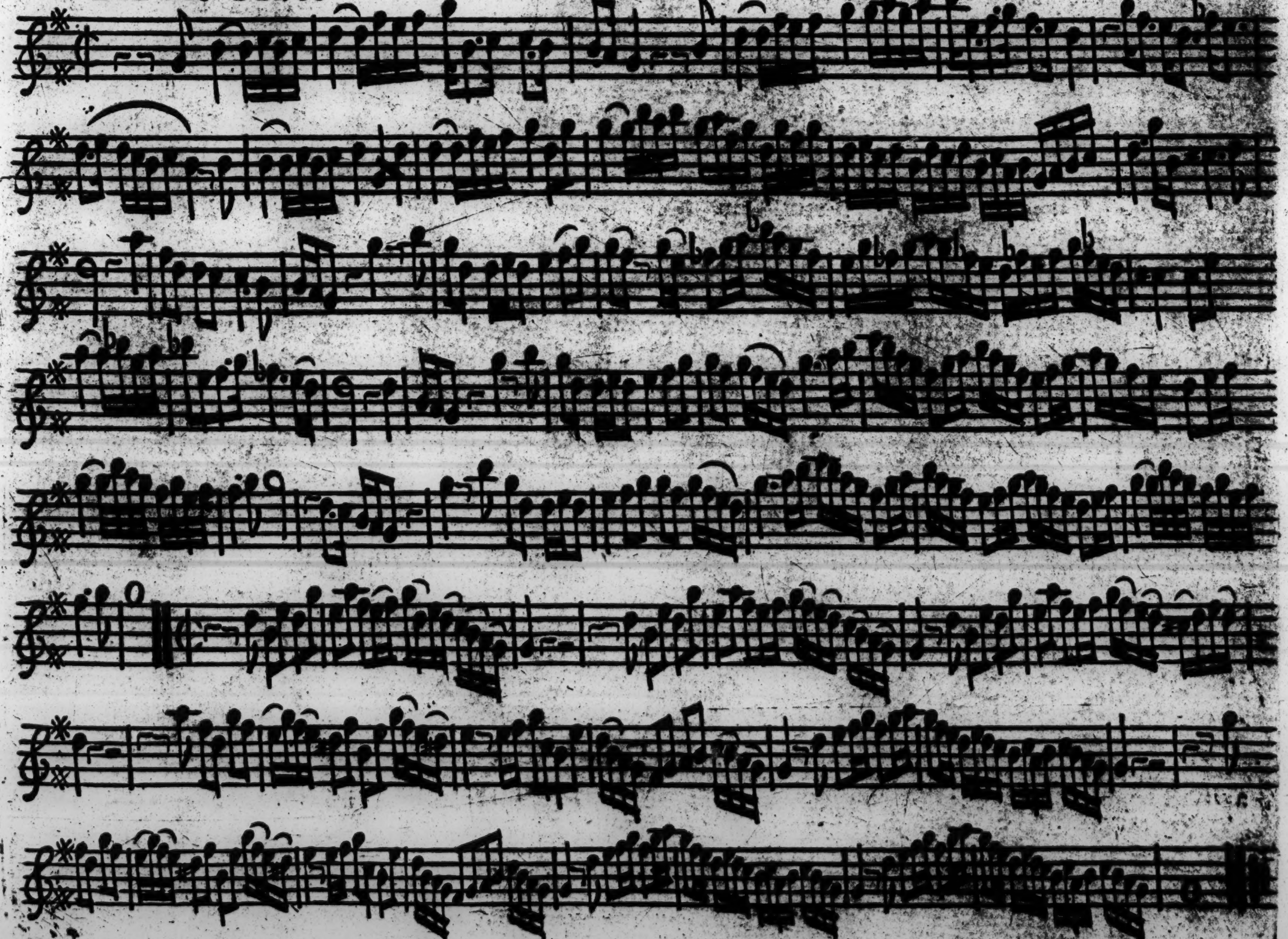
Set by Mr John Welldon


Inſu lting Rivall, Inſu lting Rivall
doe not, doe not, doe not, doe not boaſt, a Conqueſt a conqueſt, a con
queſt lately Won, no wonder, that her Heart was loſt, no, no
wonder that her Heart was loſt, whoſe Sen ſes whoſe, Sen
ſes firſt were gon, no wonder, no, no wonder that her heart was loſt, whoſe
Se nſes firſt were gon, no wonder,
no, no wonder that her heart was Loſt, whoſe Se
nſes firſt were gon.
Brisk
from one that's Under Bedlams,
Lawes no Conqueſt can be had;
from one thats under Bedlams Laws, no

Turn Over

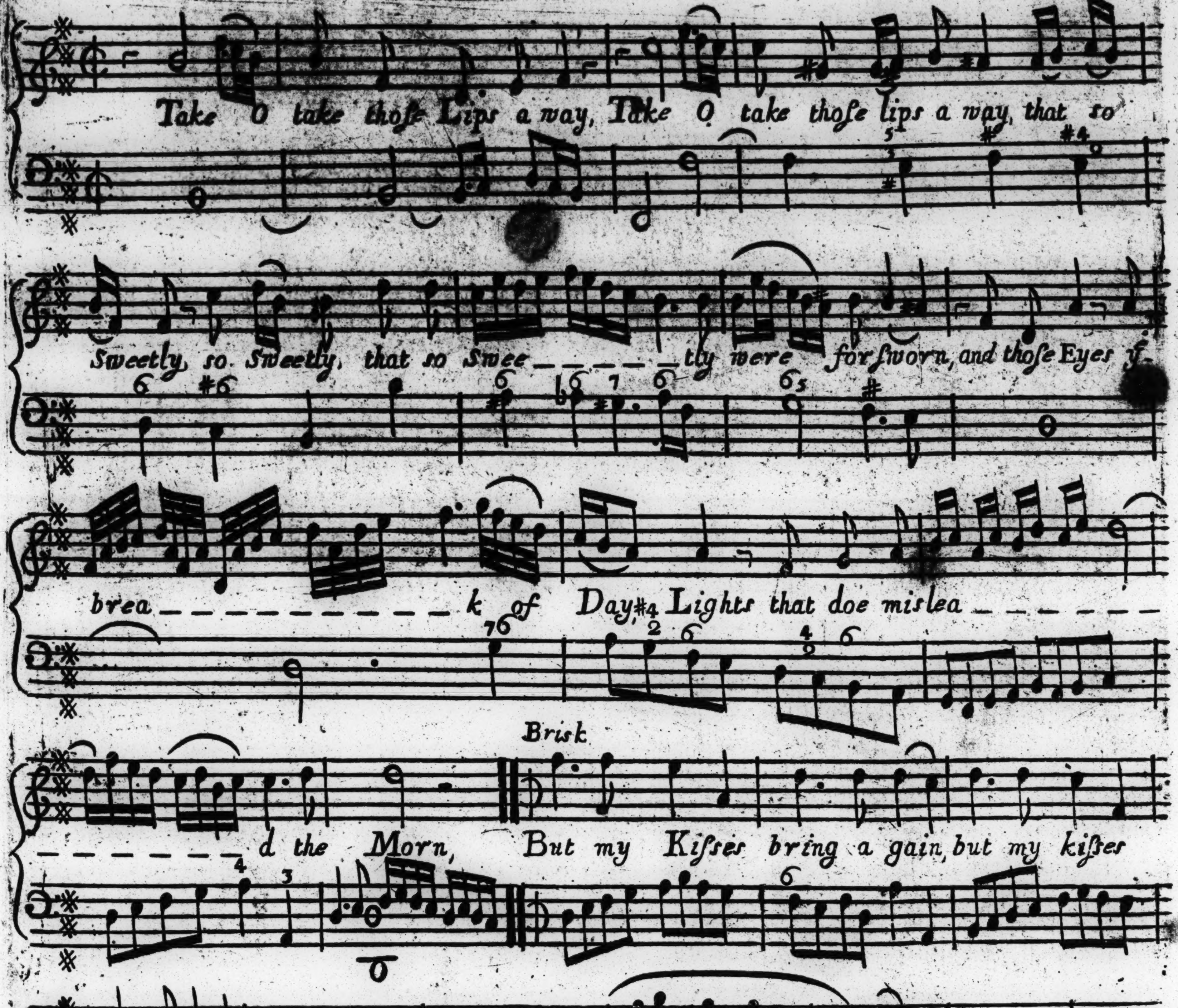

Conqueſt can be had, the Love of you was not the Cauſe, but ſign that She was Mad,
from one that's under Bedlams laws, no Conqueſt can be had, the love of you was not the Cauſe, but ſign that
She was mad but ſi_ _ _ _ _gn that She was Mad, from one that's under
Bedlams laws, no Conqueſt can be had the Love of you was not the Cauſe, but ſign that She was Mad, but
ſi_ _ _ _ _gn that She was Mad, but ſi_ _ _ _ _gn that She was Mad.

**For the Flute**

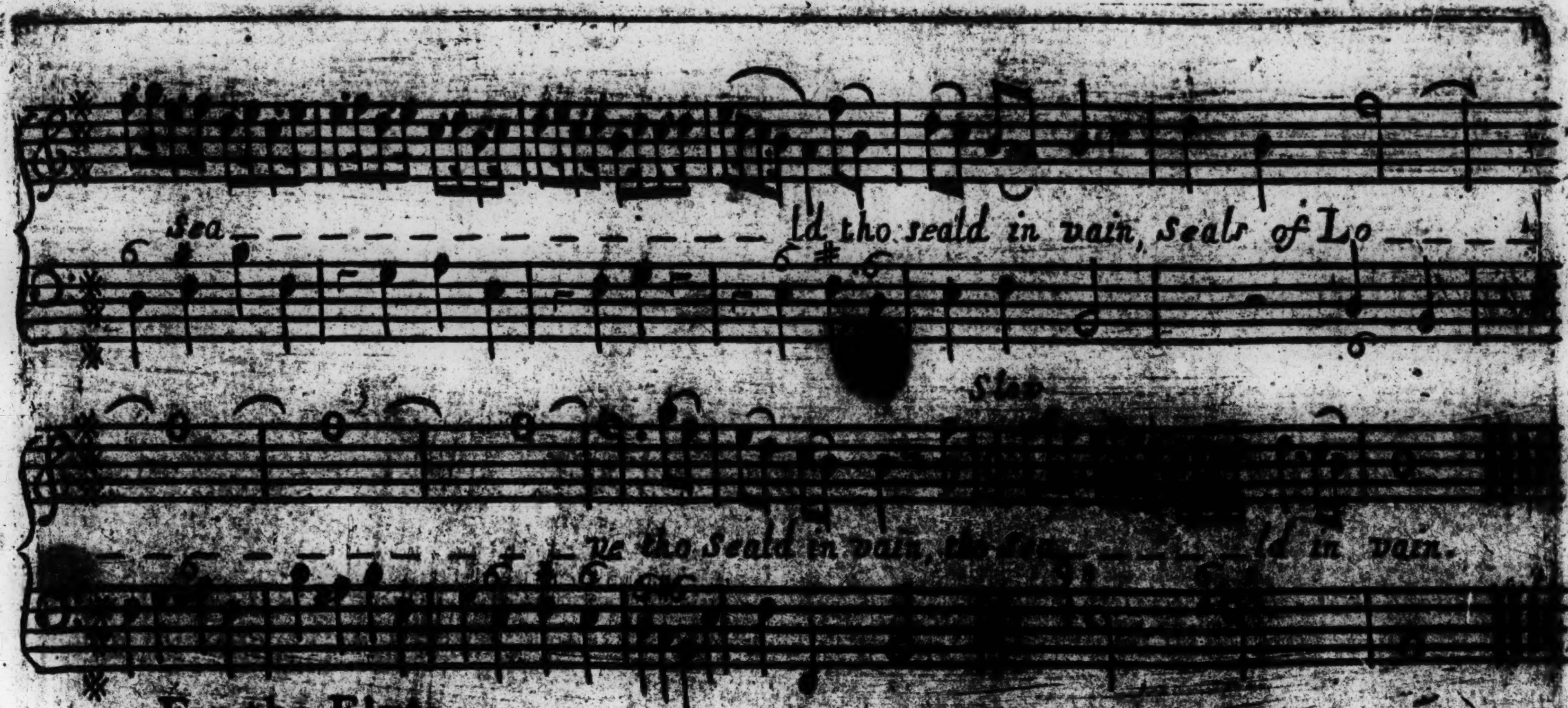


K In Weldon's Collection of So

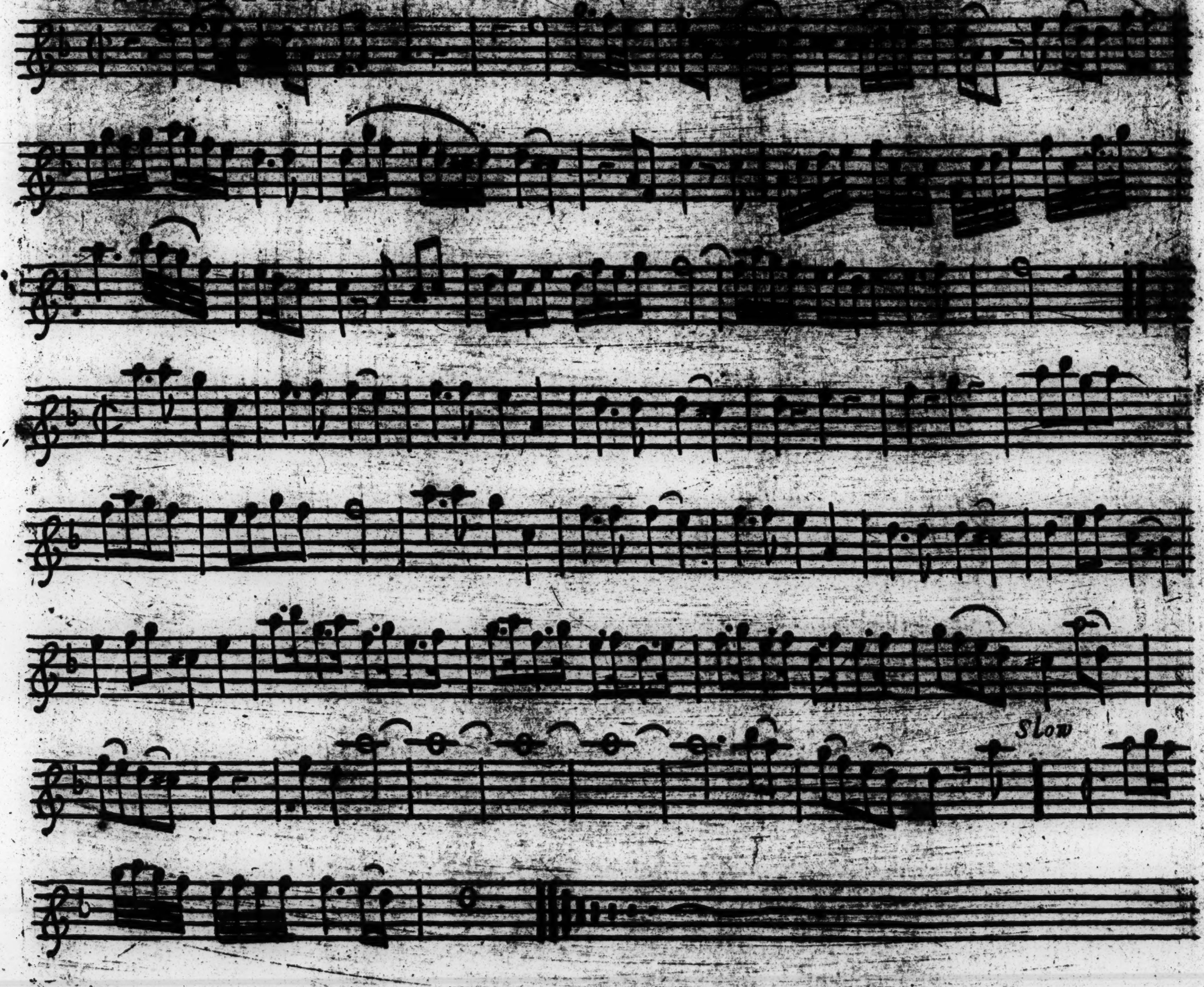
A SONG Set by Mr John Welldon the words taken out of Shakspear


Take O take those Lips a way, Take O take those lips a way, that so
Sweetly so Sweetly, that so Swee______tly were forsworn, and those Eyes y
brea___________k of Day, Lights that doe mislea_______
_______d the Morn,
Brisk
But my Kisses bring a gain, but my kisses
bring a gain, bring, bring, bring, bring, bri______ng a gain
But my Kisses bring, a gain, but my kisses bring a gain,
seals of Love, seals of love tho

Turn Over


Sea — ld tho seald in vain, Seals of Lo —
ve tho Seald in vain, the Sea — ld in vain.
Slo

**For the Flute**



In Weldon's Collection of Songs

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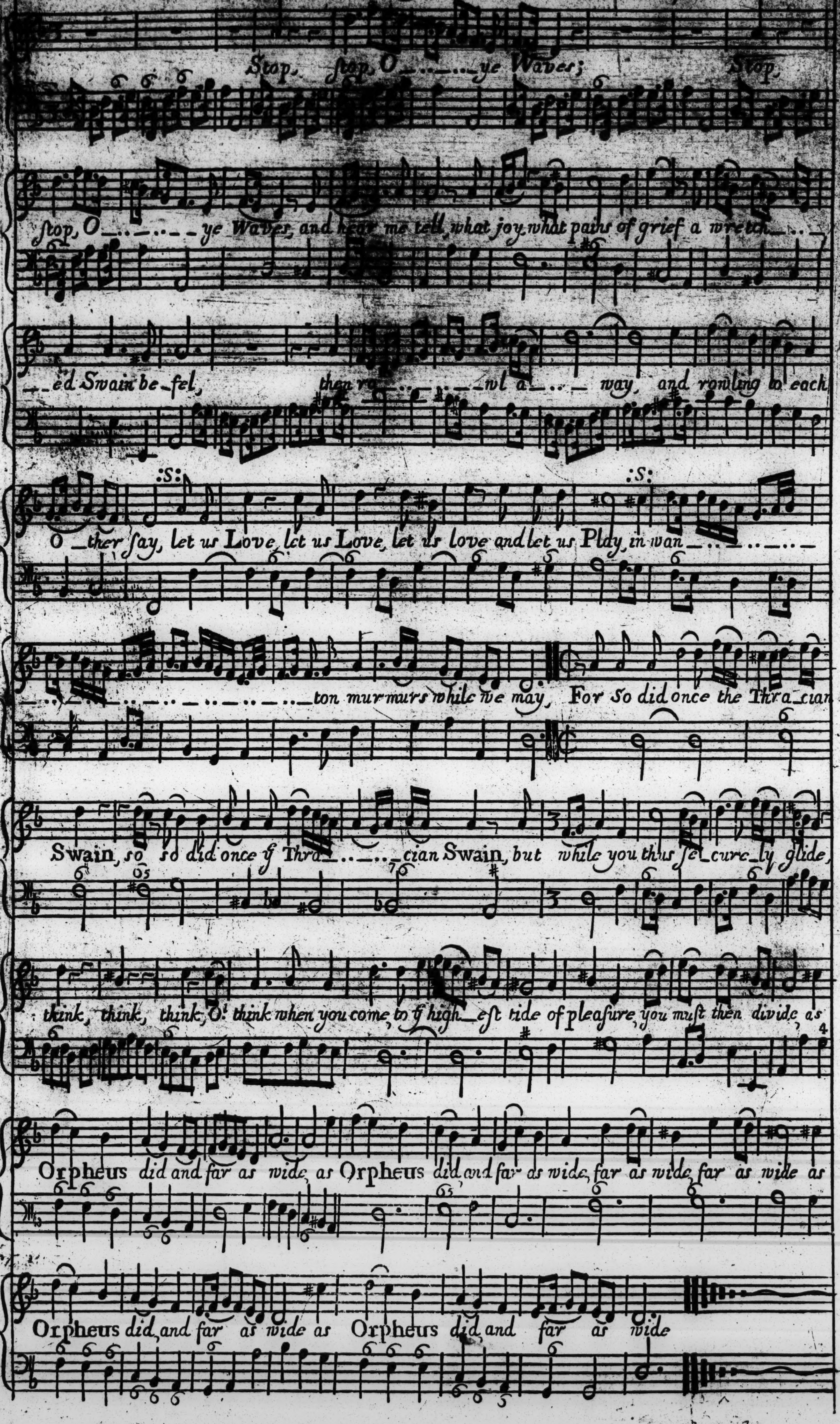
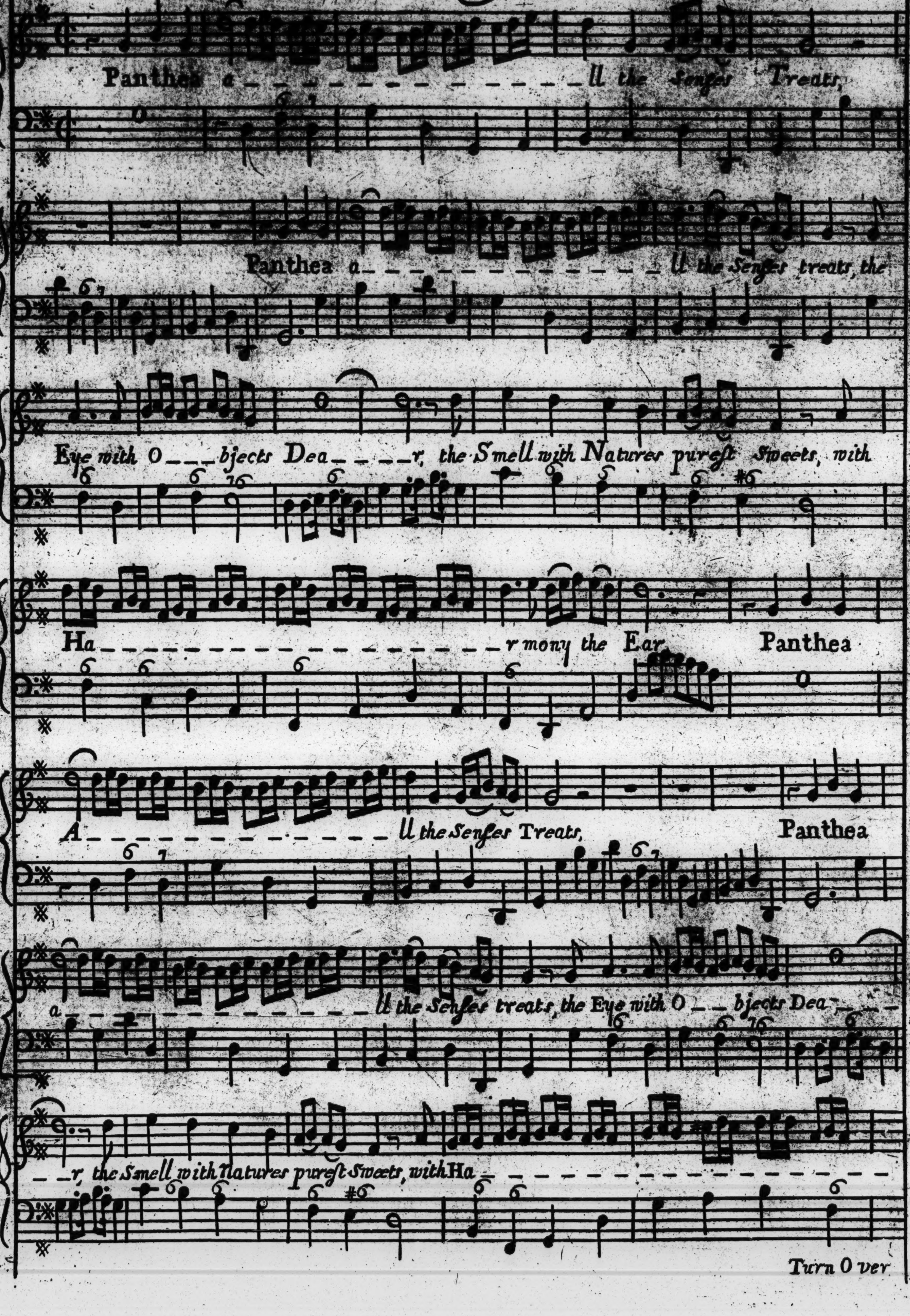
## Orpheus SONG to the Waves Sett by Mr. Iohn Weldon Sung by Mrs Linſey.


Stop, ſtop, O______ye Waves; Stop,
ſtop, O________ye Waves, and hear me tell, what joy, what pains of grief a wretch____
___ed Swain be_fel, then ro______ul a___way, and rowling to each
:S:
O_ther ſay, let us Love, let us Love, let us love and let us Play in wan_________
:S:
______________ton murmurs while we may, For so did once the Thra_cian
Swain, so so did once ye Thra_____cian Swain, but while you thus ſe_cure_ly glide,
think, think, think, O! think when you come to ye high_eſt tide of pleaſure, you muſt then divide as
Orpheus did and far as wide, as Orpheus did and far as wide, far as wide far as wide as
Orpheus did, and far as wide as Orpheus did and far as wide

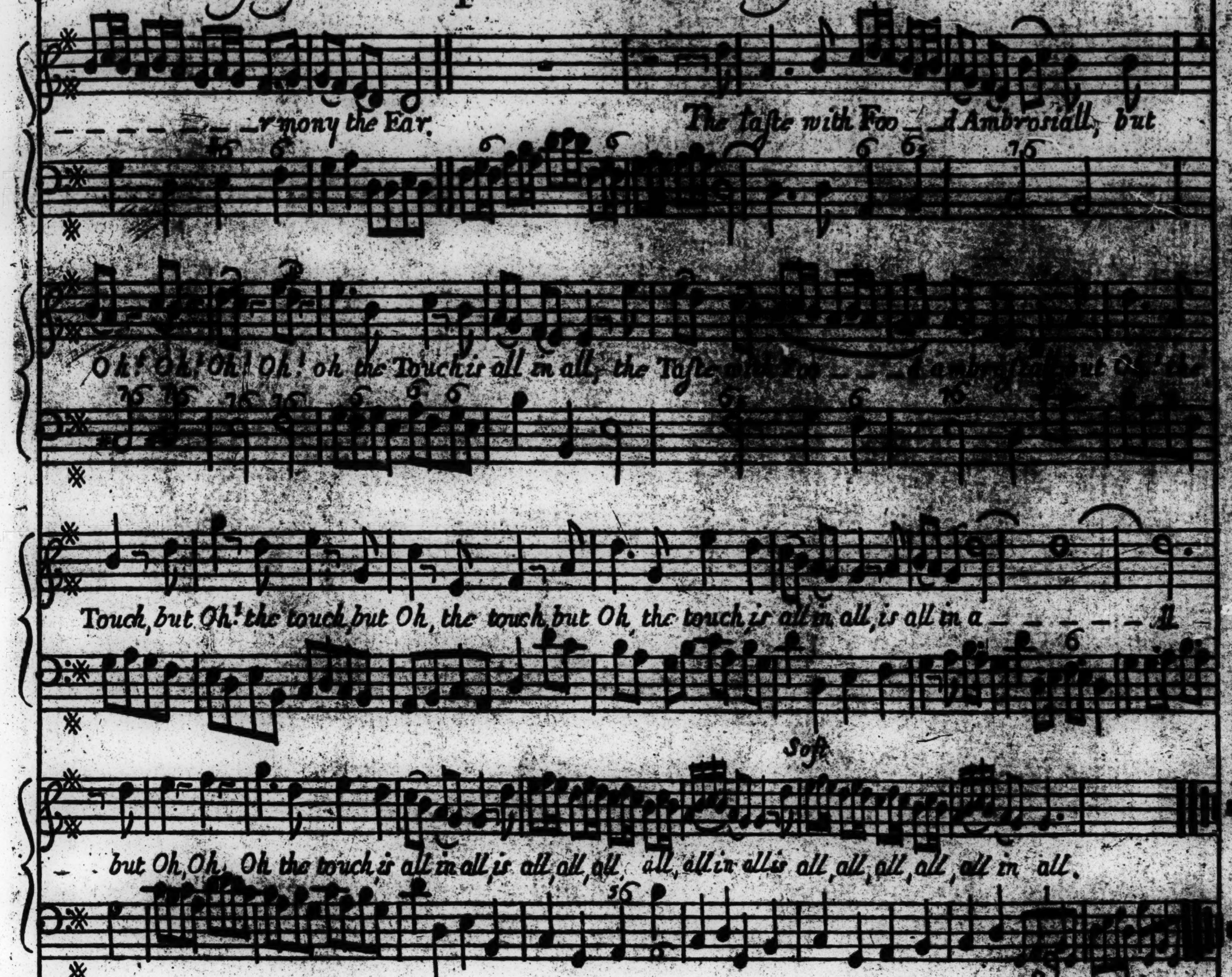
# Panthea, A SONG Set by Mr. John Weldon.

K.


Panthea a_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ll the Senſes Treats,
Panthea a_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ll the Senſes treats, the
Eye with O_ _ _bjects Dea_ _ _ _r, the Smell with Natures pureſt Sweets, with
Ha_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _r mony the Ear. Panthea
A_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ll the Senſes Treats, Panthea
a_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ll the Senſes treats, the Eye with O_ _bjects Dea_ _ _
_ _r, the Smell with Natures pureſt Sweets, with Ha_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

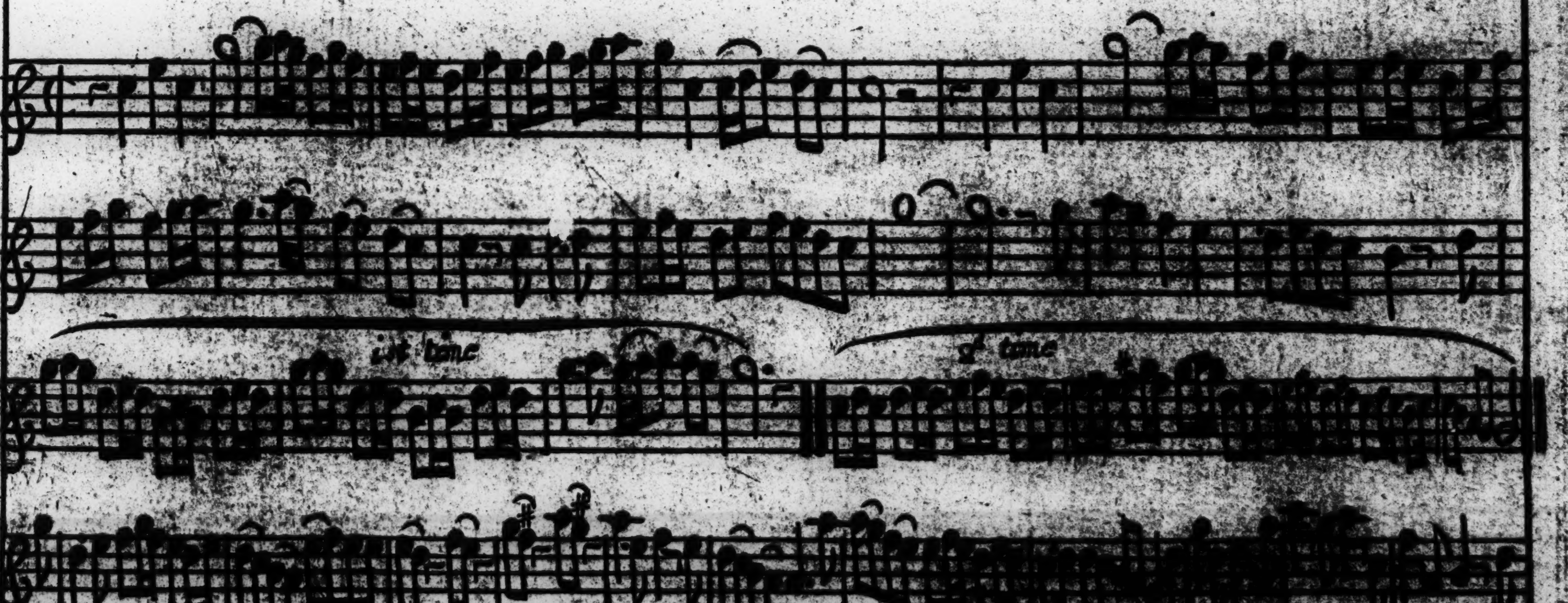
Turn Over

Sung by Mrs Campion at the Theater Royal



r mony the Ear.
The taste with Foo d Ambrosiall, but
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! oh the Touch is all in all, the Taste with Foo d ambrosiall, but Oh the
Touch, but Oh! the touch, but Oh, the touch, but Oh, the touch is all in all, is all in a ll
Soft
but Oh, Oh, Oh the touch is all in all is all, all, all all, all in all is all, all, all, all, all in all.

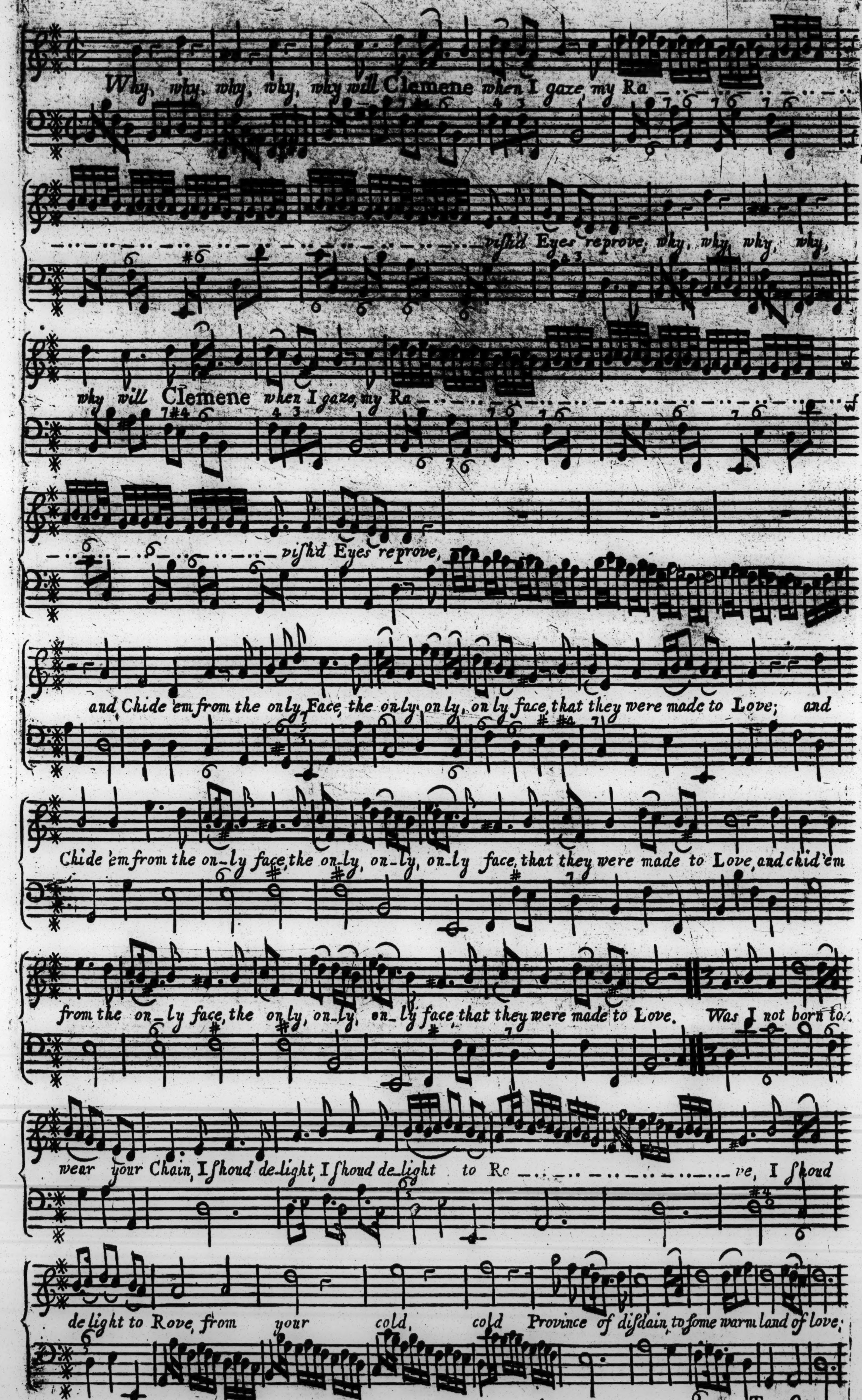
## For the Flute



1st time
2d time

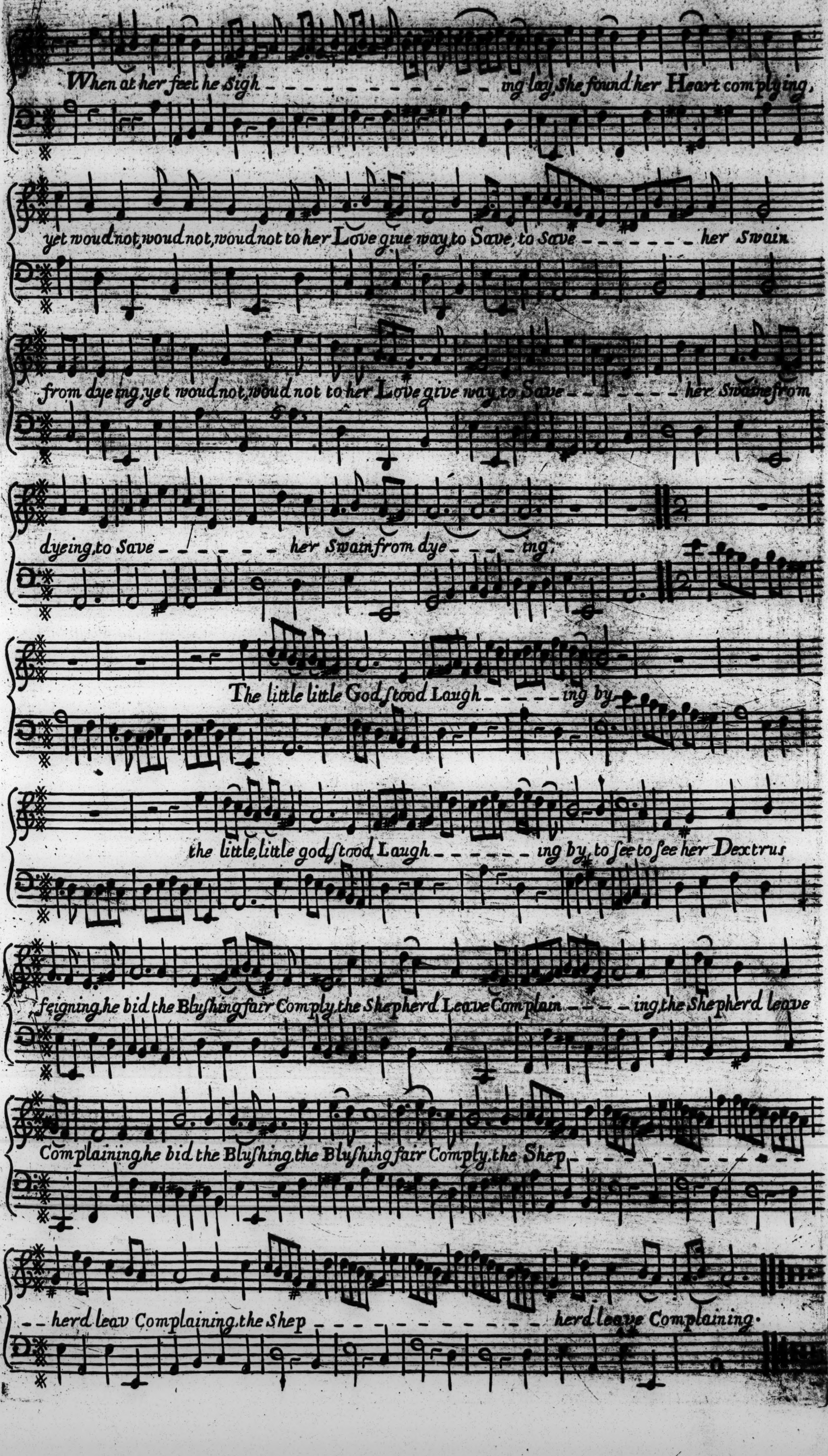
6 In Weldons Collection

## Why will Clemene A SONG Sett by Mr. John Welldon.


Why, why, why, why, why will Clemene when I gaze my Ra_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _viſhd Eyes reprove, why, why, why, why,
why will Clemene when I gaze, my Ra_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _viſhd Eyes reprove,
and Chide em from the only Face, the only, only, only face, that they were made to Love; and
Chide em from the on_ly face, the on_ly, on_ly, on_ly face, that they were made to Love, and chid em
from the on_ly face, the on_ly, on_ly, on_ly face, that they were made to Love. Was I not born to
wear your Chain, I ſhoud de_light, I ſhoud de_light to Ro_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ve, I ſhoud
de_light to Rove, from your cold, cold Province of diſdain, to ſome warm land of love;

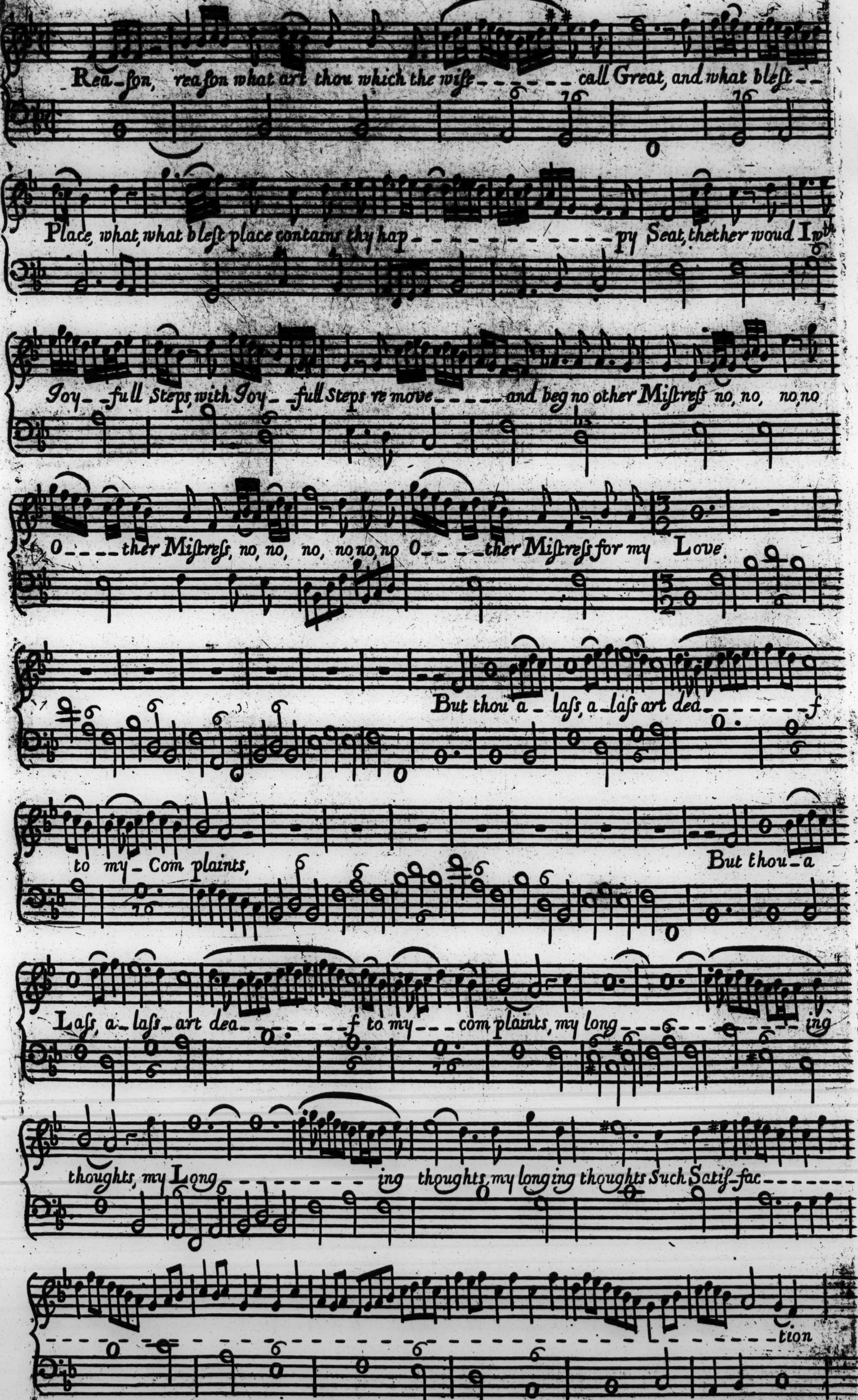
Turn Over

This does not belong to preceding — see Hudson's Collection G 3


When at her feet he sigh - - - - - - - - - - - - ing lay, She found her Heart complying,
yet woud not, woud not, woud not to her Love give way, to Save, to Save - - - - - - - her Swain
from dyeing, yet woud not, woud not to her Love give way to Save - - - - - - her Swaine from
dyeing, to Save - - - - - - - her Swain from dye - - - - ing;
The little little God stood Laugh - - - - - ing by,
the little, little god stood Laugh - - - - - - ing by, to see to see her Dextrus
feigning, he bid the Blushing fair Comply, the Shepherd Leave Complain - - - - ing, the Shepherd leave
Complaining, he bid the Blushing, the Blushing fair Comply, the Shep - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - herd leav Complaining, the Shep - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - herd leave Complaining.

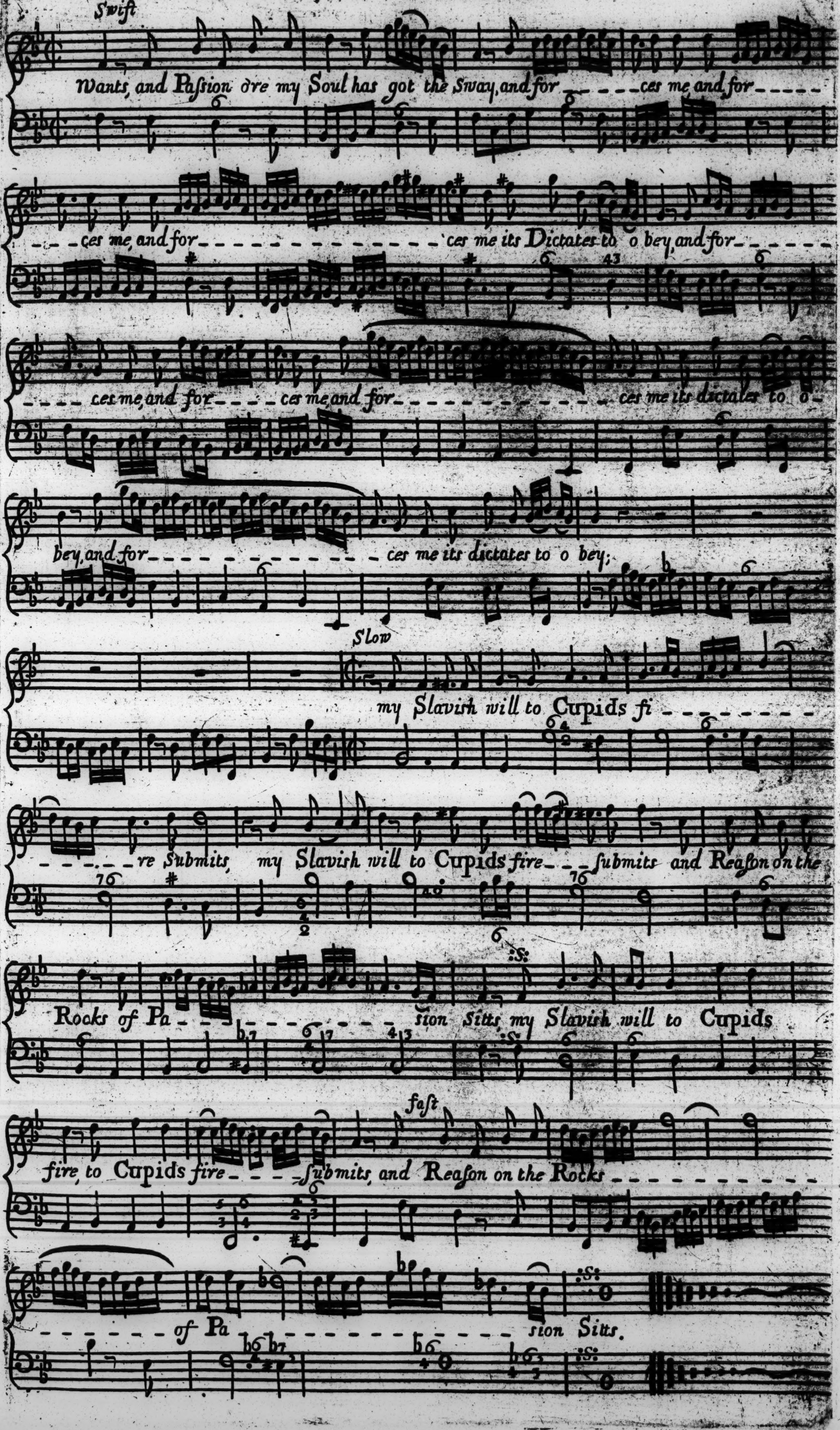
# A SONG Sett by Mr John Weldon

K

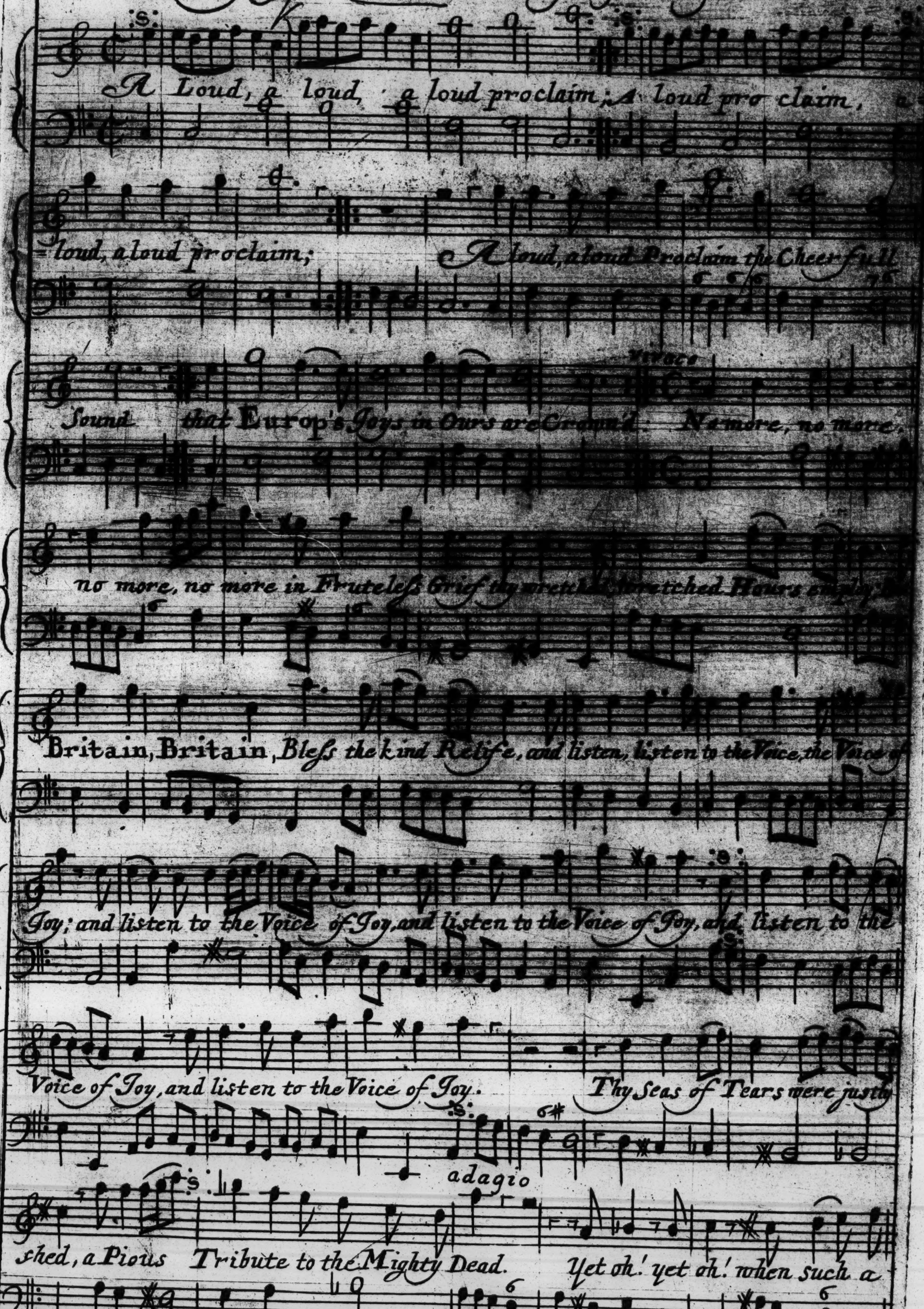

Rea_ſon, rea ſon what art thou which the wiſe _ _ _ _ _ _ call Great, and what bleſt _ _
Place, what, what bleſt place contains thy hap _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ py Seat, thether woud I wth
Joy_ _full Steps, with Joy_ _full Steps we move _ _ _ _ _ and beg no other Miſtreſs no, no, no, no
O _ _ _ ther Miſtreſs, no, no, no, no no, no O _ _ _ _ ther Miſtreſs for my Love
But thou a _ laſs, a _ laſs art dea _ _ _ _ _ _ f
to my _ Com plaints, But thou _ a
Laſs, a _ laſs _ art dea _ _ _ _ _ _ f to my _ _ _ com plaints, my long _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ing
thoughts, my Long _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ing thoughts, my long ing thoughts Such Satiſ_fac _ _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ tion

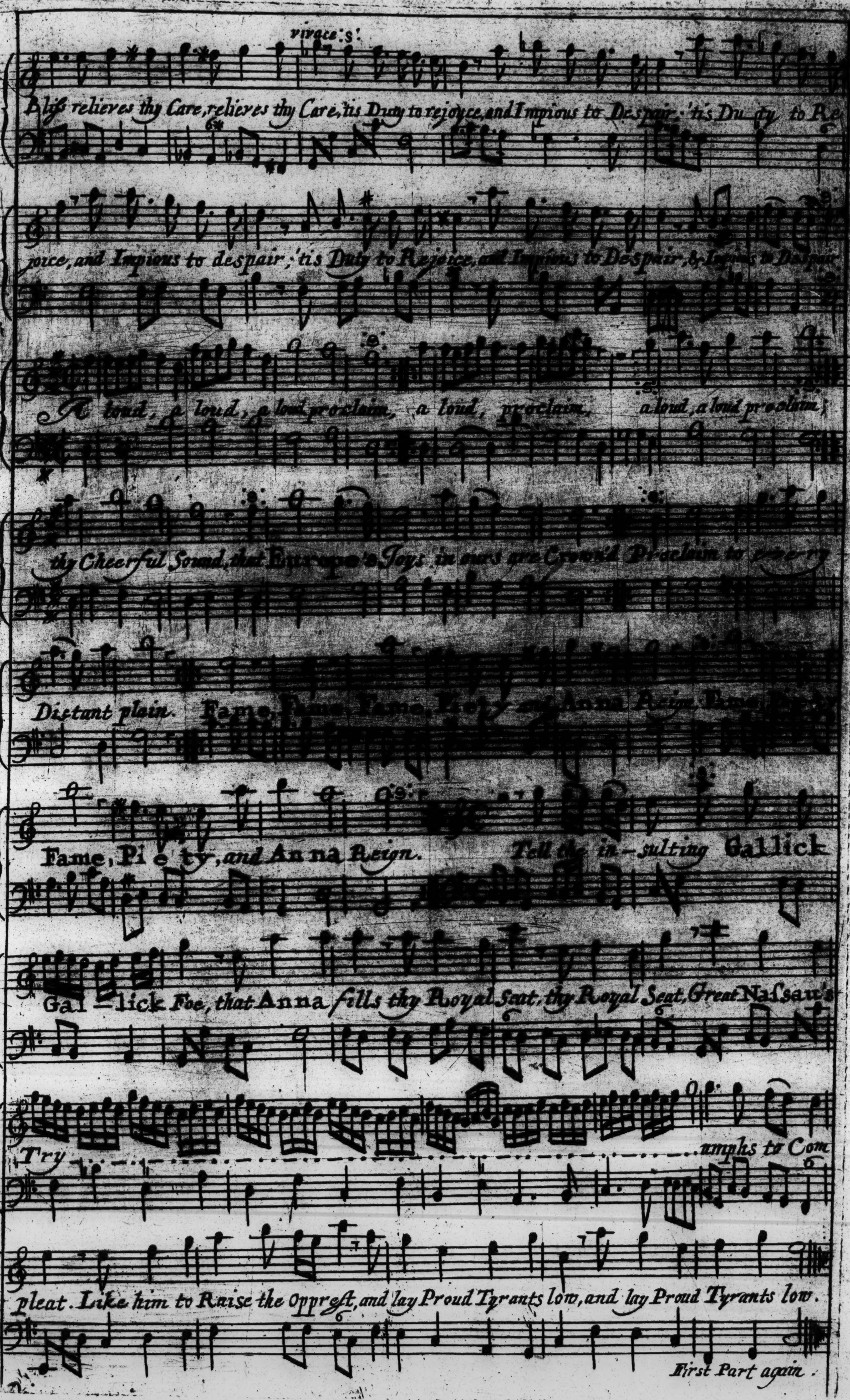
Turn Over

The Words by Capt. John Lawrance


Swift
Wants, and Paſsion o're my Soul has got the Sway, and for - - - ces me, and for - - - - ces me, and for - - - - - - - - - - ces me its Dictates to o bey, and for - - - - - ces me, and for - - - ces me, and for - - - - - - - - - ces me its dictates to o bey, and for - - - - - - - - - - - ces me its dictates to o bey;
Slow
my Slavish will to Cupids fi - - - - - - - - re Submits, my Slavish will to Cupids fire - - - ſubmits and Reaſon on the Rocks of Pa - - - - - - - ſion Sitts, my Slavish will to Cupids fire, to Cupids fire - - - ſubmits, and Reaſon on the Rocks - - - - - - - - of Pa - - - - - - - - - ſion Sitts.
fast

# A Song on Queen Ann's Coronation, the Words by Mr Tate, Set and Sung by Mr. Abell; & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


A Loud, a loud, a loud proclaim; A loud pro claim, a
loud, a loud proclaim; A loud, a loud Proclaim the Cheerfull
vivace
Sound that Europ's Joys in Ours are Crown'd. No more, no more,
no more, no more in Fruteleſs Grief thy wretched, wretched Hours employ,
Britain, Britain, Bleſs the kind Relife, and listen, listen to the Voice, the Voice of
Joy; and listen to the Voice of Joy, and listen to the Voice of Joy, and listen to the
Voice of Joy, and listen to the Voice of Joy. Thy Seas of Tears were justly
adagio
shed, a Pious Tribute to the Mighty Dead. Yet oh! yet oh! when such a

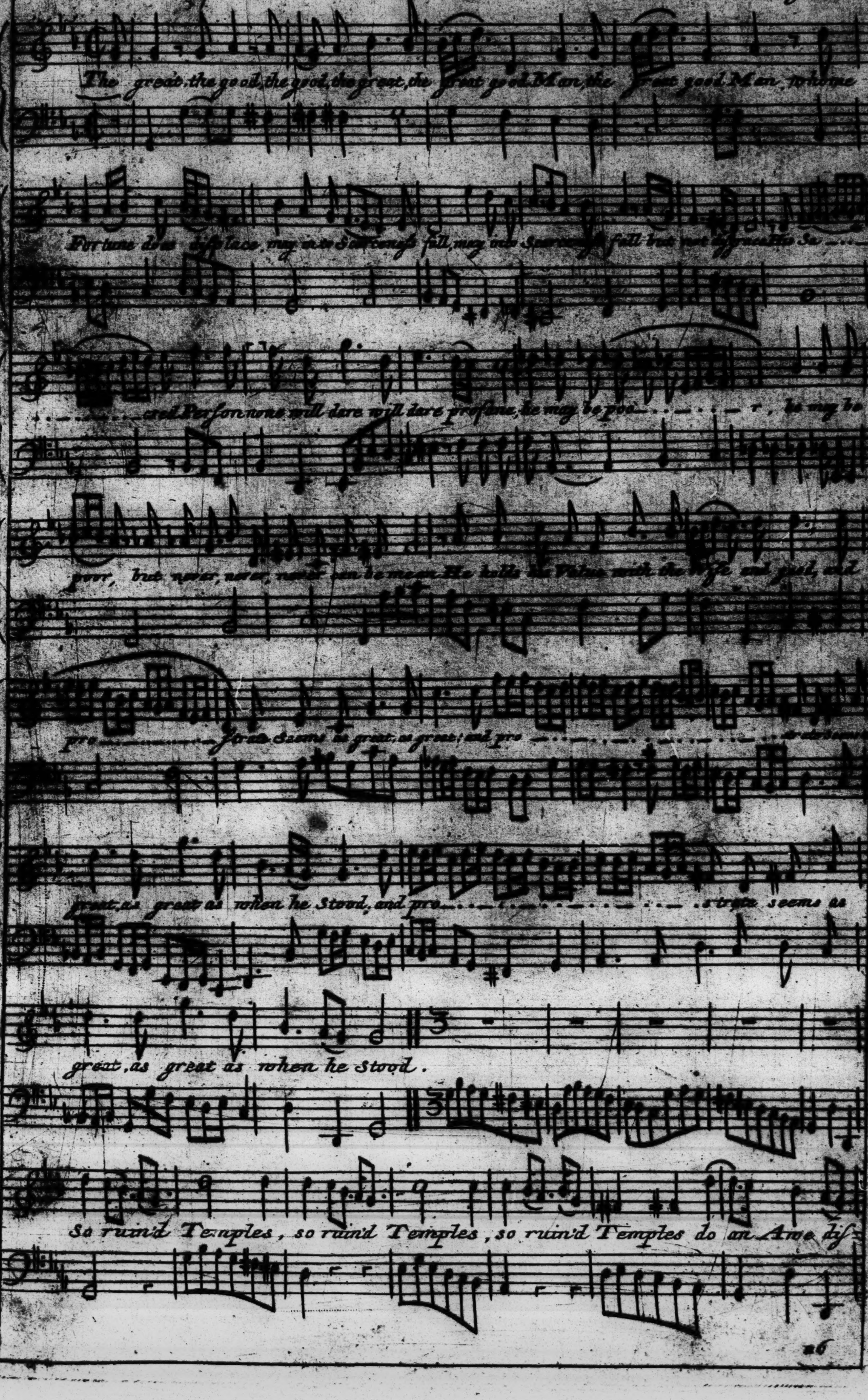

vivace
Bliſs relieves thy Care, relieves thy Care, 'tis Duty to rejoyce, and Impious to Deſpair; 'tis Du-ty to Re-
joyce, and Impious to deſpair; 'tis Duty to Rejoyce, and Impious to Deſpair, & Impious to Deſpair
A loud, a loud, a loud proclaim, a loud, proclaim, a loud, a loud proclaim
thy Cheerful Sound, that Europe's Joys in ours are Crown'd Proclaim to eve-ry
Diſtant plain. Fame, Fame, Fame, Piety and Anna Reign, Fame, Piety
Fame, Pi-e-ty, and An-na Reign. Tell the in-ſulting Gallick
Gal-lick Foe, that Anna fills thy Royal Seat, thy Royal Seat, Great Naſsau's
Try ……………… umphs to Com-
pleat. Like him to Raiſe the Oppreſt, and lay Proud Tyrants low, and lay Proud Tyrants low.
First Part again.

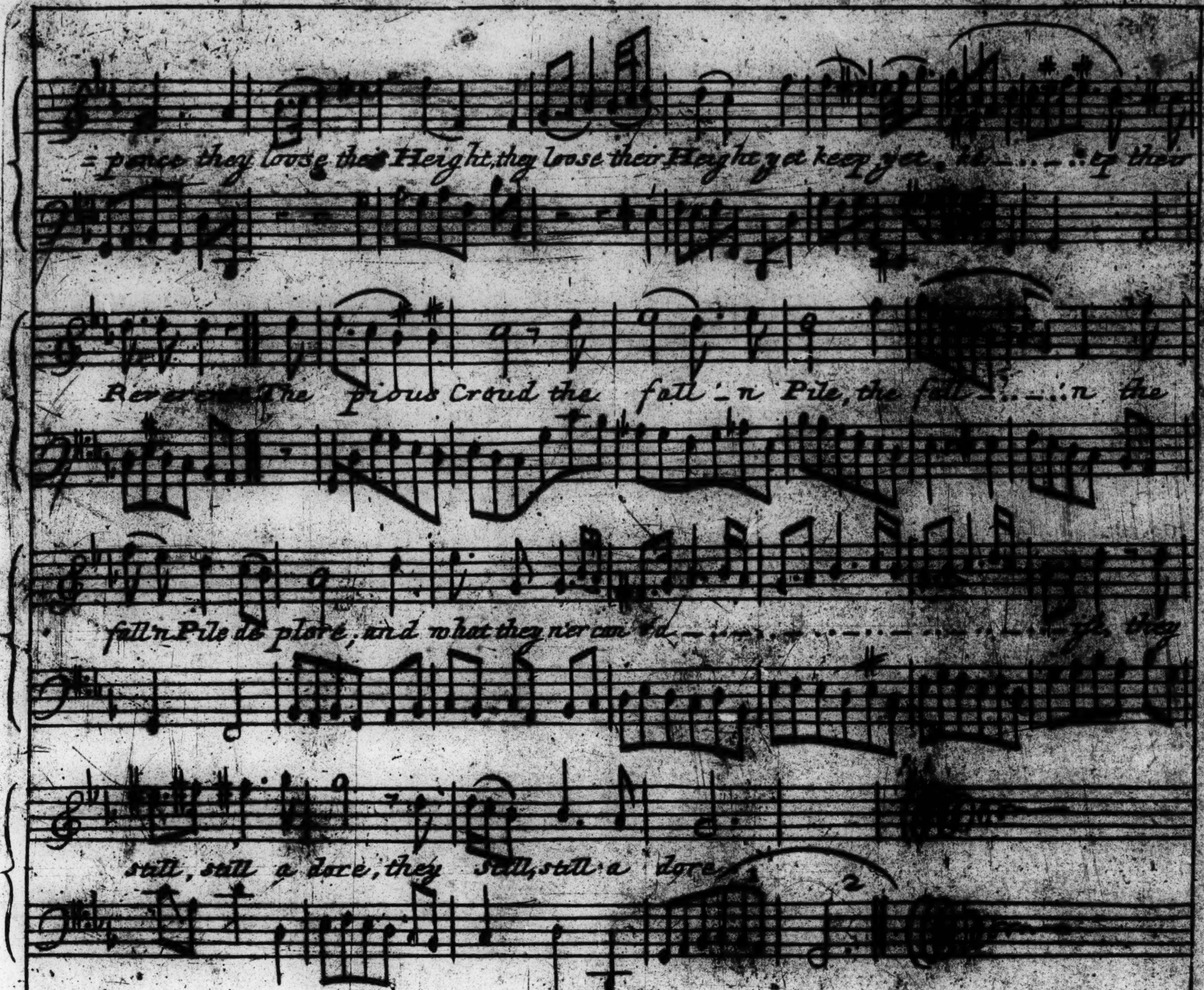
9

by Hall see Index

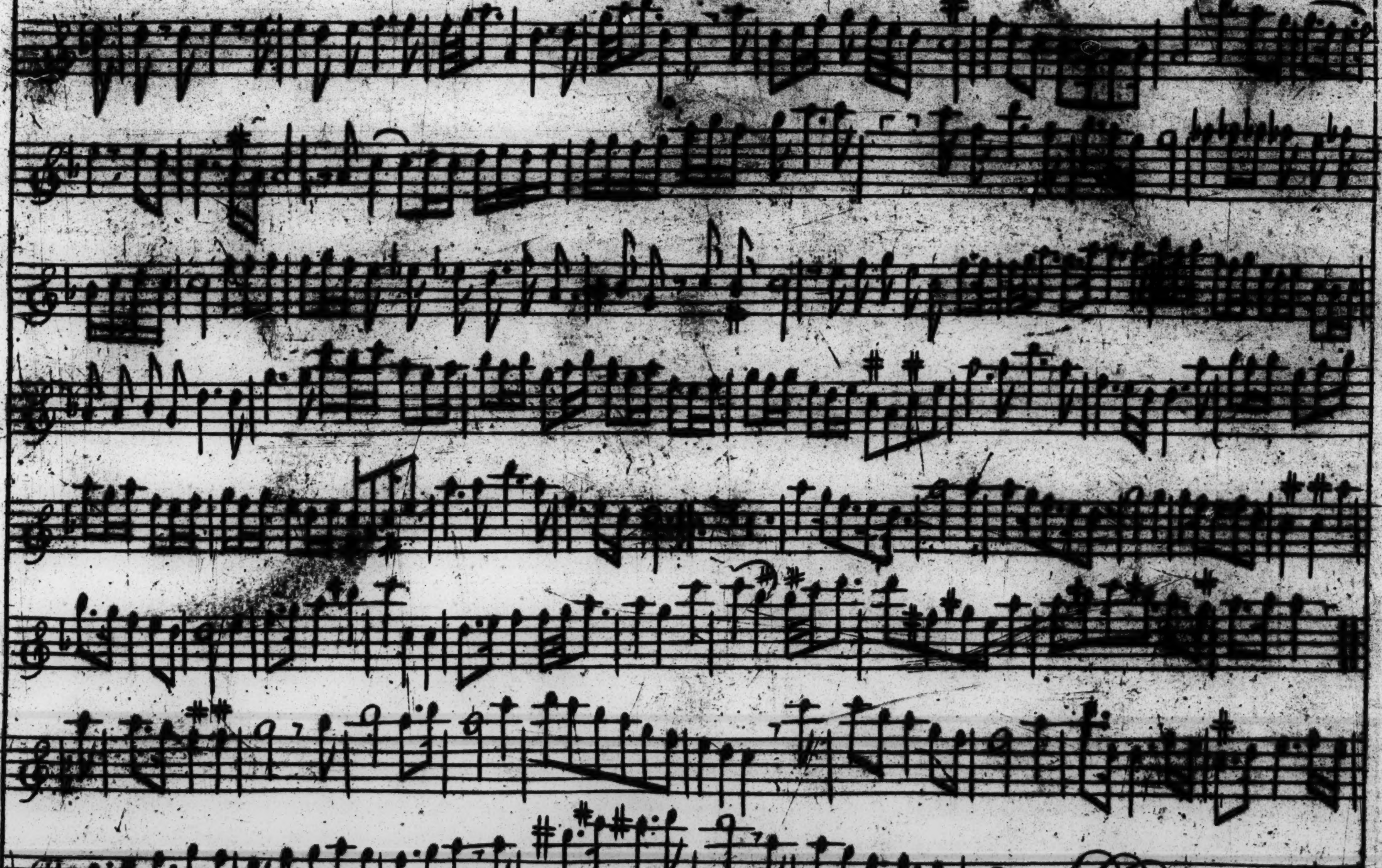
K

# A new Song exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


The great, the good, the good, the great, the great good Man, the great good Man, whome
Fortune does displace, may into Sorrows fall, may into Sorrows fall but not disgrace. His Sa...
...cred Person none will dare, will dare profane; he may be poo... r, he may be
poor, but never, never, never can be mean. He holds his Value with the Wise and good, and
pro... strate seems as great, as great; and pro... strate seems
great, as great as when he stood, and pro... strate seems as
great, as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd Temples, so ruin'd Temples, so ruin'd Temples do an Awe dis-

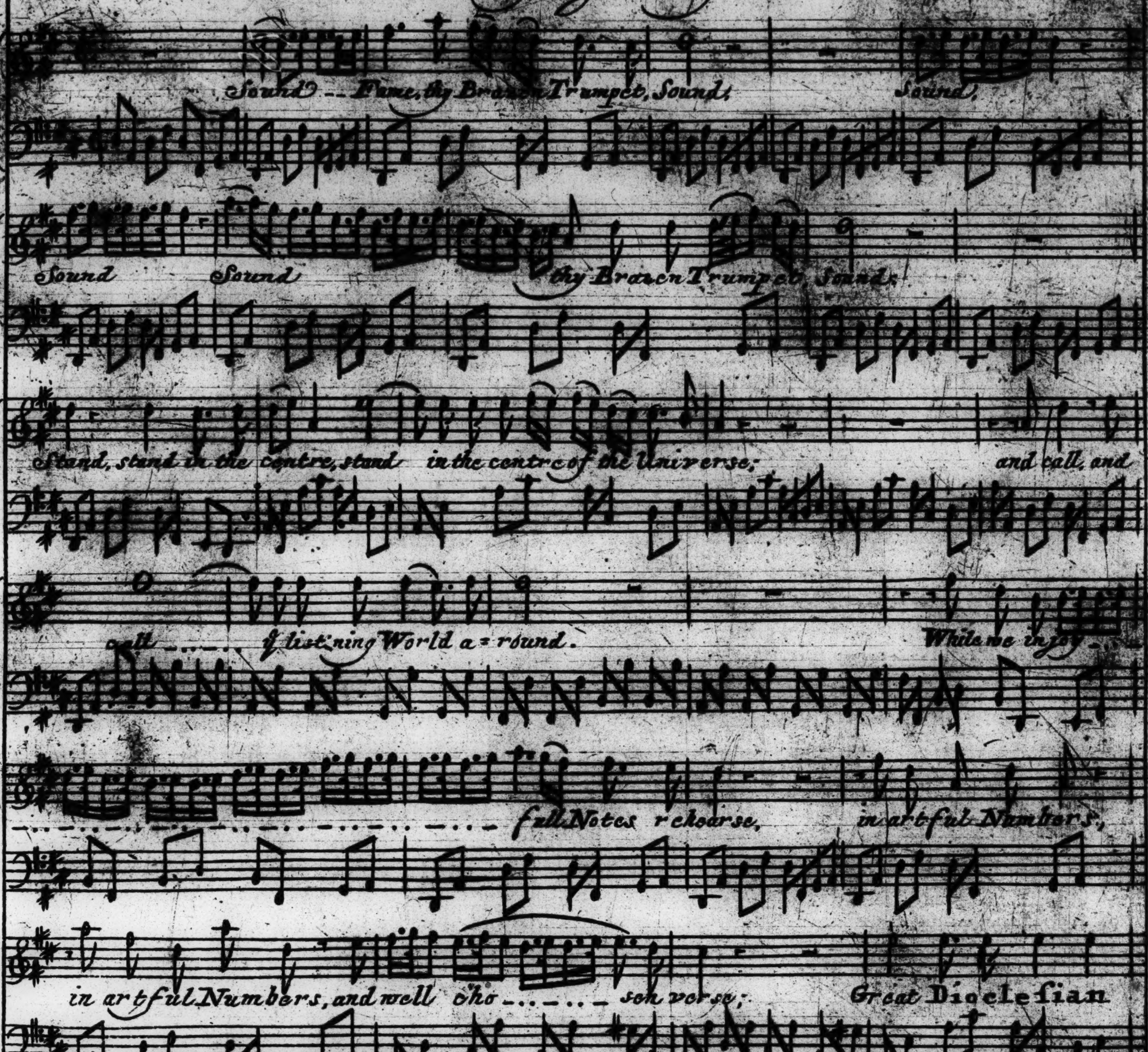

=pence they loose their Height, they loose their Height yet keep their Re——— their
Reverence The pious Croud the fall_n Pile, the fall———n the
fall'n Pile de plore, and what they ne'er can ——————— they
still, still a dore, they still, still a dore.

## For the Flute



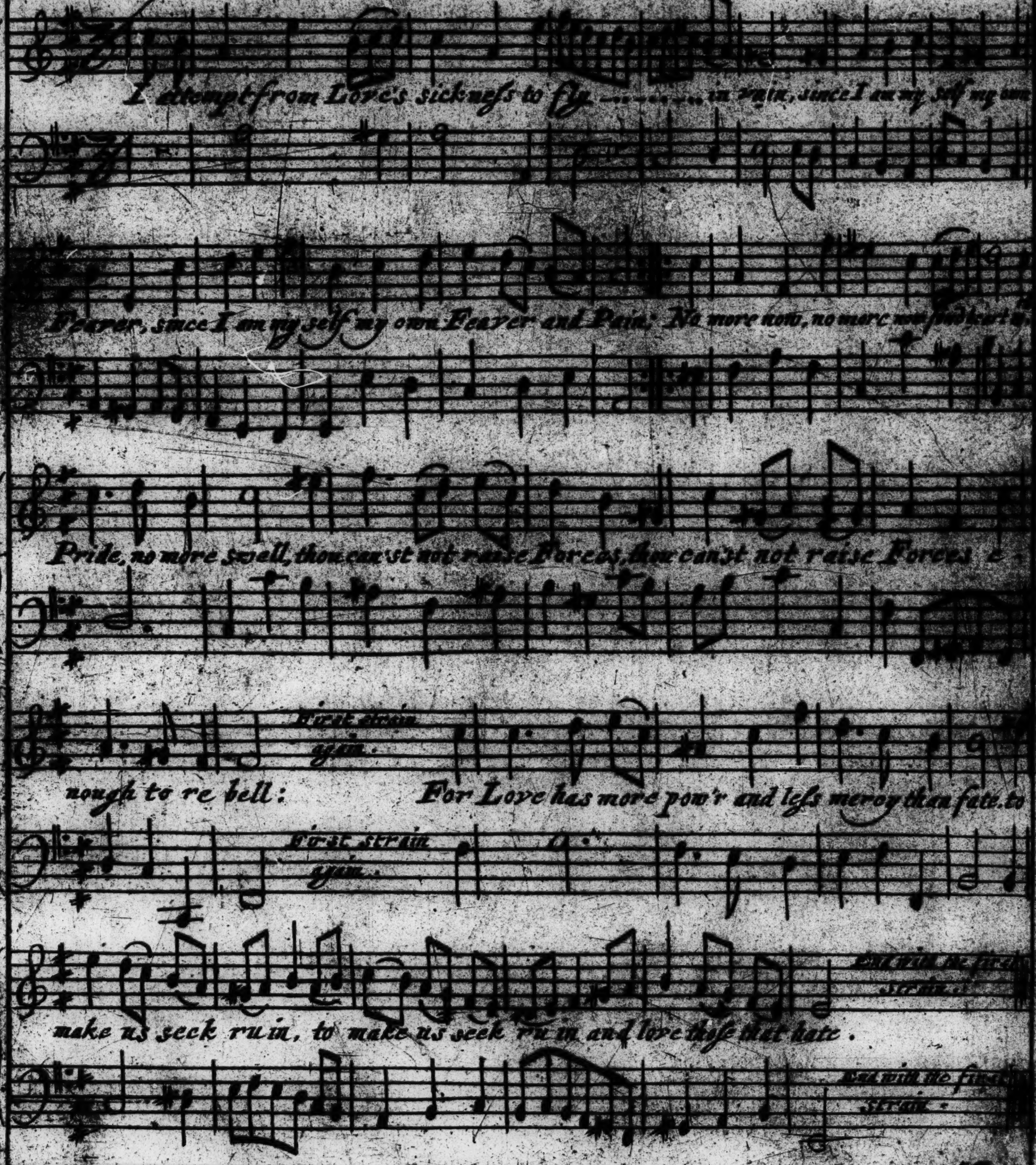
K

# A Song, in Dioclesian Set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung to a Trumpet, by Mr. Freeman, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

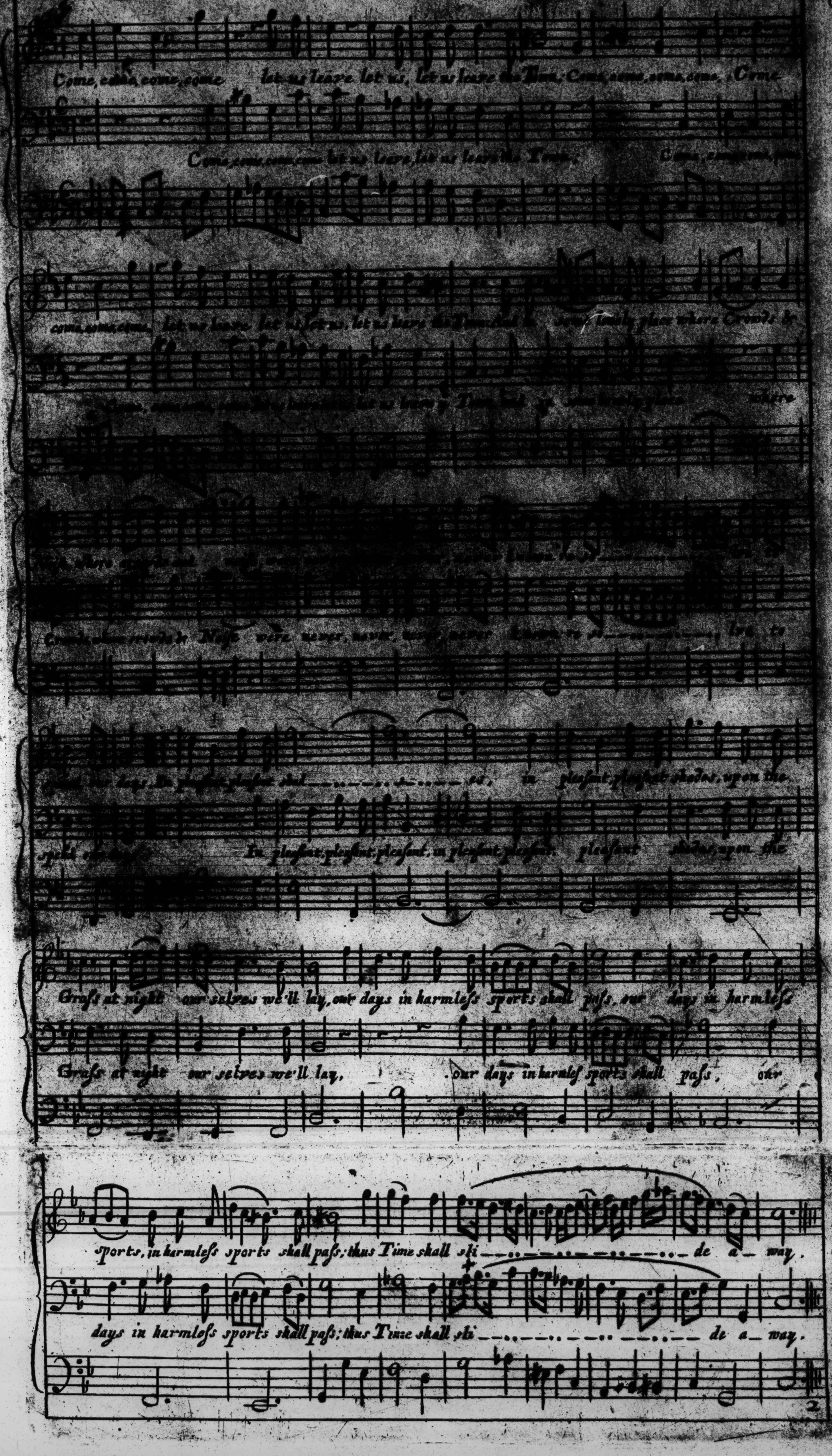

Sound -- Fame, thy Brazen Trumpet, Sound;
Sound;
Sound Sound thy Brazen Trumpet, Sound;
Stand, stand in the centre, stand in the centre of the Universe;
and call, and
call ........ y listning World a=round.
While we injoy
............................................ full Notes rehearse,
in artful Numbers,
in artful Numbers, and well cho ........ sen verse;
Great Diocleſian
Great ............ Di-o-cleſians Glory;
Great Diocleſian, Great ............ Di-o-cleſians Glory;
Great ............ Di-o-cle-ſians Glory.
11

K

## A Song in the Indian Queen: as it is now Compos'd into an OPERA. By Mr. Henry Purcell, Sung by Mrs. Croſs. and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

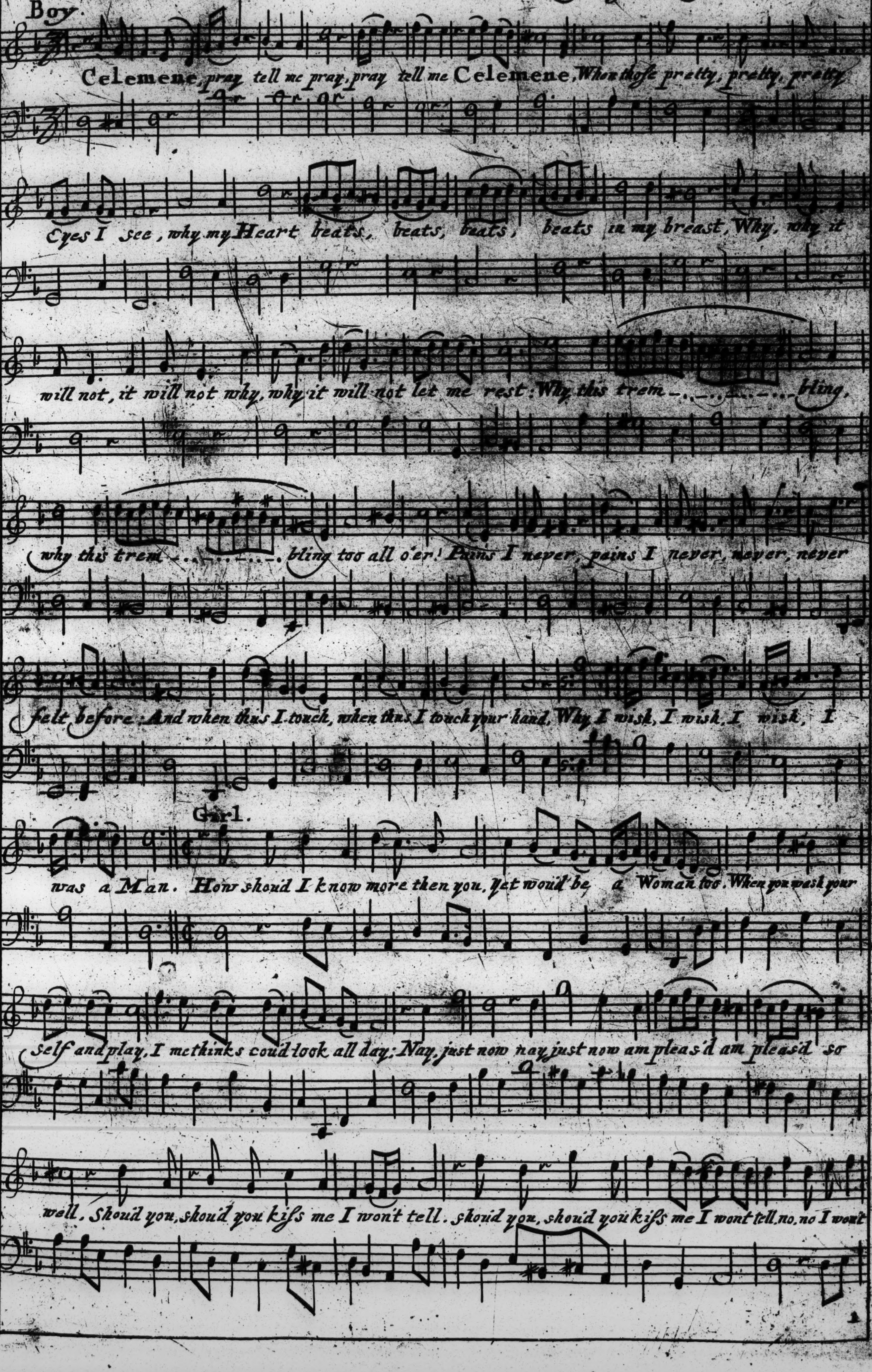

I attempt from Love's sickneſs to fly ——— in vain, since I am my self my own
Feaver, since I am my self my own Feaver and Pain: No more now, no more now fond heart w
Pride, no more swell, thou can'st not raise Forces, thou can'st not raise Forces e-
nough to re bell:
First strain again.
First strain again.
For Love has more pow'r and leſs mercy than fate, to
make us seek ruin, to make us seek ru in and love thoſe that hate.
End with the first strain.
End with the first strain.

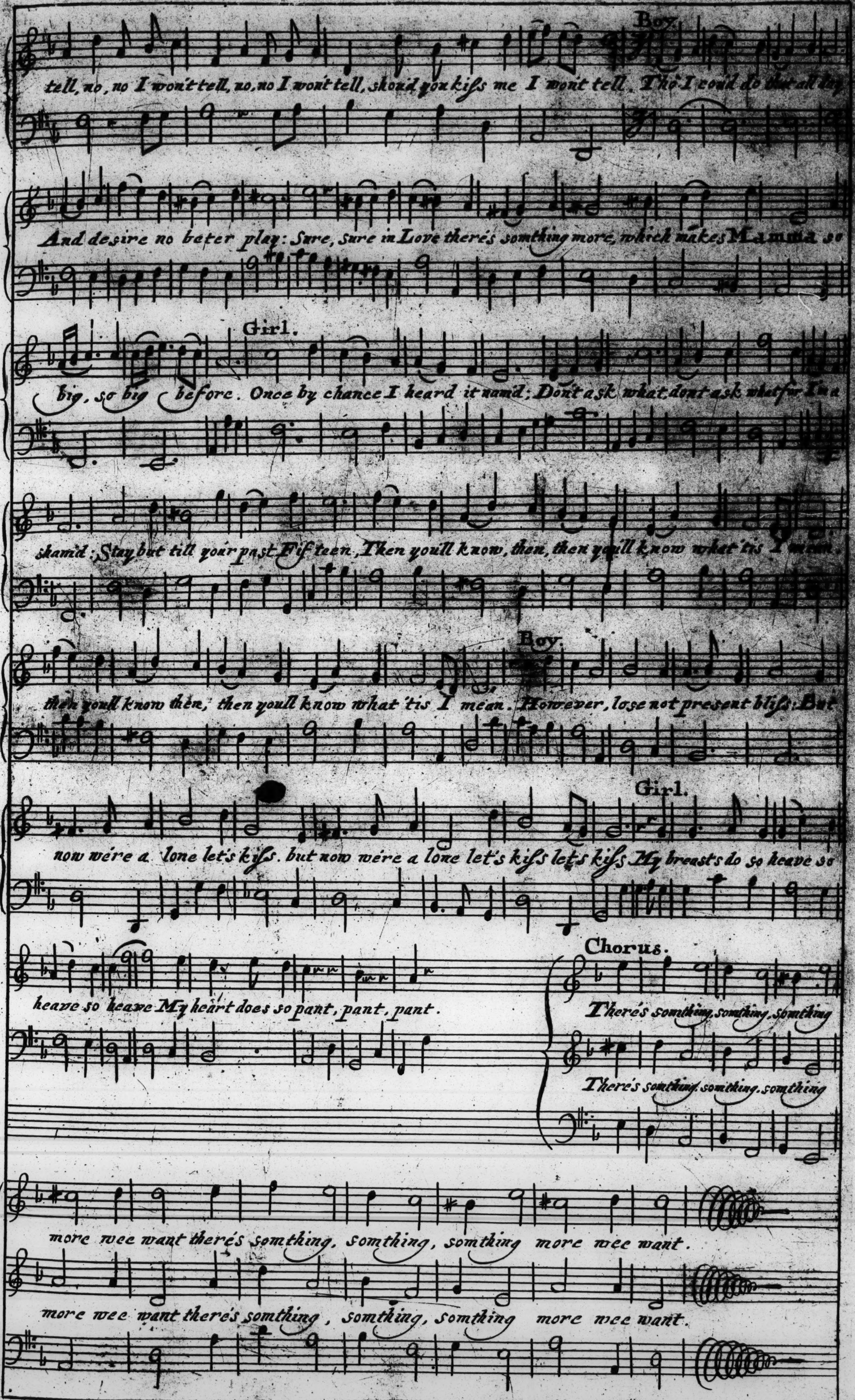
# A Song for 2 Voices ſet to Muſik by Mr H. Purcell.


Come, come, come, come let us leave let us, let us leave the Town. Come, come, come, come, Come
Come, come, come, come let us leave, let us leave the Town. Come, come, come, come
come, come, come, let us leave, let us, let us, let us leave the Town, And in some lonely place where Crowds &
come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us, let us leave the Town, and in some lonely place where
Noise, where crowds and Noise were never, never known to st———, live to
Crowds, where crowds & Noise were never, never, never, never known to st———, live to
spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant shad——————es, in pleasant, pleasant shades, upon the
spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant, pleasant, pleasant shades, upon the
Graſs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmleſs sports shall paſs, our days in harmleſs
Graſs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmleſs sports shall paſs, our
sports, in harmleſs sports shall paſs; thus Time shall sli——————— de a— way.
days in harmleſs sports shall paſs; thus Time shall sli——————— de a— way.
2

# A Dialogue *in the Second Part of the Conquest of* Granada *The words by* Mr. Tho. D'urfey *Set by* Mr. Henry Purcell *Sung by the Boy & Girl.*

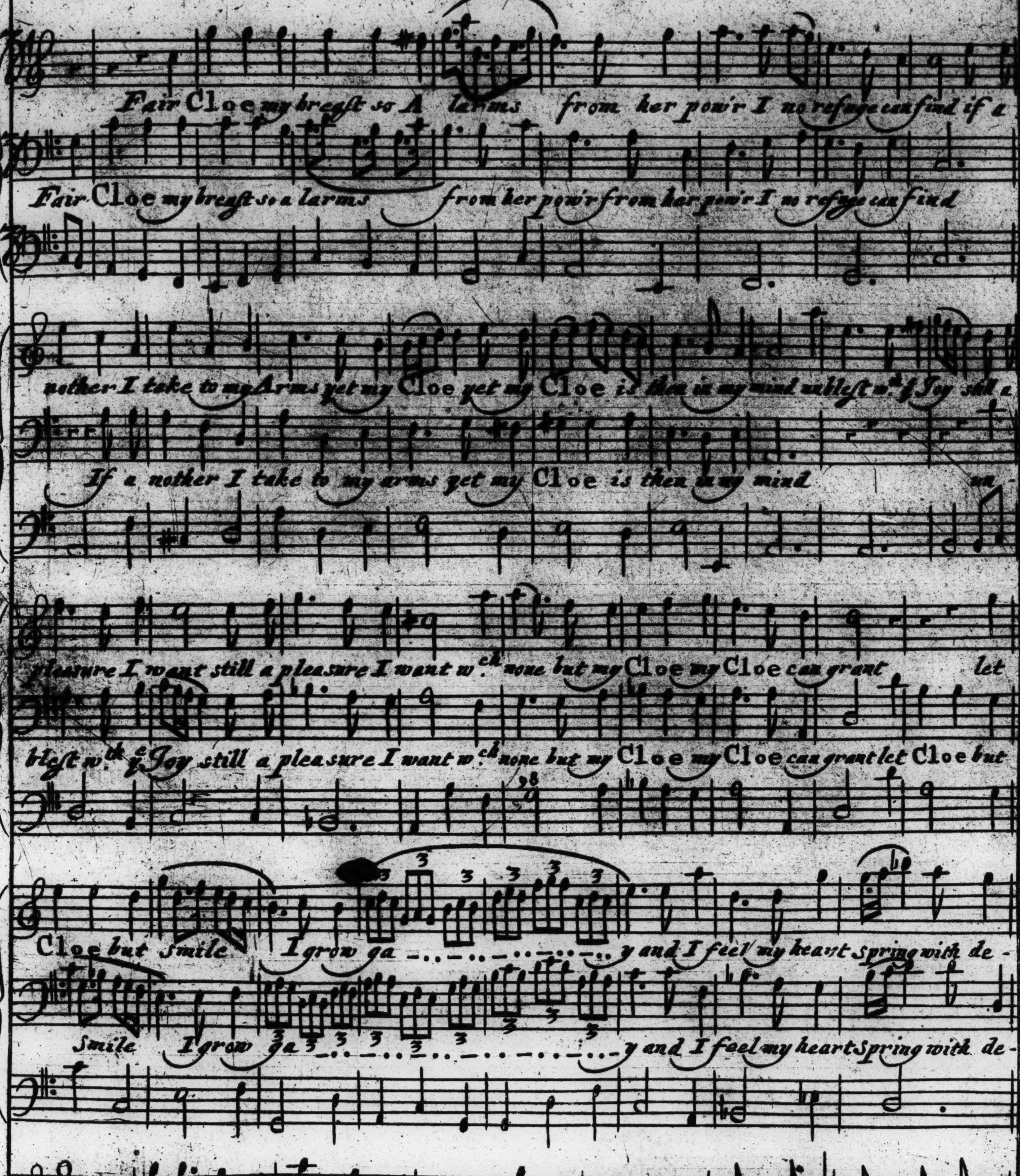
*And exactly engrav'd by* Tho. Croſs.

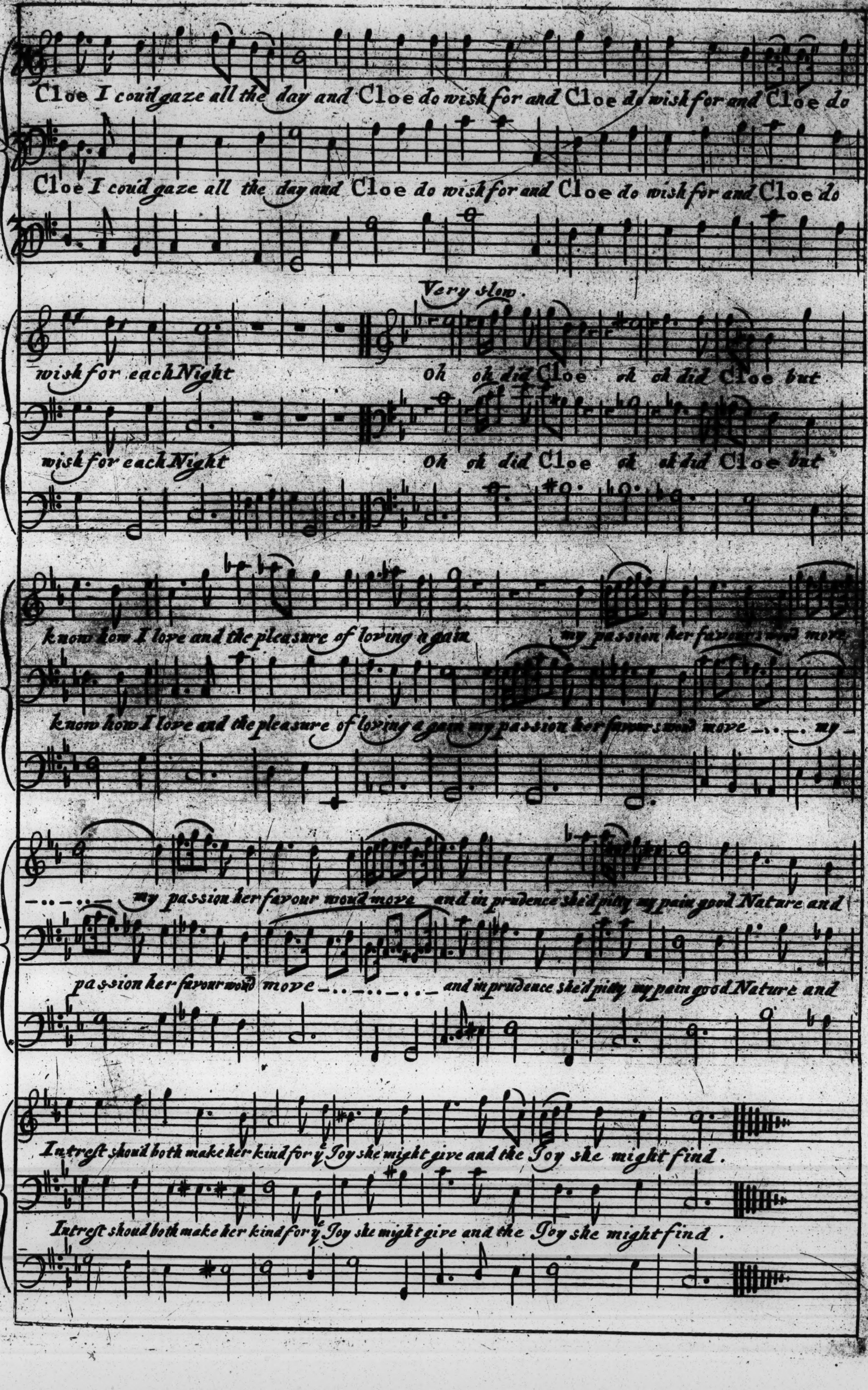

Boy.
Celemene, pray tell me pray, pray tell me Celemene, When those pretty, pretty, pretty
Eyes I see, why my Heart beats, beats, beats, beats in my breast, Why, why it
will not, it will not why, why it will not let me rest: Why this trem--------bling,
why this trem--------bling too all o'er! Pains I never, pains I never, never, never
felt before: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your hand, Why I wish, I wish, I wish, I
Girl.
was a Man. How shoud I know more then you, yet would be a Woman too. When you wash your
self and play, I methinks coud look all day; Nay, just now nay just now am pleas'd am pleas'd so
well, Shoud you, shoud you kiss me I won't tell. shoud you, shoud you kiss me I wont tell, no, no I wont


Boy.
tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, should you kiſs me I won't tell. Tho' I coud do that all day
And desire no beter play: Sure, sure in Love there's somthing more, which makes Mamma so
Girl.
big, so big before. Once by chance I heard it nam'd; Don't ask what, don't ask what for I'm a
sham'd; Stay but till your past Fif teen, Then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.
Boy.
then you'll know then; then you'll know what 'tis I mean. However, lose not present bliſs: But
Girl.
now we're a lone let's kiſs. but now we're a lone let's kiſs let's kiſs My breast's do so heave so
heave so heave My heart does so pant, pant, pant.
Chorus.
There's somthing, somthing, somthing
There's somthing, something, something
more wee want there's somthing, somthing, somthing more wee want.
more wee want there's somthing, somthing, somthing more wee want.

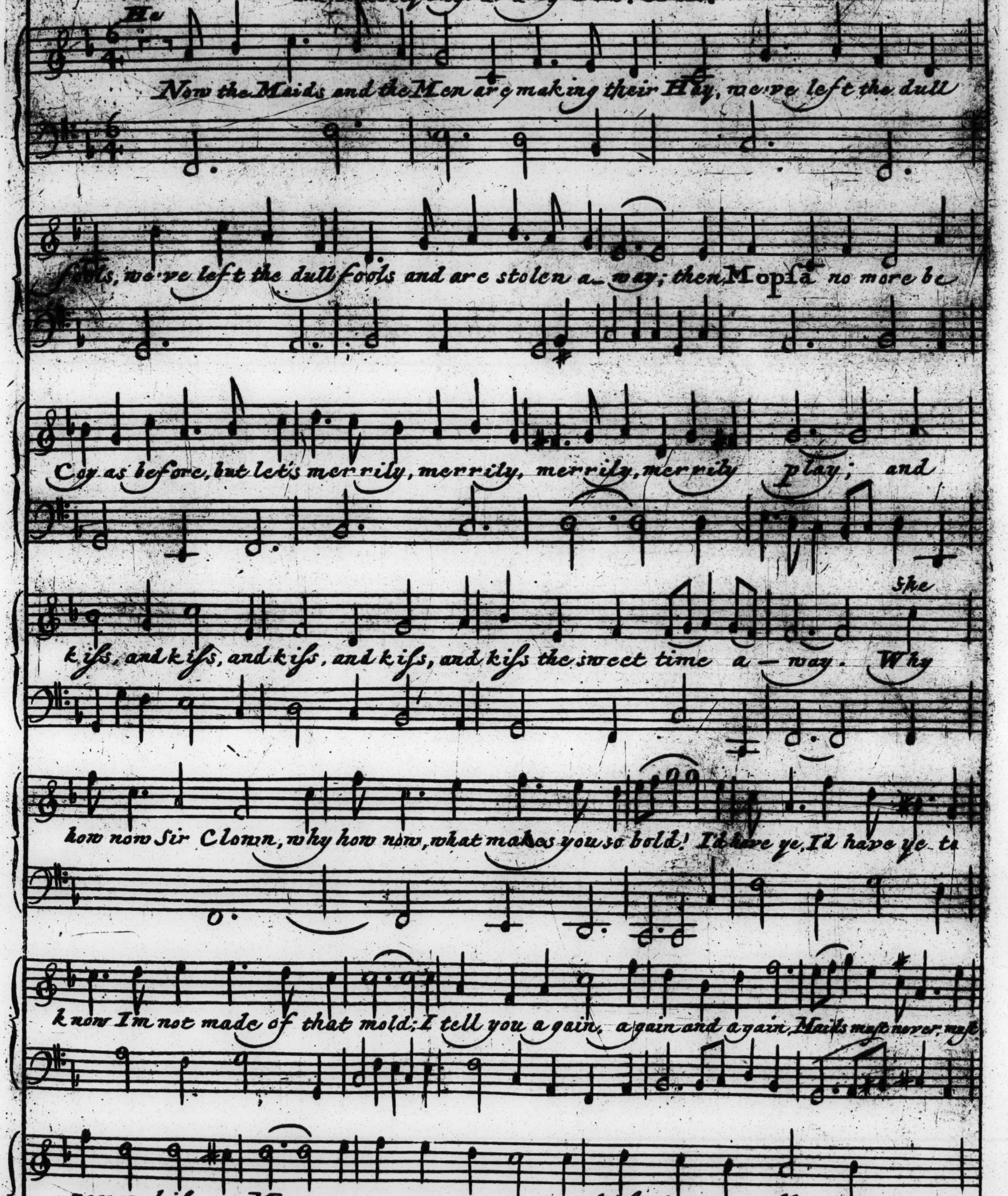
K

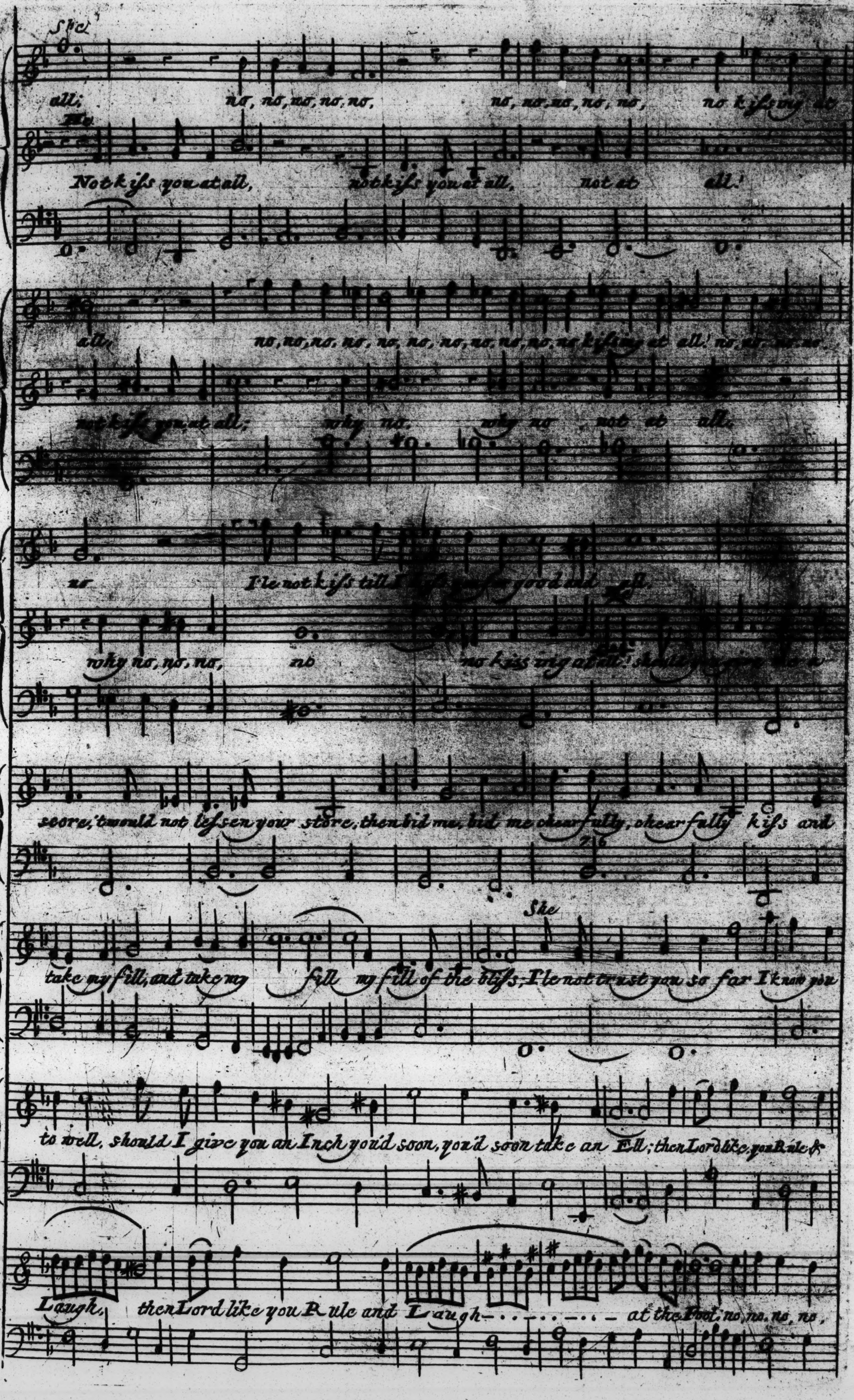
# A Song Set by Mr Henry Purcell and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

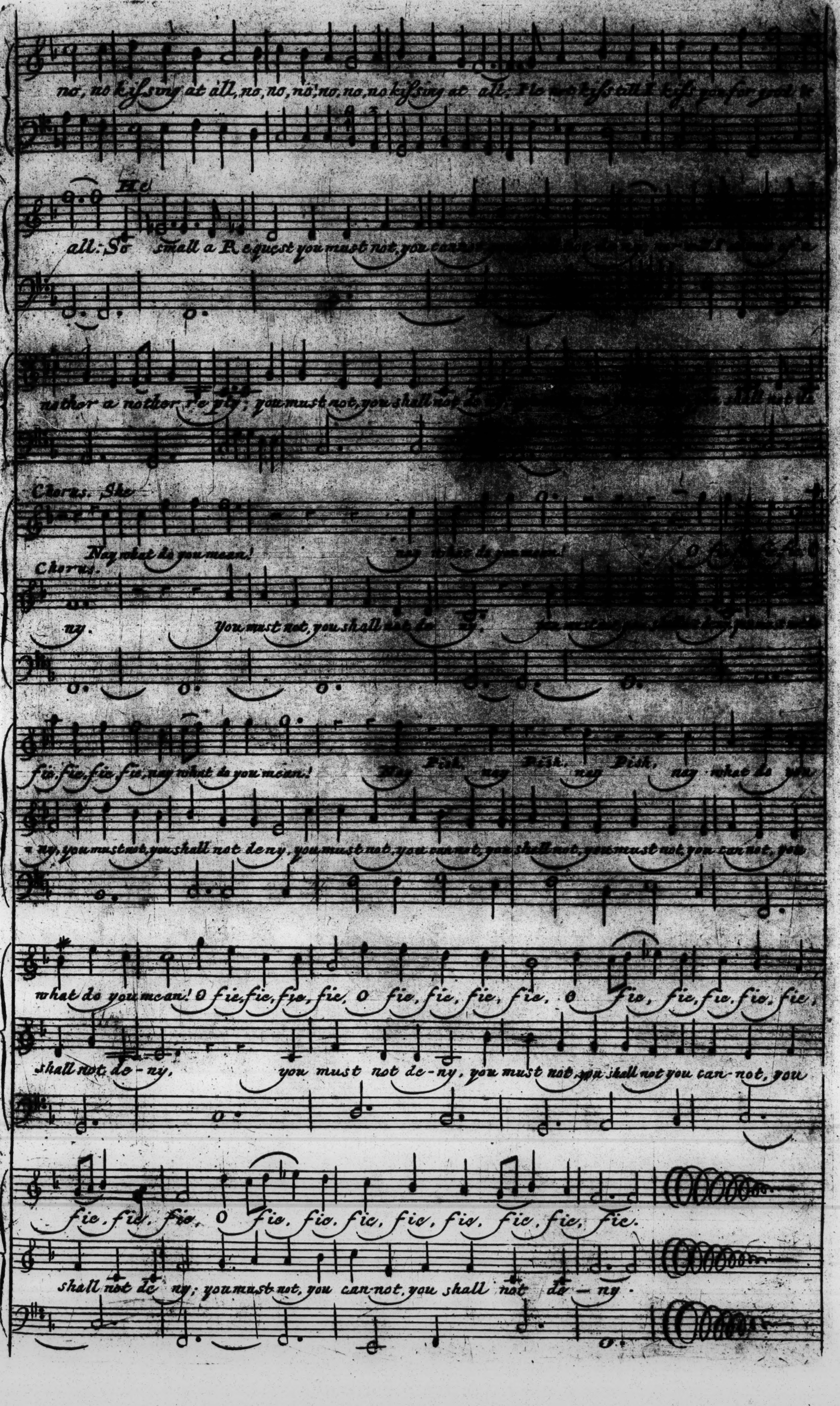

Fair Cloe my breast so Alarms from her pow'r I no refuge can find if a
Fair Cloe my breast so alarms from her pow'r from her pow'r I no refuge can find
nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then is my mind unblest wth ye Joy still a
If a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind un-
pleasure I want still a pleasure I want wch none but my Cloe my Cloe can grant let
blest wth ye Joy still a pleasure I want wch none but my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but
Cloe but smile I grow ga - - - - y and I feel my heart Spring with de-
Smile I grow ga - - - - y and I feel my heart Spring with de-
light on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the day all all the day all all all all ye day all all the day on
light on Cloe I cou'd gaze all the day all all ye day all all all all the day all all ye day on


Cloe I coud gaze all the day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do
Cloe I coud gaze all the day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do
Very slow.
wish for each Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did Cloe but
wish for each Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did Cloe but
know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my passion her favour would move
know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my passion her favour would move ..... my
...... my passion her favour would move and in prudence she'd pitty my pain good Nature and
passion her favour would move ......... and in prudence she'd pitty my pain good Nature and
Intrest shoud both make her kind for yͤ Joy she might give and the Joy she might find .
Intrest shoud both make her kind for yͤ Joy she might give and the Joy she might find .

# A Dialogue in the Opera, call'd the Fairy Queen set by Mr. Henry Purcell Sung by Mr. Reading and (Mr. Pate in Womans habit) and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


He
Now the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull
fools, we've left the dull fools and are stolen a-way; then Mopsa no more be
Coy as before, but let's merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily play; and
kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs, and kiſs the sweet time a-way. Why
She
how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you so bold! I'd have ye, I'd have ye to
know I'm not made of that mold; I tell you a-gain, a-gain and a-gain, Maids muſt never, muſt
never kiſs no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kiſs-ing at all, no,
no, no, no, no, no kiſsing at all. I'le not kiſs till I kiſs you for good and


She
all; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at
He
Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all!
all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all! no, no, no, no
not kiss you at all; why no, why no, not at all.
no I'le not kiss till good and all.
why no, no, no, no no kissing at all! should I give
score, twould not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me chearfully, chearfully kiss and
She
take my fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'le not trust you so far I know you
to well, should I give you an Inch you'd soon, you'd soon take an Ell; then Lord like you Rule &
Laugh, then Lord like you Rule and Laugh- - - - - - - at the Fool, no, no, no, no,


no, no kiſsing at all, no, no, no, no, no, no kiſsing at all; I'le not kiſs till I kiſs you for good &
He
all: So small a Request you must not, you cannot
nother a nother re-ply; you must not, you shall not de-ny, shall not de-
Chorus. She
Nay what do you mean! nay what do you mean! O fie, fie, fie,
Chorus.
ny. You must not, you shall not de-ny.
fie, fie, fie fie, nay what do you mean! Nay Pish, nay Pish, nay Pish, nay what do you
-ny, you must not, you shall not de-ny, you must not, you cannot, you shall not, you must not, you cannot, you
what do you mean! O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie. O Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,
shall not de-ny, you must not de-ny, you must not, you shall not you can-not, you
Fie, fie, fie, O Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.
shall not de-ny; you must not, you can-not, you shall not de-ny.

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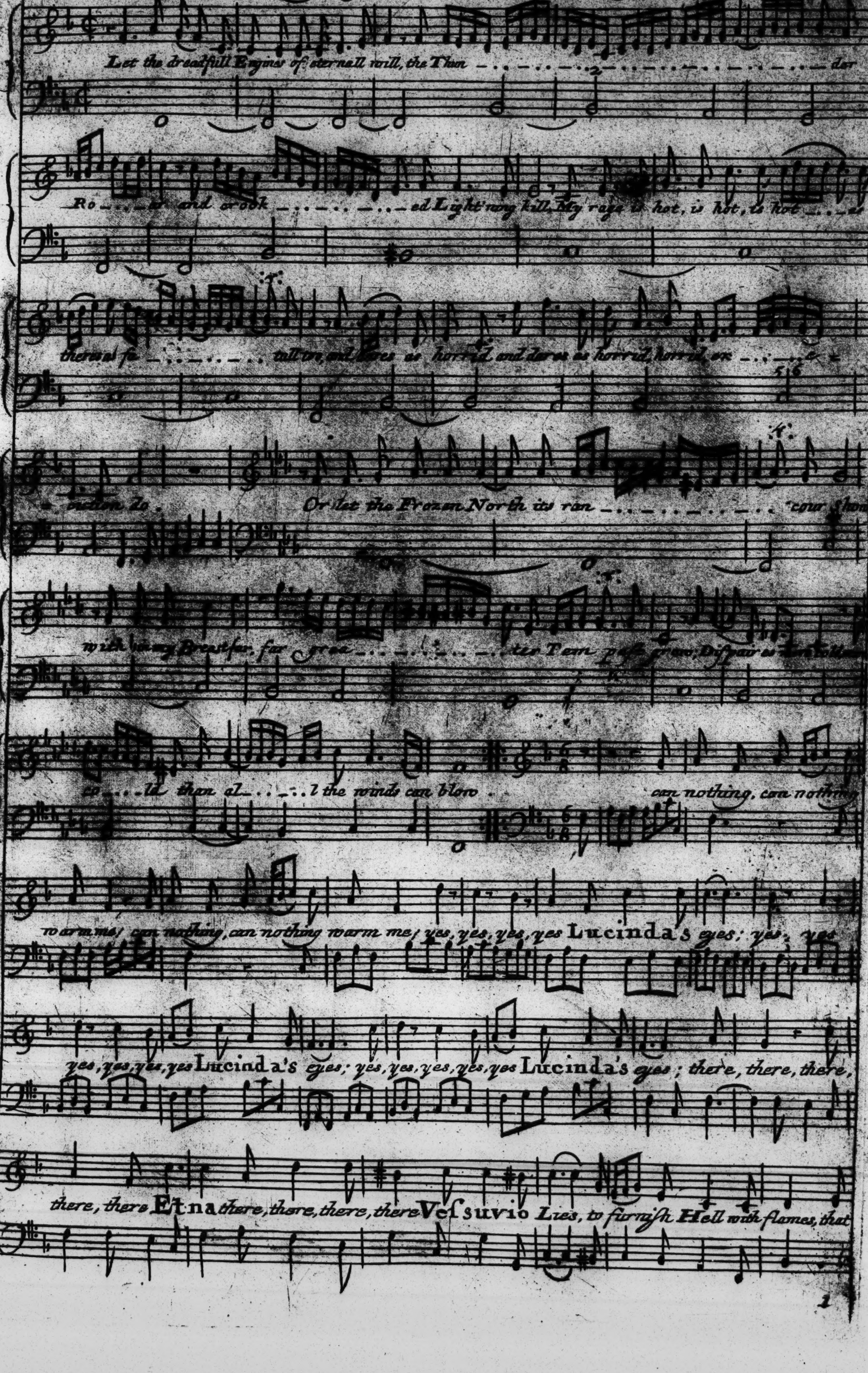
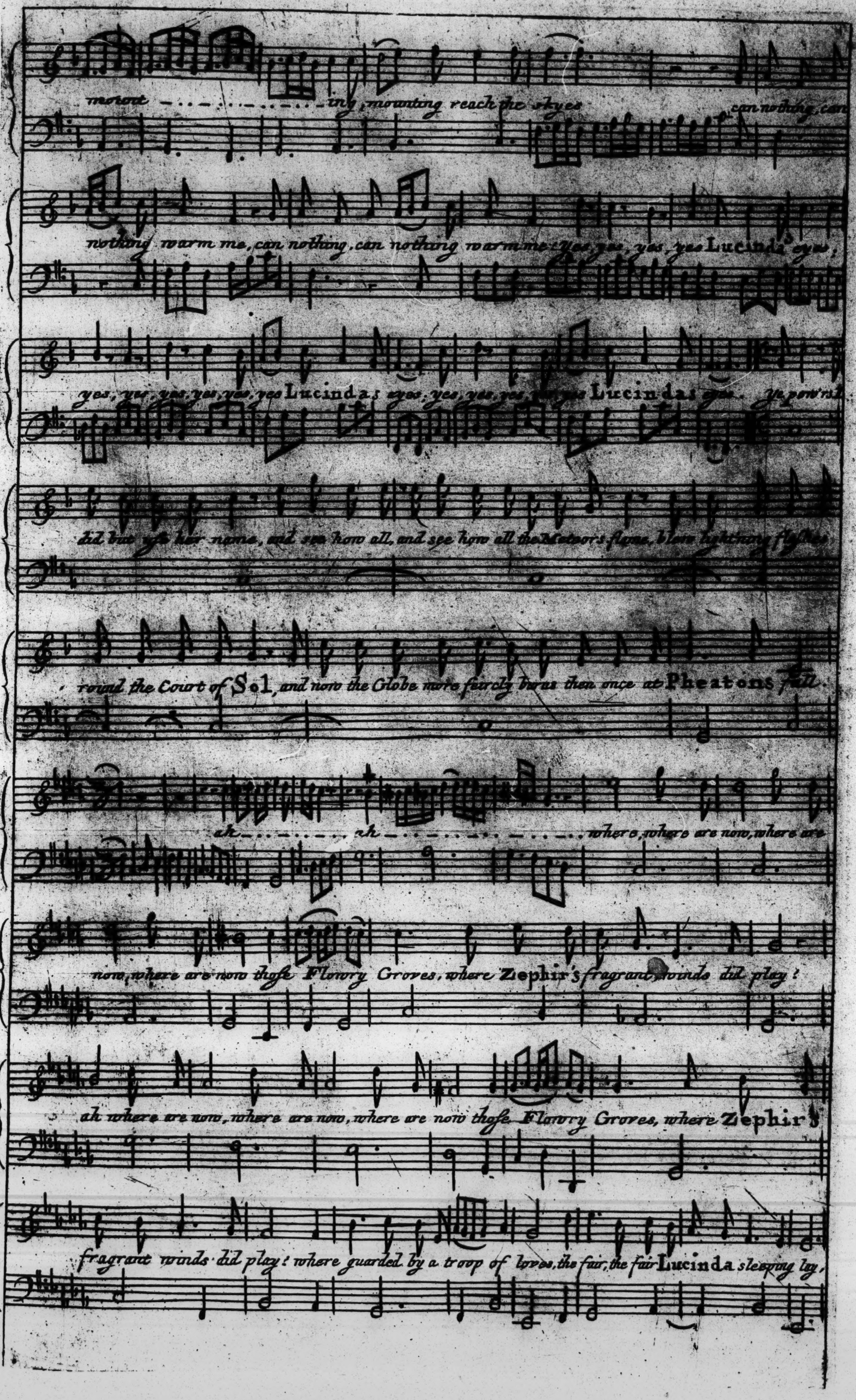
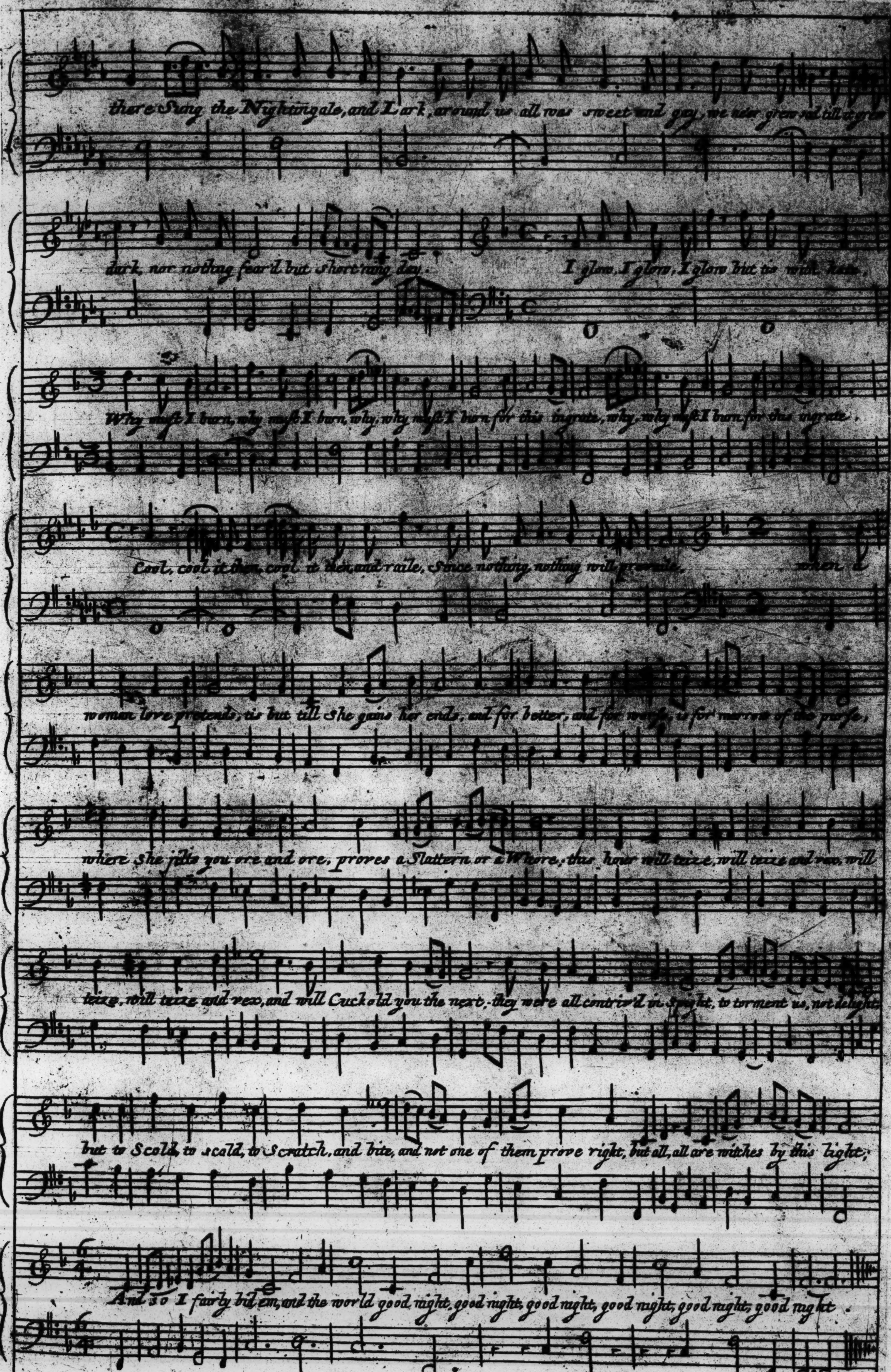
# A Song in the firſt part of DON QUIXOTE, Set to Muſick by Mr Henry Purcell, Sung by Mr Bowman & exactly engrav'd by T. Croſs.


Let the dreadfull Engins of eternall will, the Thun - - - - - der
Ro - - - ar and crook - - - - - ed Light'ning kill, My rage is hot, is hot, is hot - - - as
thereal fi - - - - - - tall'on, and dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex - - - e -
cution do. Or let the Frozen North its ran - - - - - - cour show
within my Breast far, far grea - - - - - ter Tem pests grow; Deſpair's more cold
co - - ld than al - - l the winds can blow. can nothing, can nothing
warm me; can nothing, can nothing warm me; yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; yes, yes
yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; there, there, there,
there, there Etna there, there, there, there Veſuvio Lies, to furniſh Hell with flames, that

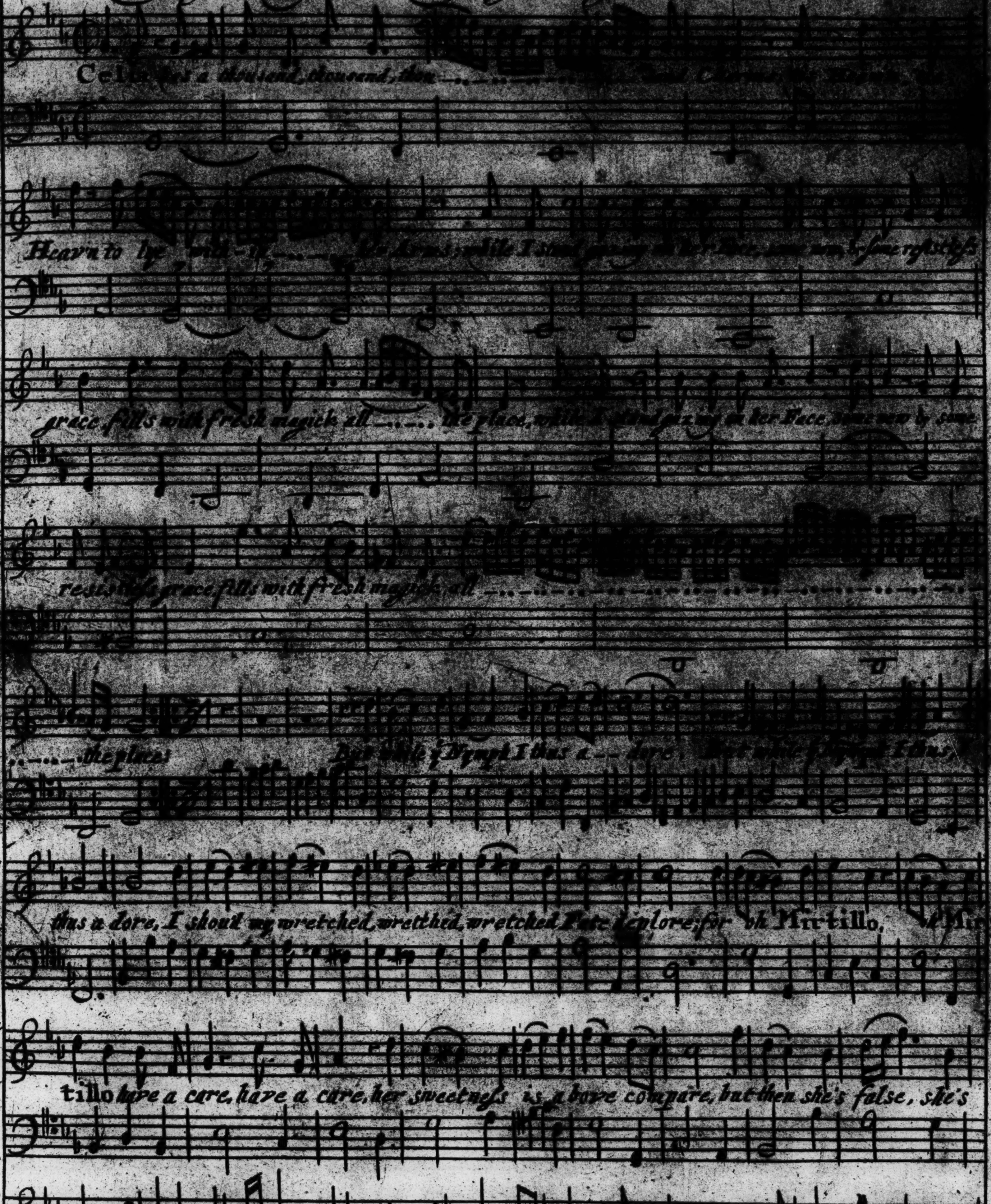

mount — . — . — . — . — . — . — ing, mounting reach the skyes
can nothing, can
nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me: Yes yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes. Ye pow'rs
did but use her name, and see how all, and see how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flashes
round the Court of Sol, and now the Globe more fiercely burns then once at Pheatons fall.
ah — . — . — . — ah — . — . — . — . — . — . — where, where are now, where are
now, where are now those Flowry Groves, where Ziephir's fragrant winds did play:
ah where are now, where are now, where are now those Flowry Groves, where Ziephir's
fragrant winds did play: where guarded by a troop of loves, the fair, the fair Lucinda sleeping lay,


there Sung the Nightingale, and Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we neer grew sad till it grew
dark, nor nothing fear'd but short'ning day. I glow, I glow, I glow but 'tis with hate,
Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,
Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and raile, Since nothing, nothing will prevaile. when a
woman love pretends, tis but till She gains her ends, and for better, and for worse, is for marrow of the purse,
where She jilts you ore and ore, proves a Slattern or a Whore, this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will
teize, will teize and vex, and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in Spight, to torment us, not delight,
but to Scold, to scold, to Scratch, and bite, and not one of them prove right, but all, all are witches by this light;
And so I fairly bid em, and the world good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

Her Beauty envys the ff [illegible]

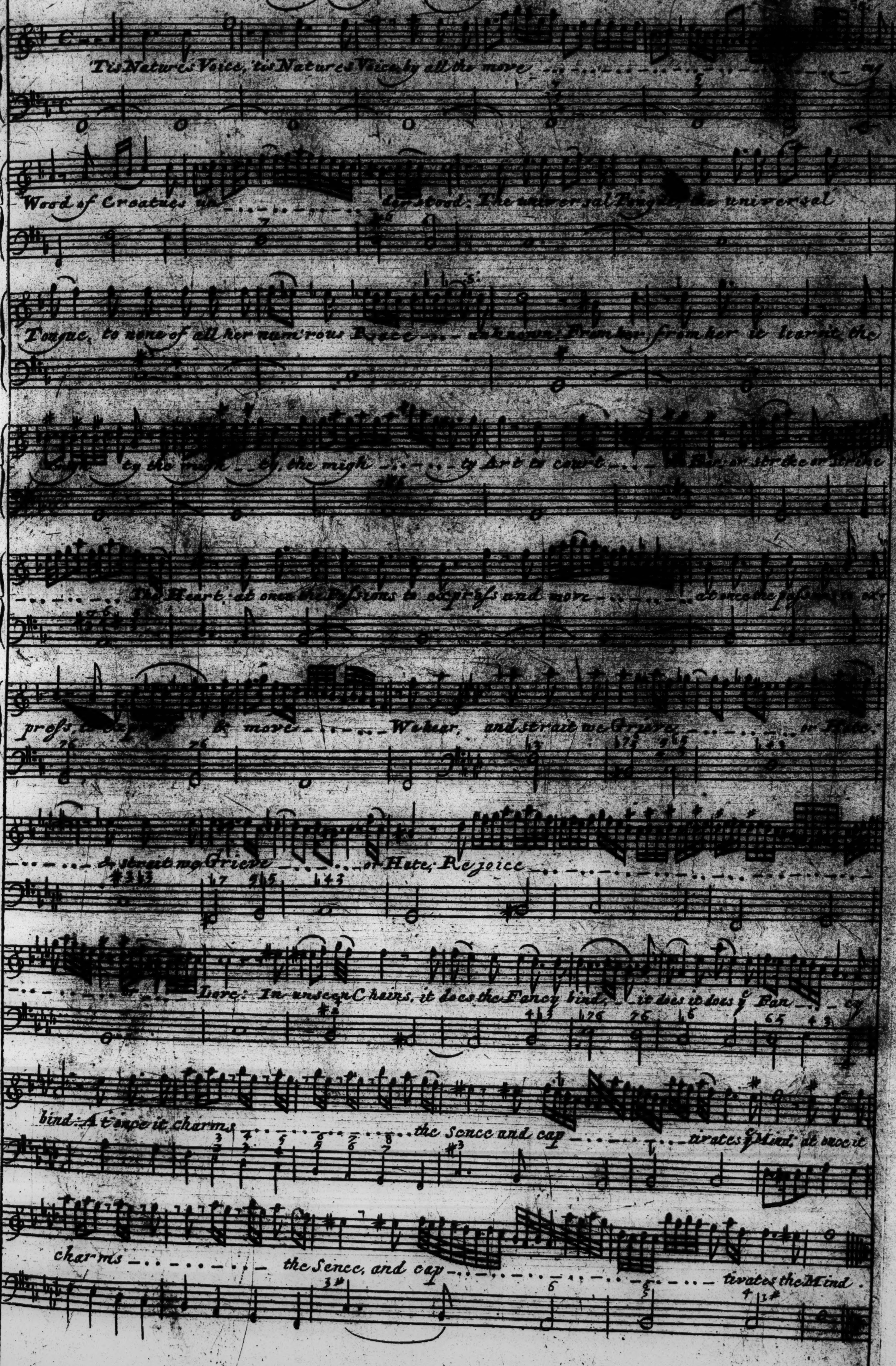
While I gaze on her lovely face

A Song in the Play call'd the Rival Siſters Set by Mr H Purcell. Sung by the Boy and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

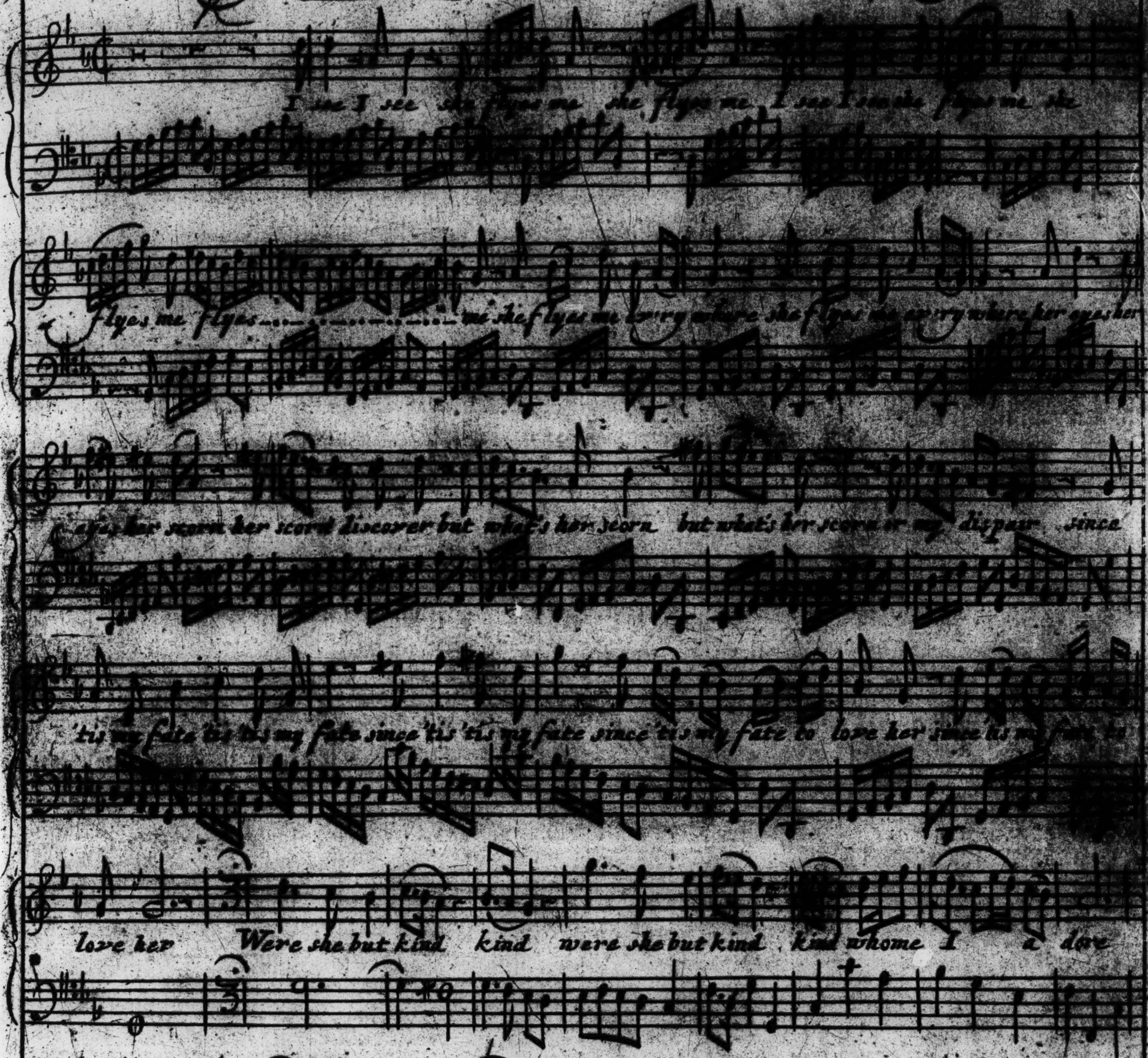

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou— — — — — sand Charms to please,
Heav'n to by wit- ty — — her Charms; while I stand gazing on her Face some new, some resistless
grace fills with fresh magick all — — — the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new by some
resistless grace fills with fresh magick all — — — — — — —
— — — the place: But while the Nymph I thus a— dore, But while the Nymph I thus
thus a dore, I shou'd my wretched, wretched, wretched Fate deplore; for oh Mirtillo, oh Mir
tillo have a care, have a care, her sweetneſs is above compare, but then she's false, she's
false, but then she's false, she's false as well as fair; have a care, have a care, have a care Mir
tillo, have a care, Mirtillo have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care

k

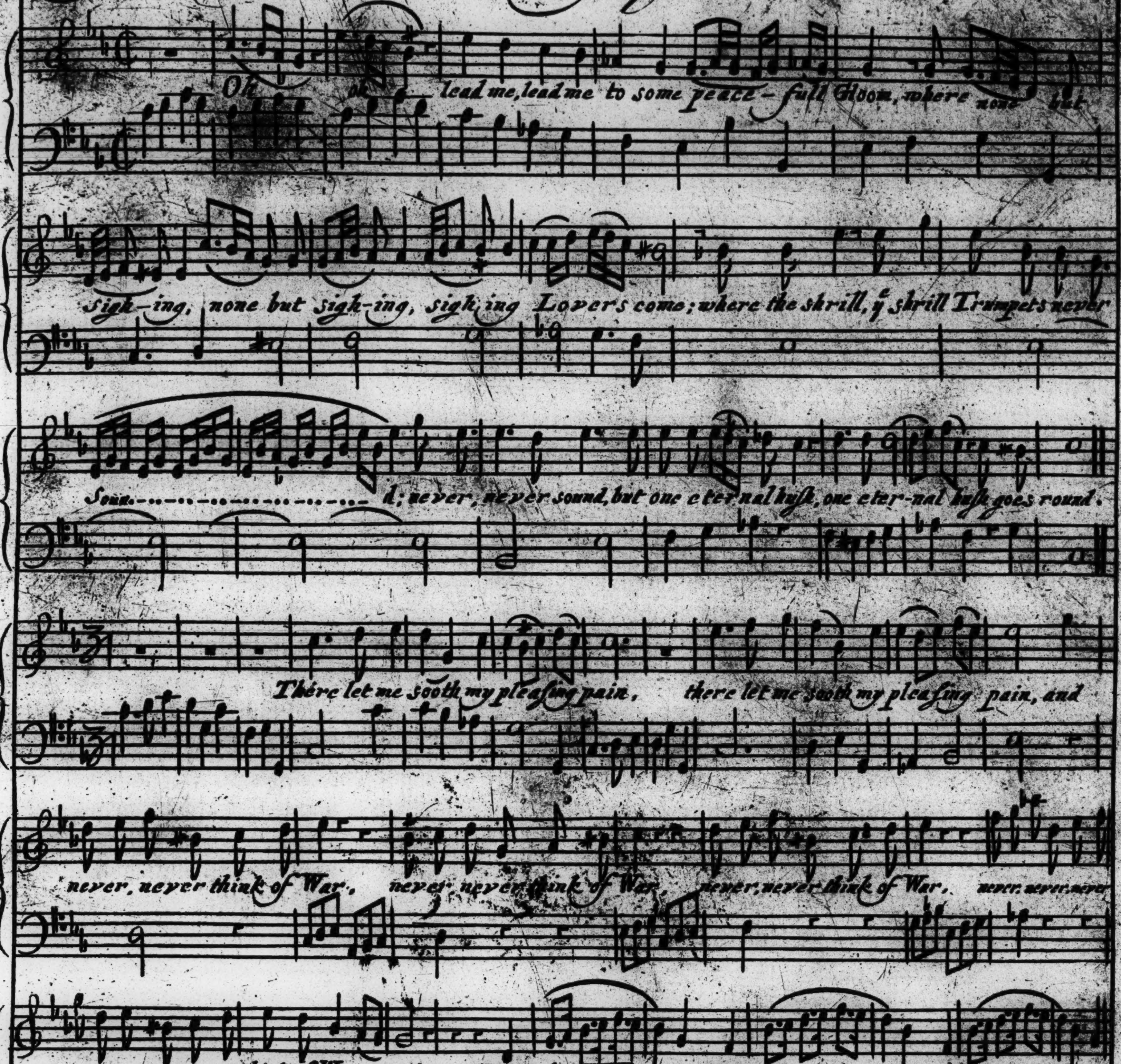
## A Song Set by Mr. Henry Purcell. and Sung by himself at St. Cæcelia's Feast. and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs. —


'Tis Natures Voice, 'tis Natures Voice, by all the move... ing
Wood of Creatures un... derstood: The universal Tongue, the universal
Tongue, to none of all her num'rous Race... unknown; From her, from her it learnt the
migh... ty the migh... ty, the migh... ty Art to court... the Ear, or strike or strike the
... The Heart: at once the Passions to express and move... at once the passions to ex-
press, to express & move... We hear, and strait we Grieve... or Hate,
... & strait we Grieve... or Hate, Rejoice...
... Love: In unseen Chains, it does the Fancy bind, it does it does ye Fan... cy
bind: At once it charms... the Sence and cap... tivates ye Mind; at once it
charms... the Sence, and cap... tivates the Mind.

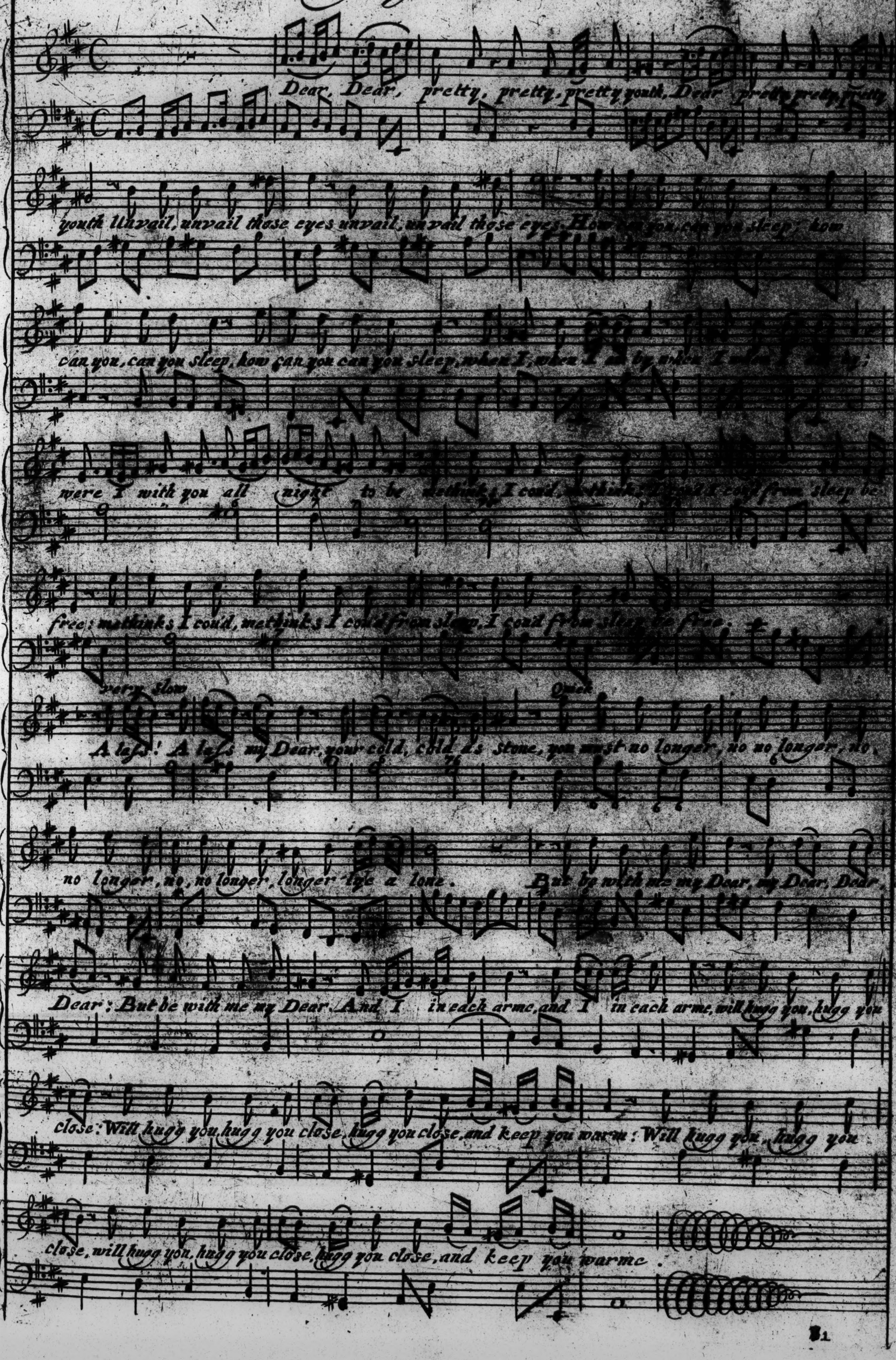
# A Song in the Play call'd *Oranzebe* ſet to Muſik by Mr *Henry Purcell* and ſung by Mrs. *Ayff*


I see I see she flyes me she flyes me I see I see she flyes me she
flyes me flyes— me she flyes me every where she flyes me every where her eyes her
eyes her scorn her scorn discover but what's her scorn but what's her scorn or my dispair since
'tis my fate tis tis my fate since 'tis 'tis my fate since 'tis my fate to love her since tis my fate to
love her Were she but kind kind were she but kind kind whome I a dore
I might live long— er but not love— her more were she but
kind kind were she but kind kind whom I a dore I might live long—
— er live long— er but not love— her more

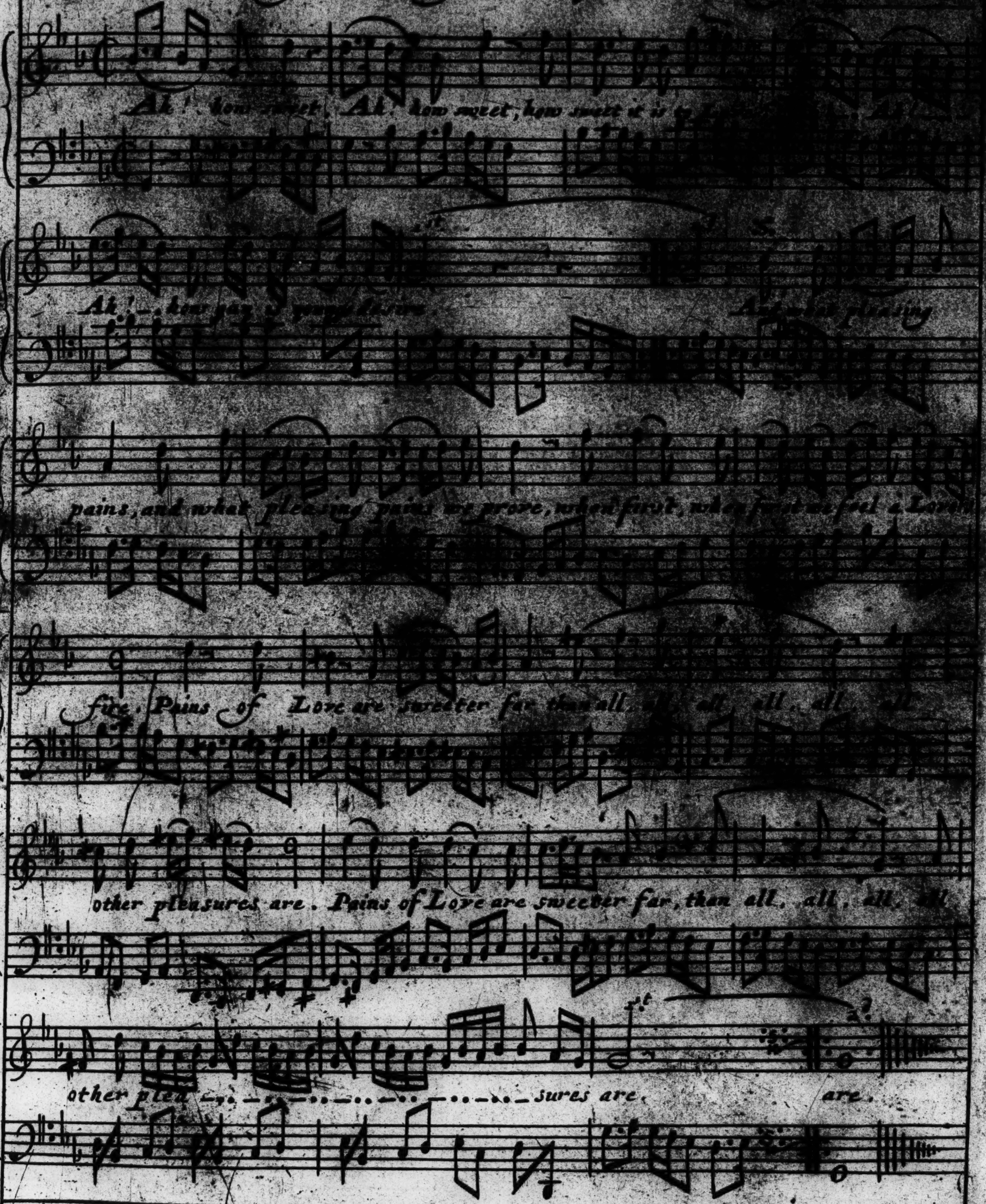
# A Song in the Tragedy of BONDUCA. Set by Mr Henry Purcell Sung by Miſs Croſs and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Oh — oh — lead me, lead me to some peace-full Gloom, where none but
sigh-ing, none but sigh-ing, sigh-ing Lover's come; where the shrill, yͤ shrill Trumpets never
Soun-...d; never, never sound, but one eter-nal huſh, one eter-nal huſh goes round.
There let me sooth my pleaſing pain, there let me sooth my pleaſing pain, and
never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never, never,
never, never, never think of War a gain: What glo...ry, what glo...ry, what glo...ry can
can a Lover have to conquer, to conquer, yet be still a ſlave, what glo...ry, what glo...
...ry can a Lo...ver have to conquer to conquer, to conquer yet be still, still a ſlave, yet, yet be
still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a ſlave.

# A Song sung by the Girl in the TEMPEST Set by Mr H: Purcell and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


Dear, Dear, pretty, pretty, pretty youth, Dear pretty pretty, pretty
youth Unvail, unvail those eyes unvail, unvail those eyes. How can you, can you sleep; how
can you, can you sleep, how can you can you sleep, when I, when I am by, when I when I am by;
were I with you all night to be, methinks I could, methinks, I could I could from sleep be
free: methinks I could, methinks I could from sleep, I could from sleep be free.
very slow
Quick
A lass! A lass my Dear, your cold, cold as stone, you must no longer, no no longer, no
no longer, no, no longer, longer lye alone. But be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear,
Dear: But be with me my Dear And I in each arme, and I in each arme, will hugg you, hugg you
close: Will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close, and keep you warm: Will hugg you, hugg you
close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close, and keep you warme.

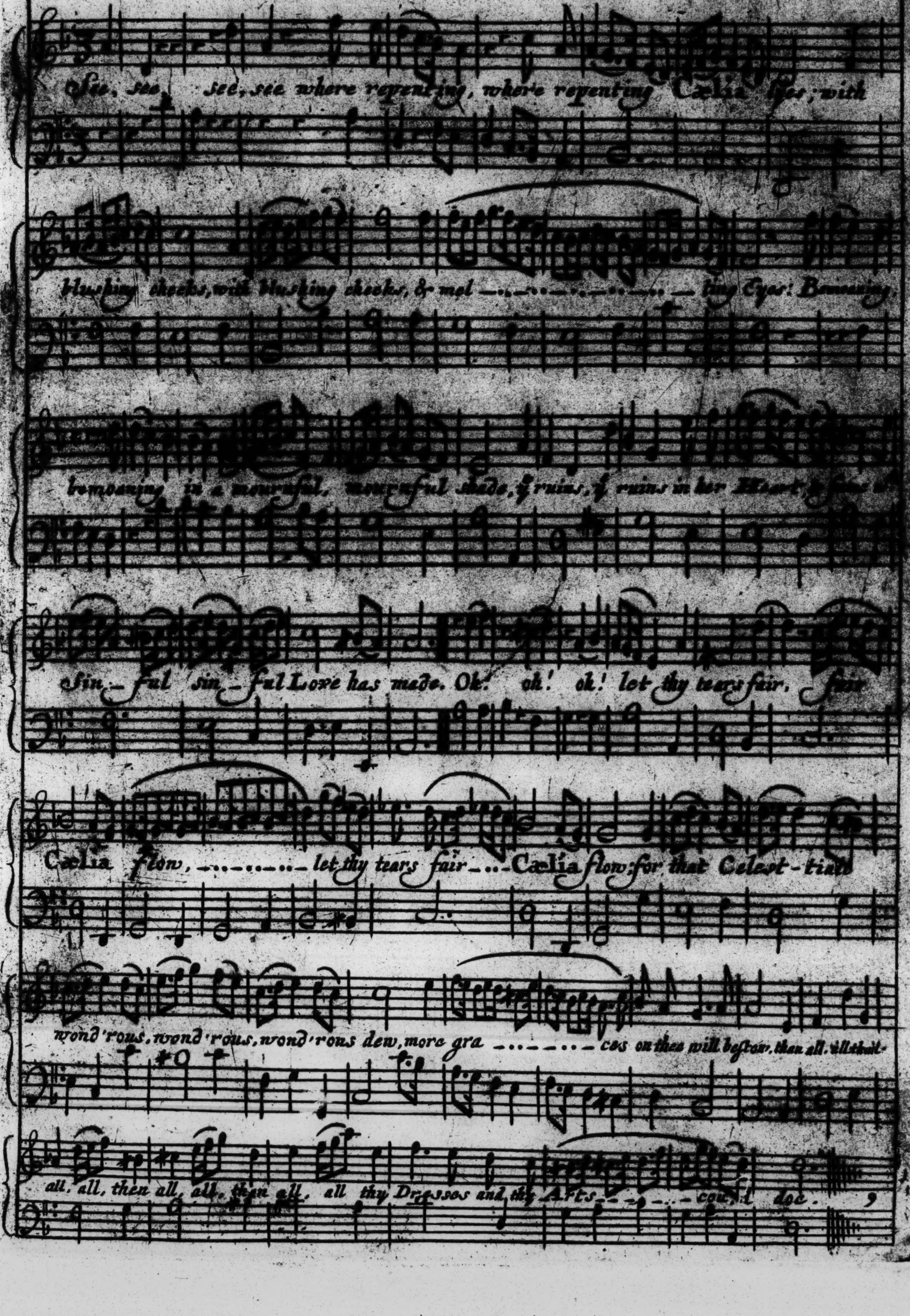
# A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call[illegible] [illegible] Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell


Ah! how sweet, Ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, Ah!
Ah! how gay is young desire
And what pleasing
pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers
fire. Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all, all
other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all
other plea— — — —sures are. are.

Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,
Gentle move and heave the heart;
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Like trickling balm cure the smart
Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

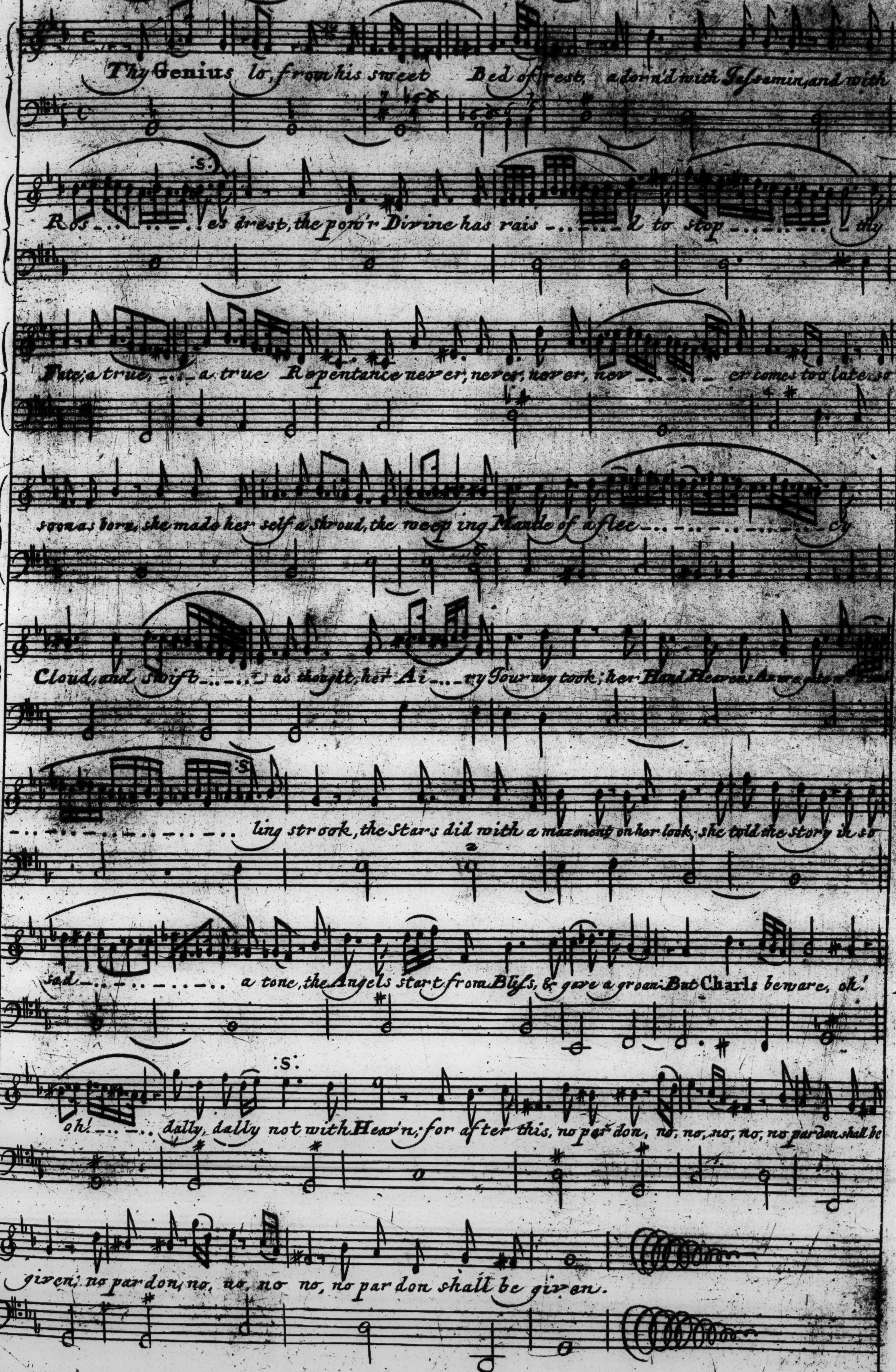
# A

# Song in the laſt New Comedy call'd ye Married Beau or the Curious Impertinent Sung by Mrs Aliff and Sett to Muſik by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

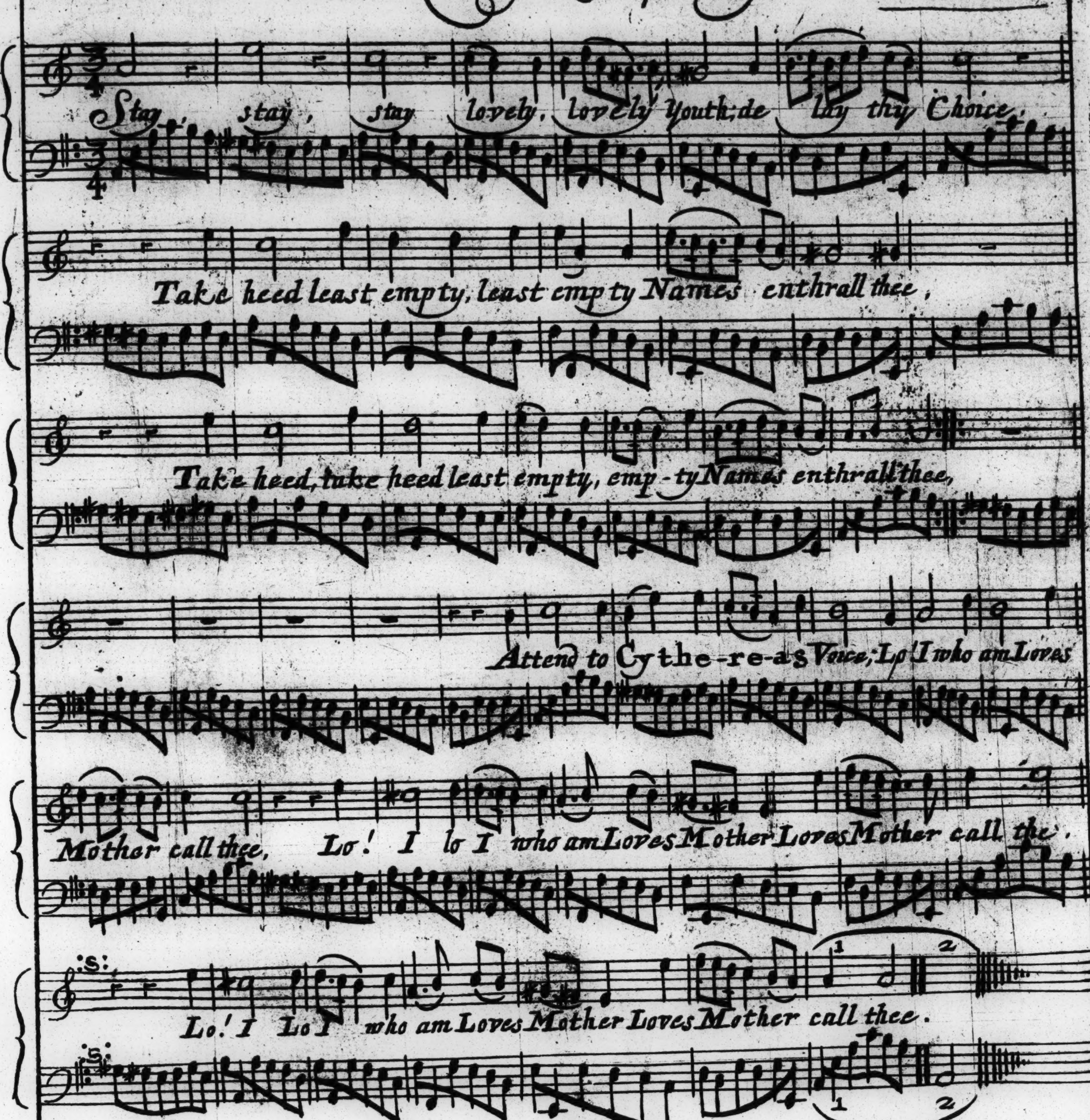

See, see, see, see where repenting, where repenting Cælia lyes; with
blushing cheeks, with blushing cheeks, & mel— — ting Eyes: Bemoaning,
bemoaning in a mournful, mournful shade, ye ruins, ye ruins in her Heart ye sin
sin_ful sin_ful Love has made. Oh! oh! oh! let thy tears fair, fair
Cælia flow, — let thy tears fair — Cælia flow; for that Celest-tiall
wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous dew, more gra— — ces on thee will bestow, than all, all that
all, all, then all, all, than all, all thy Dresses and thy Arts— — cou'd doe.

# A Song in the Maſsacre of Paris Set by Mr HENRY PURCELL

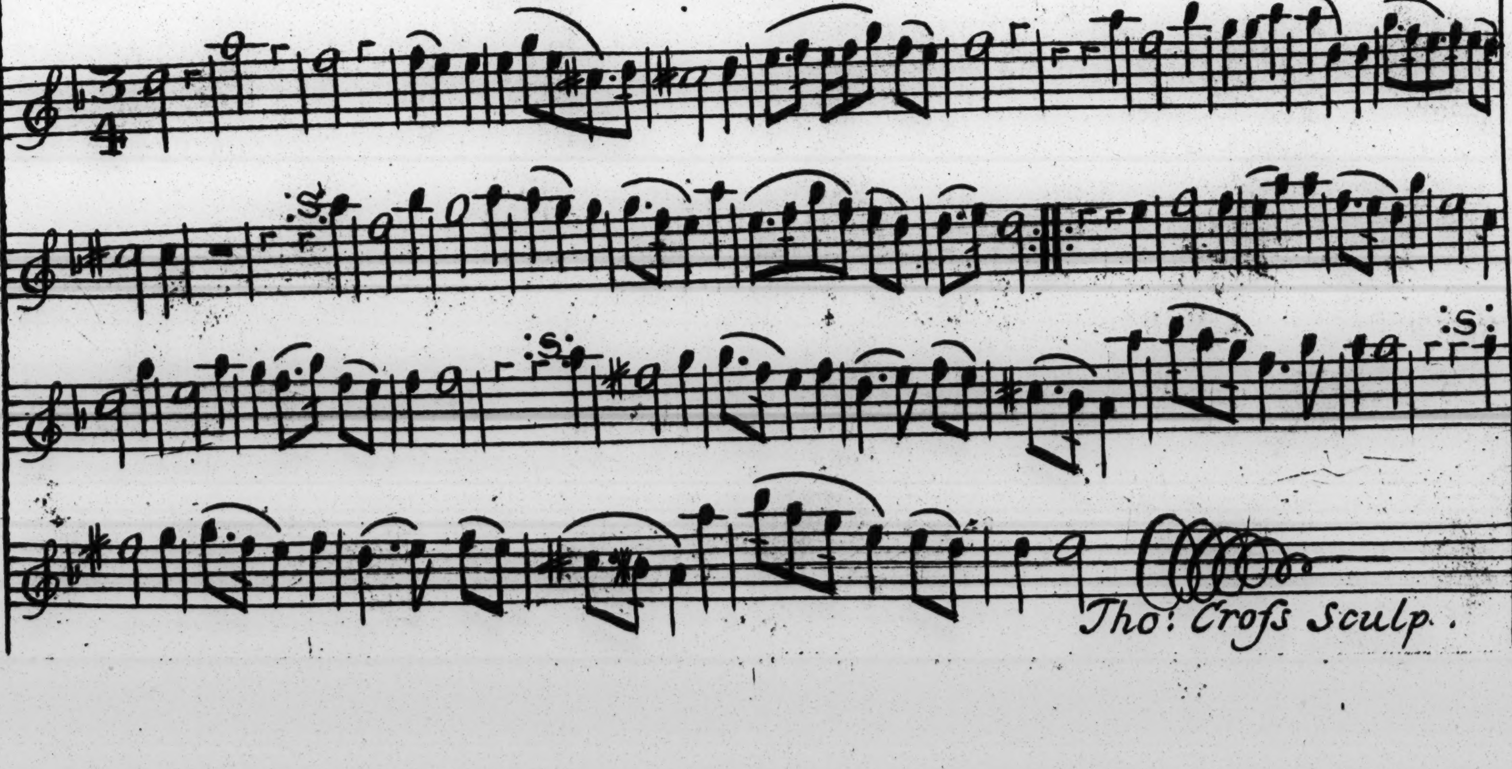
Sung by the Boy and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs,


Thy Genius lo, from his sweet Bed of rest, adorn'd with Jeſsemin, and with
Ros........es drest, the pow'r Divine has rais........'d to stop.........thy
Fate; a true,.....a true Repentance never, never, never, nev......er comes too late, so
soon as born, she made her self a shroud, the weep ing Mantle of a flee...............cy
Cloud, and swift.......as thought, her Ai...ry Journey took; her Hand Heavens Azure gate wth trem
..........................ling strook, the Stars did with a mazement on her look, she told the story in so
sad..................a tone, the Angels start from Bliſs, & gave a groan: But Charls beware, oh!
oh!.......dally, dally not with Heav'n, for after this, no par don, no, no, no, no, no pardon shall be
given; no par don, no, no, no no, no par don shall be given.

# Venus 2d. vers in the Prize Musick Compas'd by Mr. D: Purcell.

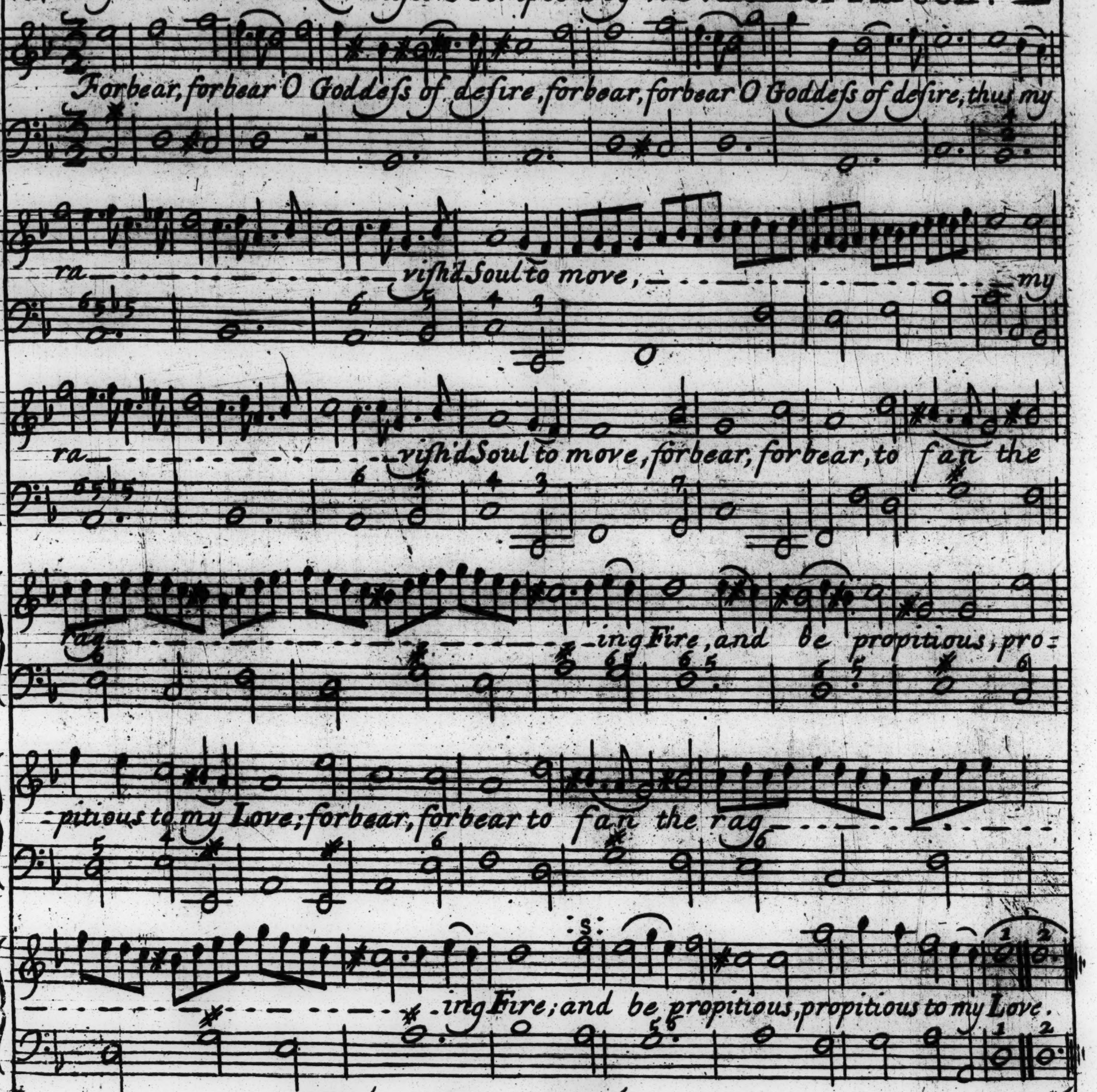

Stay, stay, stay lovely, lovely Youth, de lay thy Choice,
Take heed least empty, least empty Names enthrall thee,
Take heed, take heed least empty, emp - ty Names enthrall thee,
Attend to Cy the - re - as Voice; Lo! I who am Loves
Mother call thee, Lo! I lo I who am Loves Mother Loves Mother call the.
Lo! I Lo I who am Loves Mother Loves Mother call thee.
1
2

## For the Flute

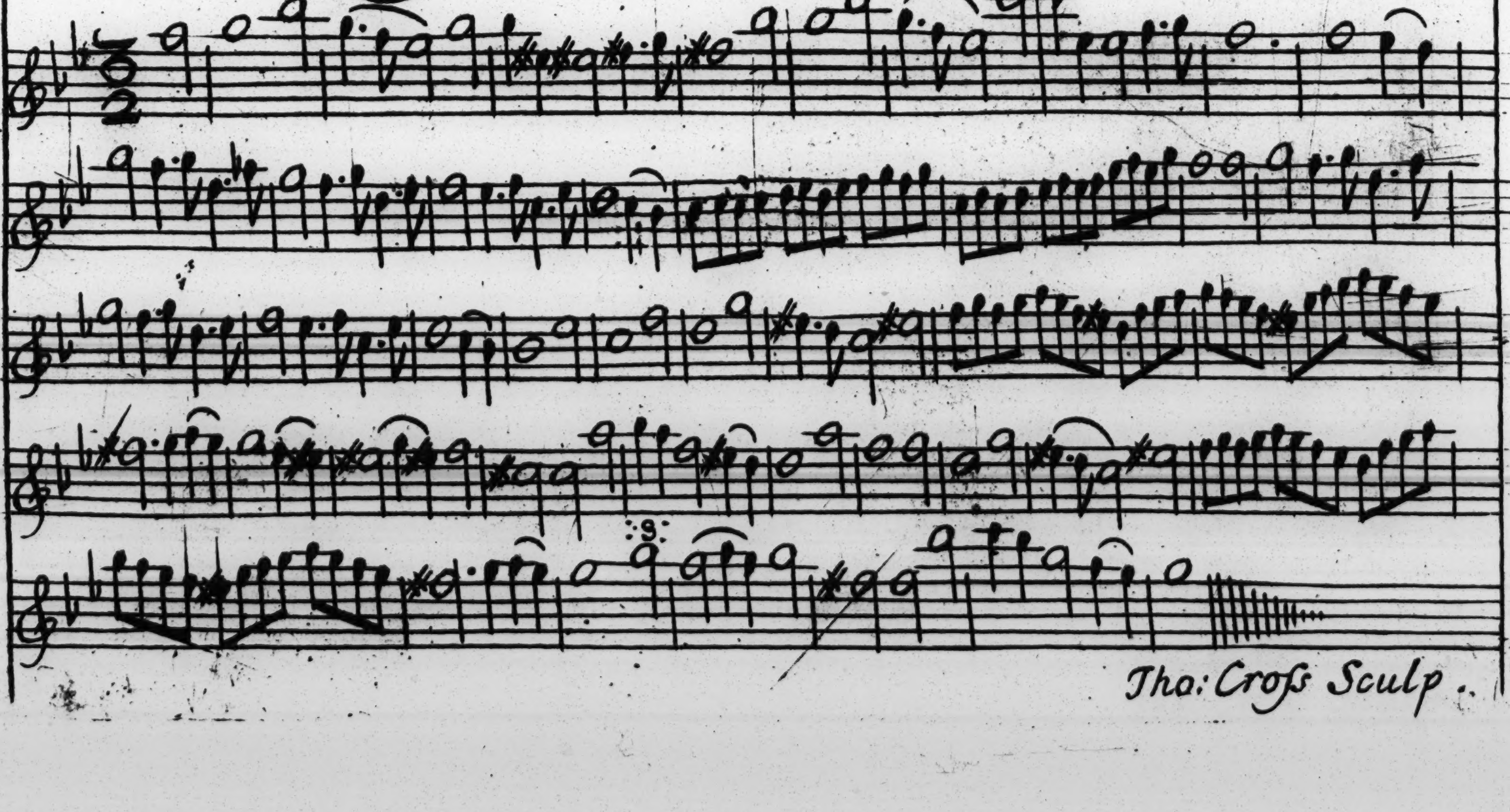


Tho: Cross Sculp.

## Paris laſt vers in the Prize Muſick Compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

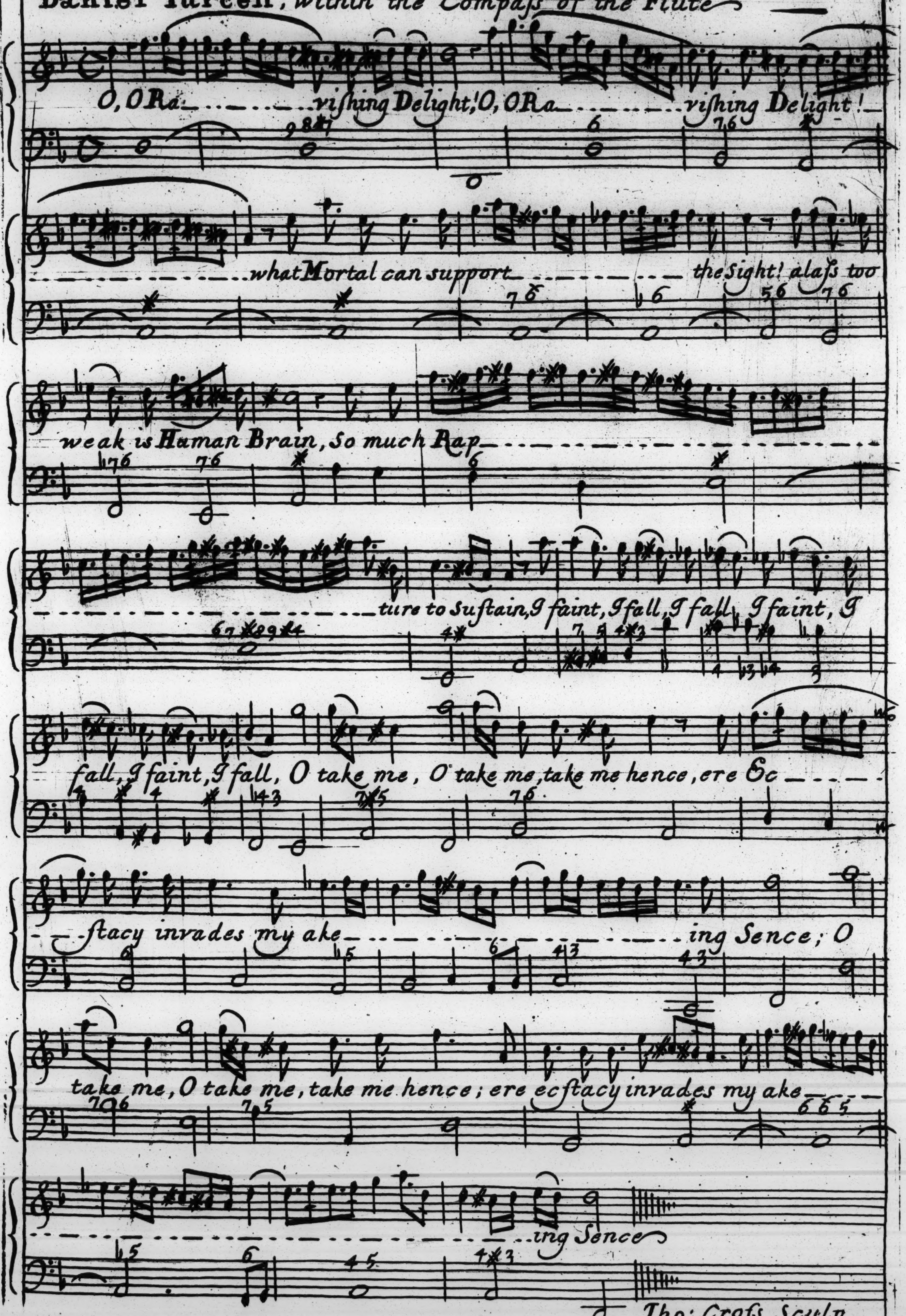

Forbear, forbear O Goddeſs of deſire, forbear, forbear O Goddeſs of deſire, thus my
ra viſh'd Soul to move, my
ra viſh'd Soul to move, forbear, forbear, to fan the
rag ing Fire, and be propitious, pro:
pitious to my Love; forbear, forbear to fan the rag
ing Fire; and be propitious, propitious to my Love.

## For the Flute



Tho: Croſs Sculp.

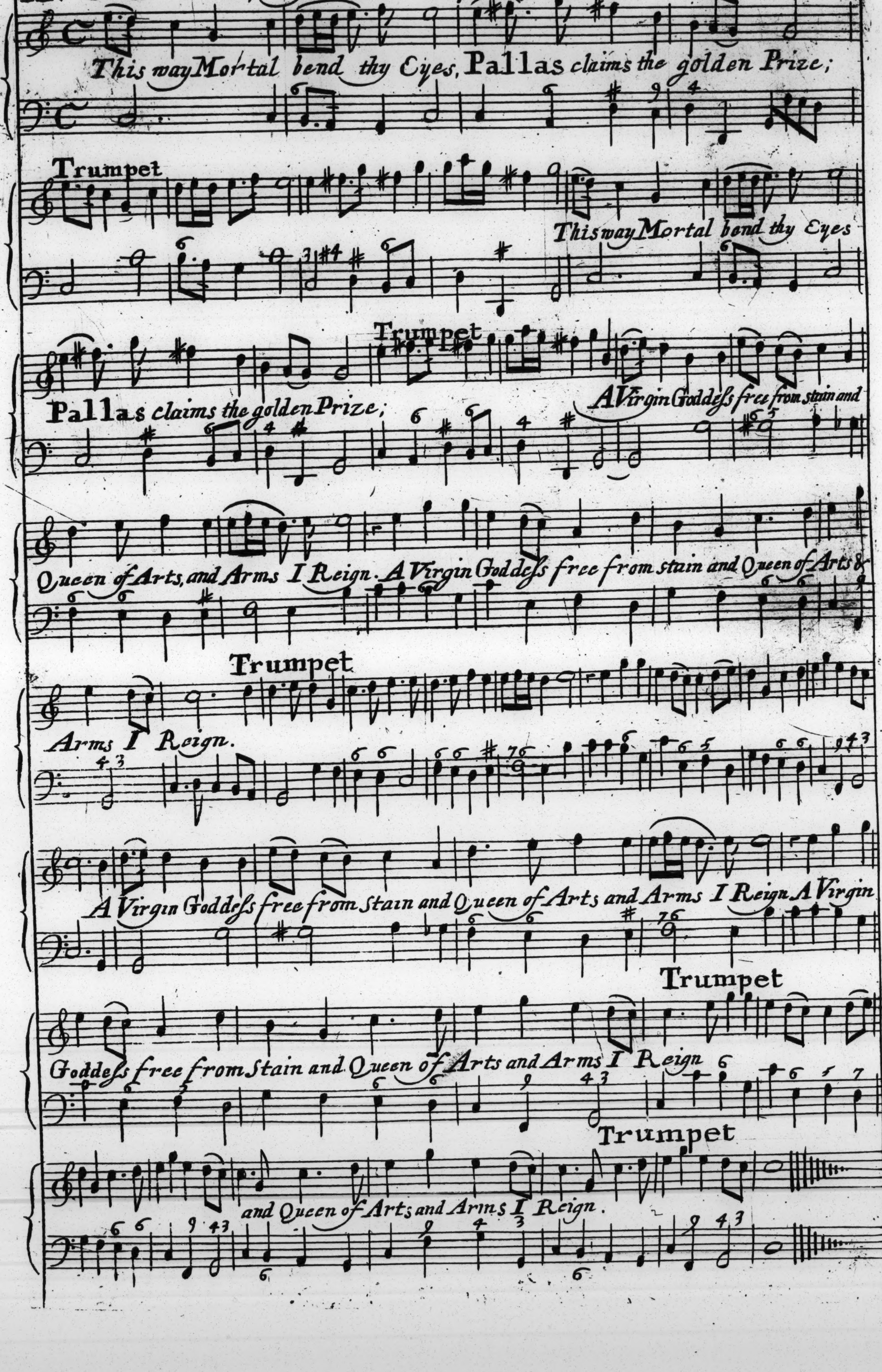
The 1st Vers of Paris in the Prize Muſick Compos'd by Mr. **Daniel Purcell**, within the Compaſs of the Flute


O, O Ra - - - viſhing Delight; O, O Ra - - - viſhing Delight!
- - - what Mortal can support - - - the Sight! alaſs too
weak is Human Brain, So much Rap - - -
- - - ture to Suſtain, I faint, I fall, I fall, I faint, I
fall, I faint, I fall, O take me, O take me, take me hence, ere Ec - - -
- - ſtacy invades my ake - - - ing Sence; O
take me, O take me, take me hence; ere ecſtacy invades my ake - - -
- - - ing Sence

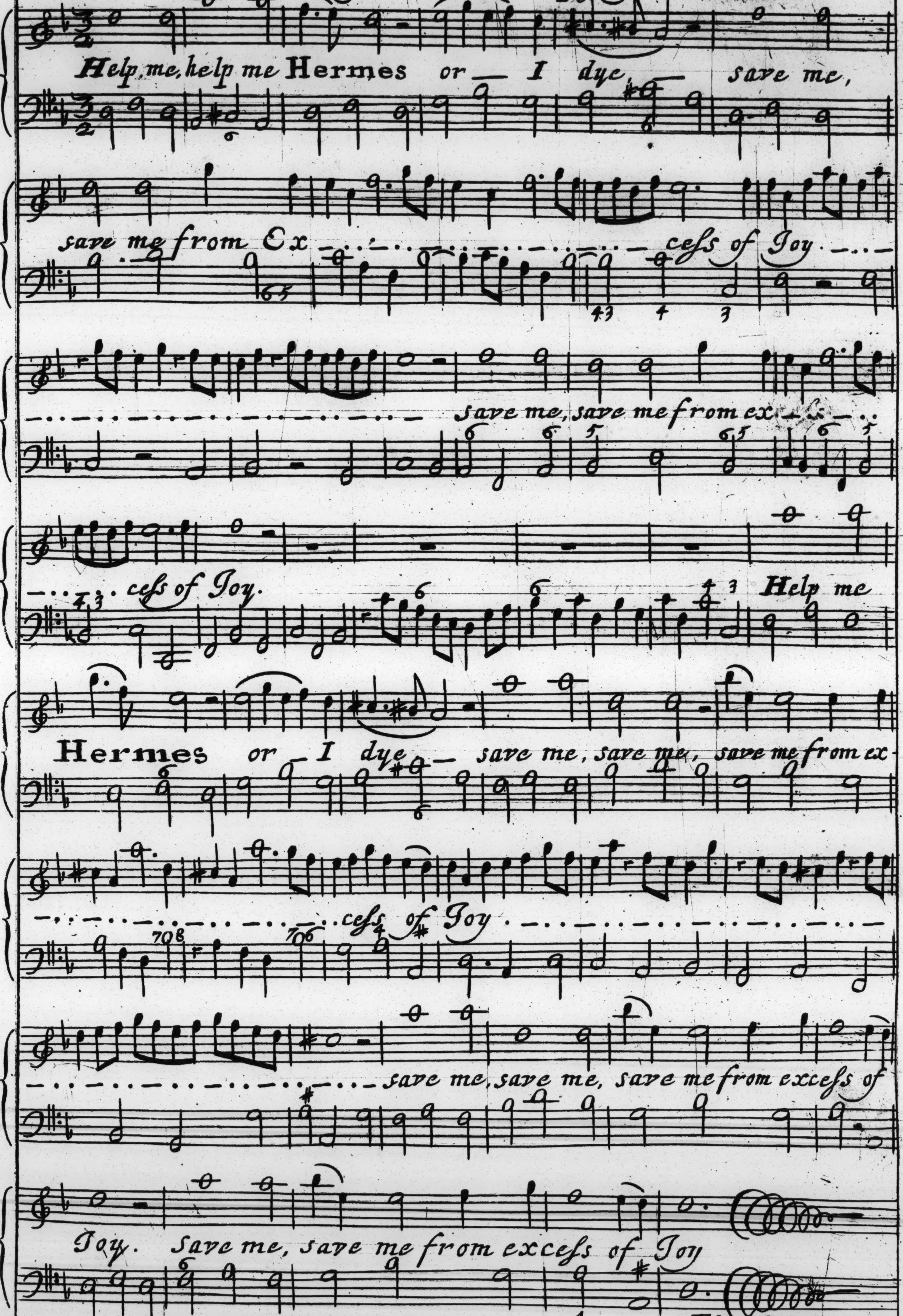
Tho: Croſs Sculp.

## Pallas 1st Vers with a Trumpet in the Prize Musick Compos'd by Mr D: Purcell, being within the compass of the Flute.

Tho: Croſs sculp

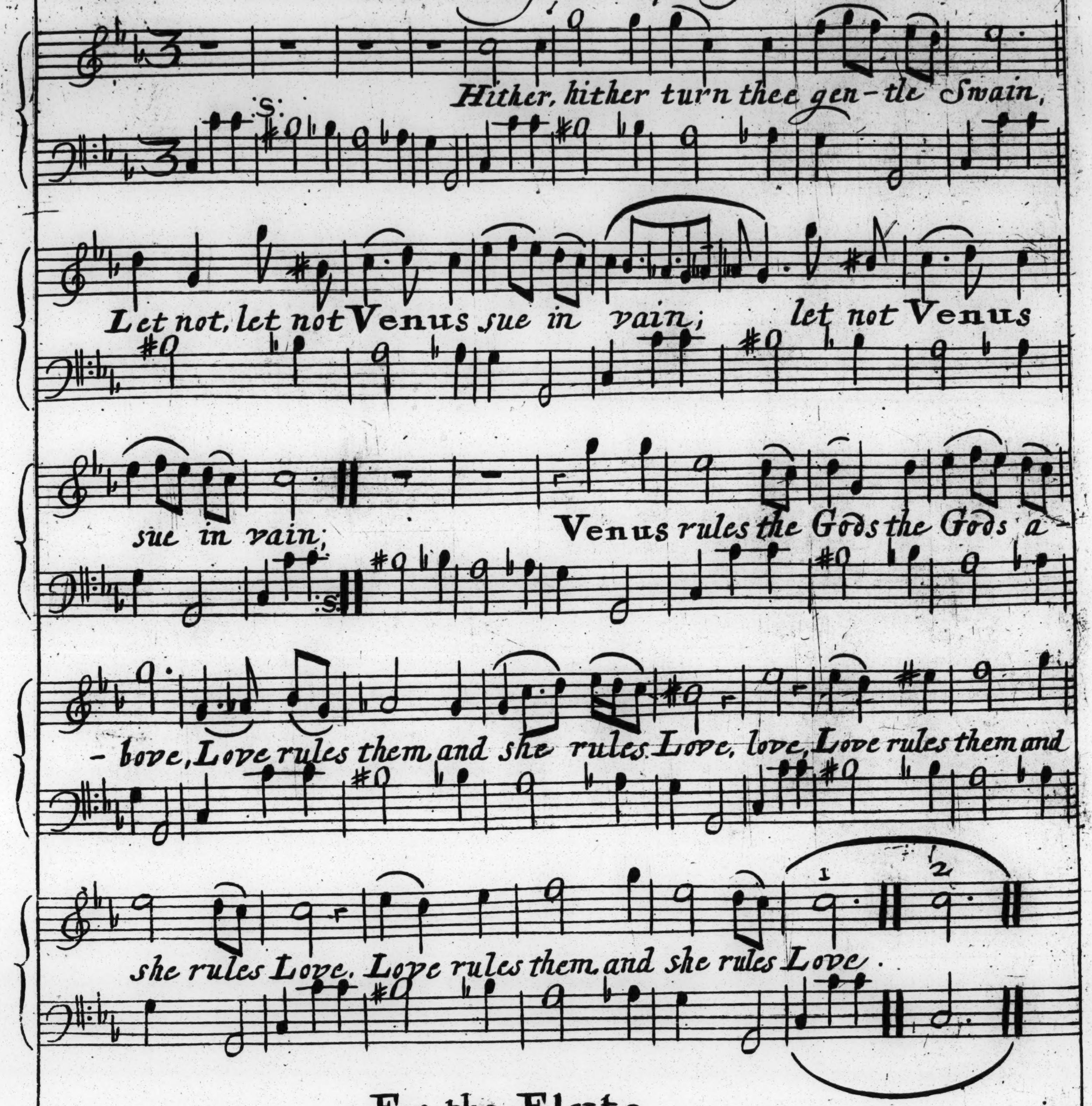

This way Mortal bend thy Eyes, Pallas claims the golden Prize;
Trumpet
This way Mortal bend thy Eyes
Trumpet
Pallas claims the golden Prize;
A Virgin Goddeſs free from stain and
Queen of Arts, and Arms I Reign. A Virgin Goddeſs free from stain and Queen of Arts &
Trumpet
Arms I Reign.
A Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain and Queen of Arts and Arms I Reign A Virgin
Trumpet
Goddeſs free from Stain and Queen of Arts and Arms I Reign
Trumpet
and Queen of Arts and Arms I Reign.

The 2.d Verse of **Paris** in the Prize Musick Compos'd by Mr. **Daniel Purcell**. being within the Compaſs of the **FLUTE**.

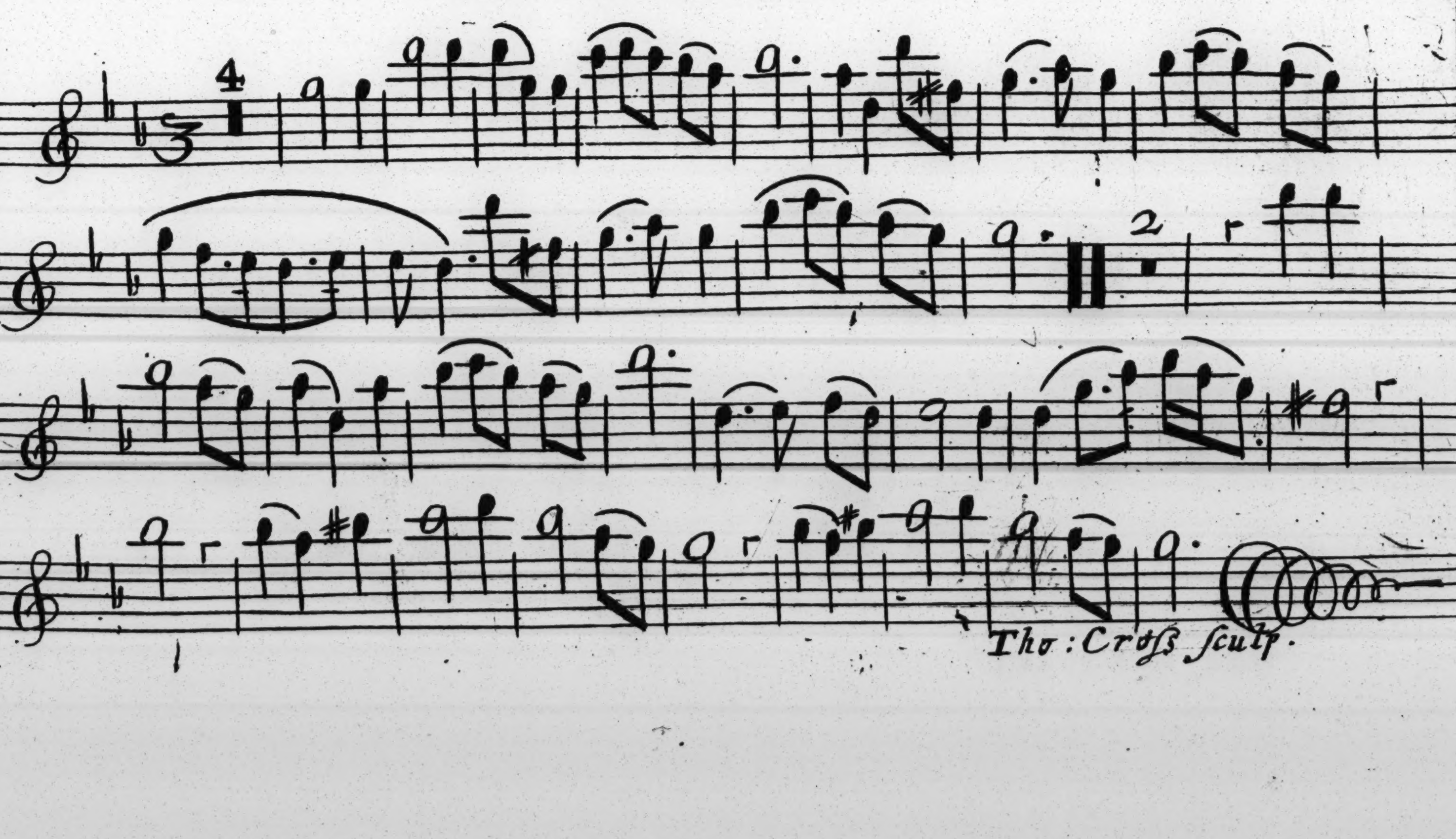

Help me, help me Hermes or — I dye, save me,
save me from Ex — — — ceſs of Joy — — —
— — — save me, save me from ex — —
— — ceſs of Joy. Help me
Hermes or — I dye — save me, save me, save me from ex-
— — — ceſs of Joy — — —
— — — save me, save me, save me from exceſs of
Joy. Save me, save me from exceſs of Joy

Tho: Croſs sculp

# **Venus** 1st Verse in the Prize Muſick, Compos'd by Mr **Dan: Purcell.**

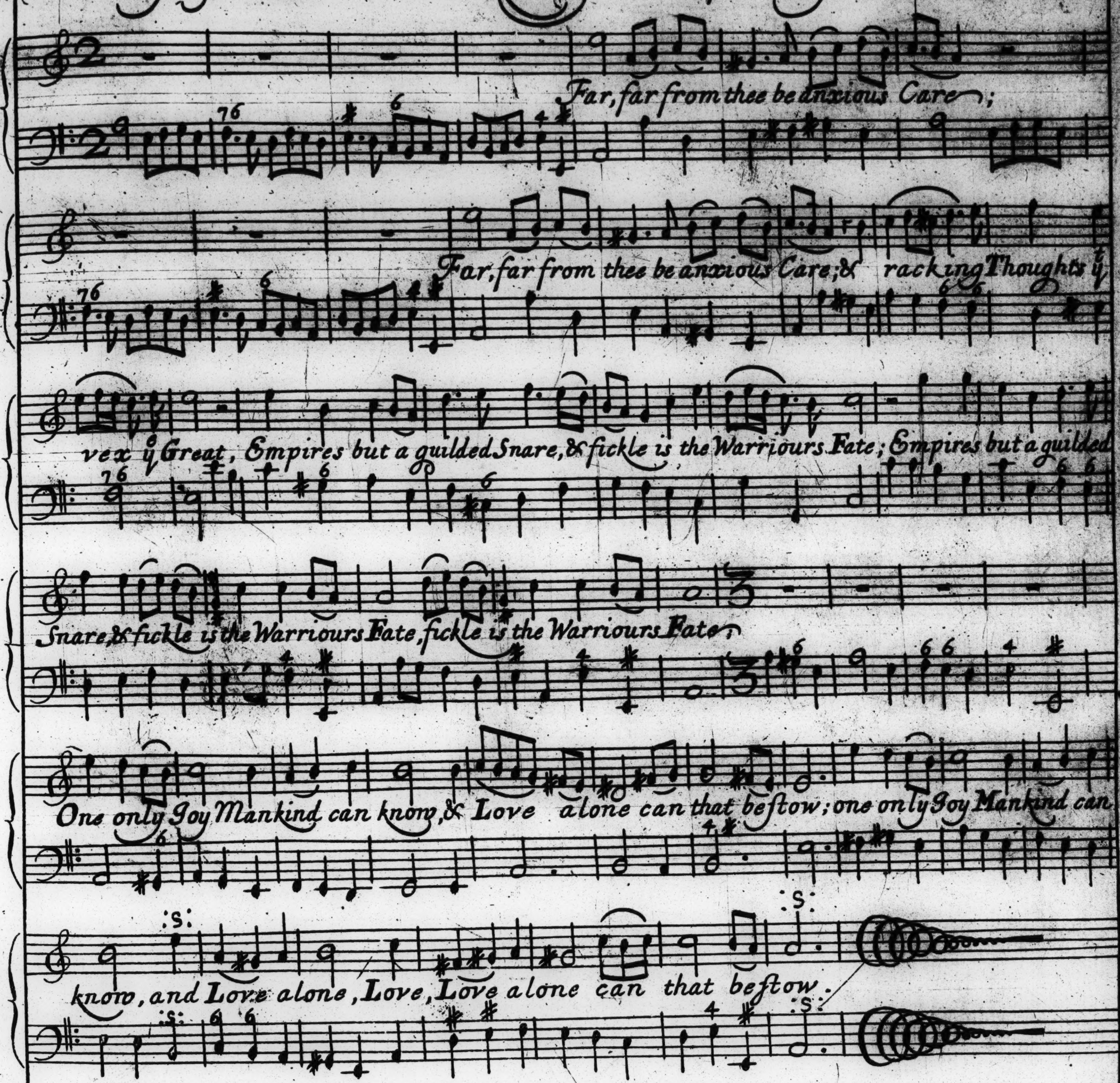

Hither, hither turn thee gen-tle Swain,
S:
Let not, let not Venus sue in vain; let not Venus
sue in vain;
S:
Venus rules the Gods the Gods a-
-bove, Love rules them and she rules. Love, love, Love rules them and
she rules Love. Love rules them, and she rules Love.
1
2

## **For the Flute .**

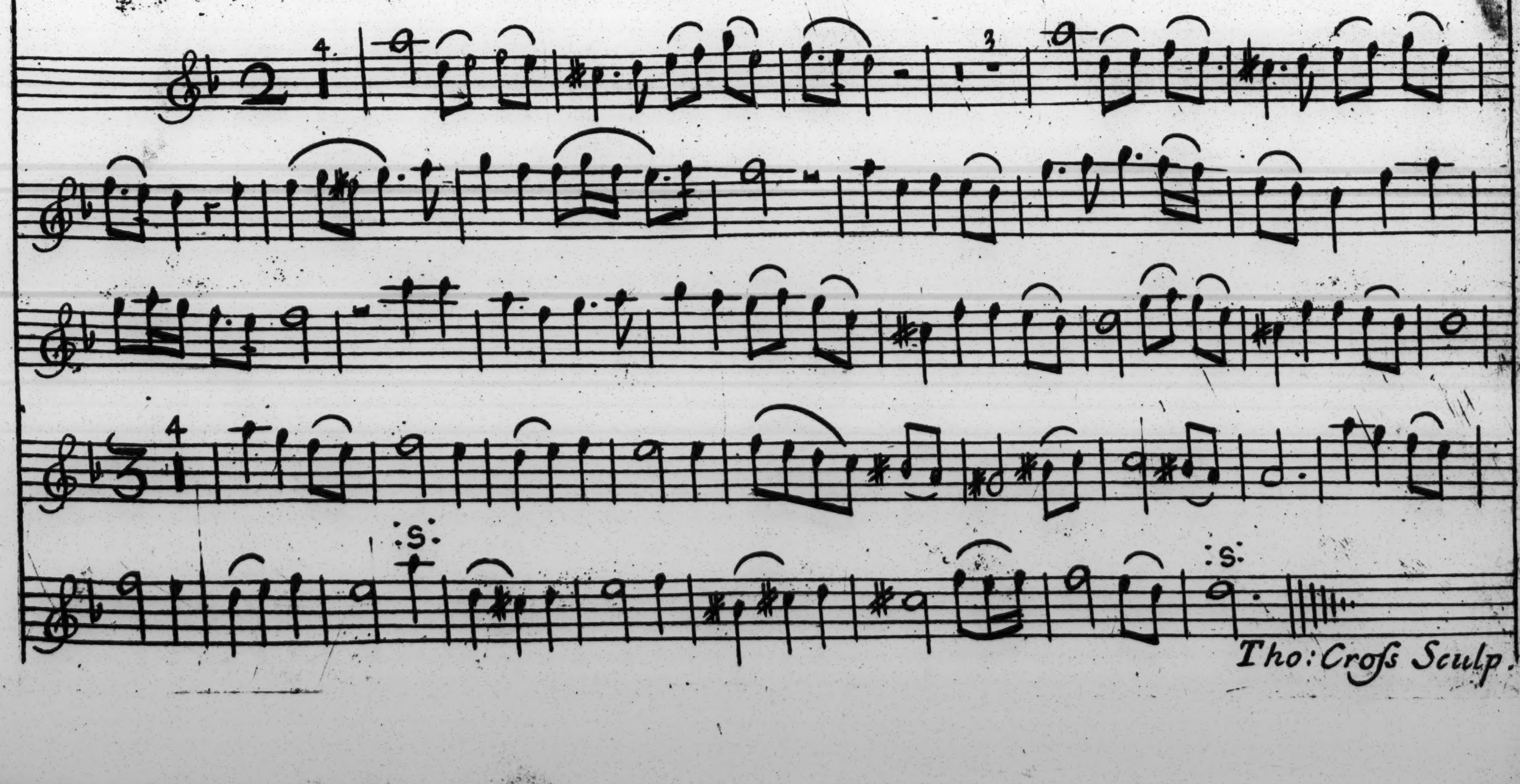


*Tho: Croſs ſculp.*

# The 3.<sup></sup>d Verse of Venus in the Prize Musick Compos'd by Mr. D. Purcell.

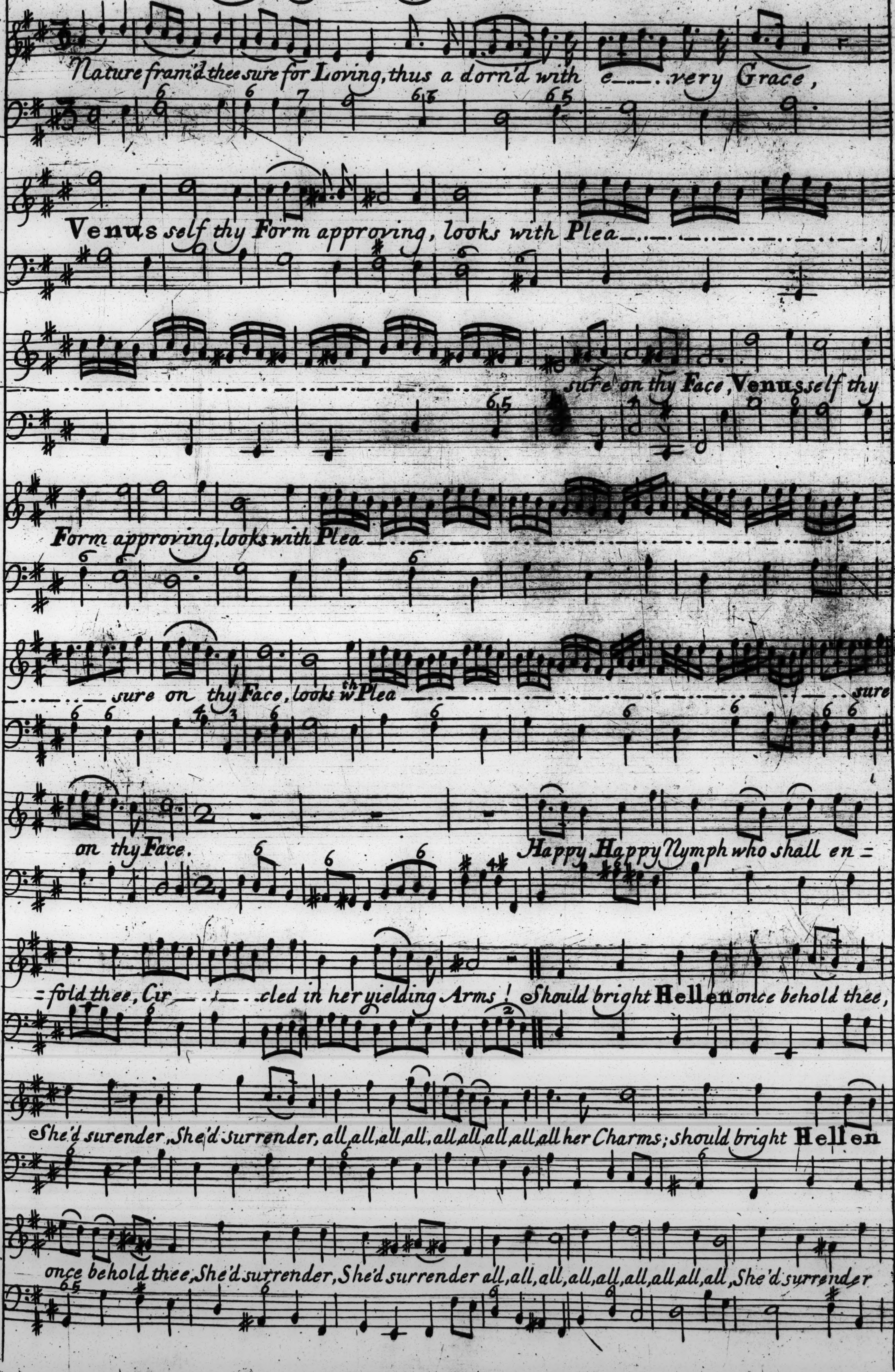

Far, far from thee be anxious Care;
Far, far from thee be anxious Care; & racking Thoughts y
vex y Great, Empires but a guilded Snare, & fickle is the Warriours Fate; Empires but a guilded
Snare, & fickle is the Warriours Fate, fickle is the Warriours Fate;
One only Joy Mankind can know, & Love alone can that bestow; one only Joy Mankind can
know, and Love alone, Love, Love alone can that bestow.

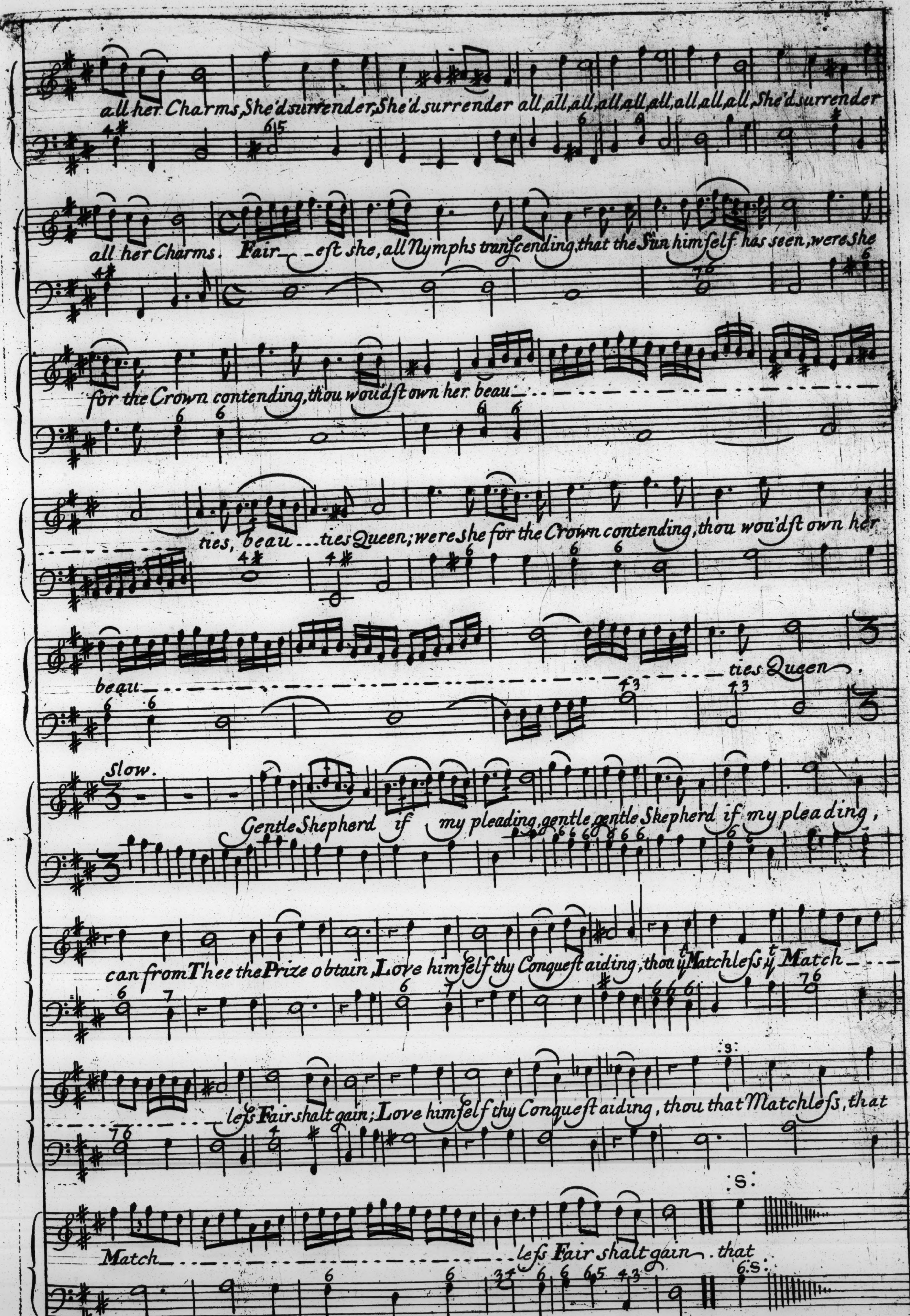
## For the Flute



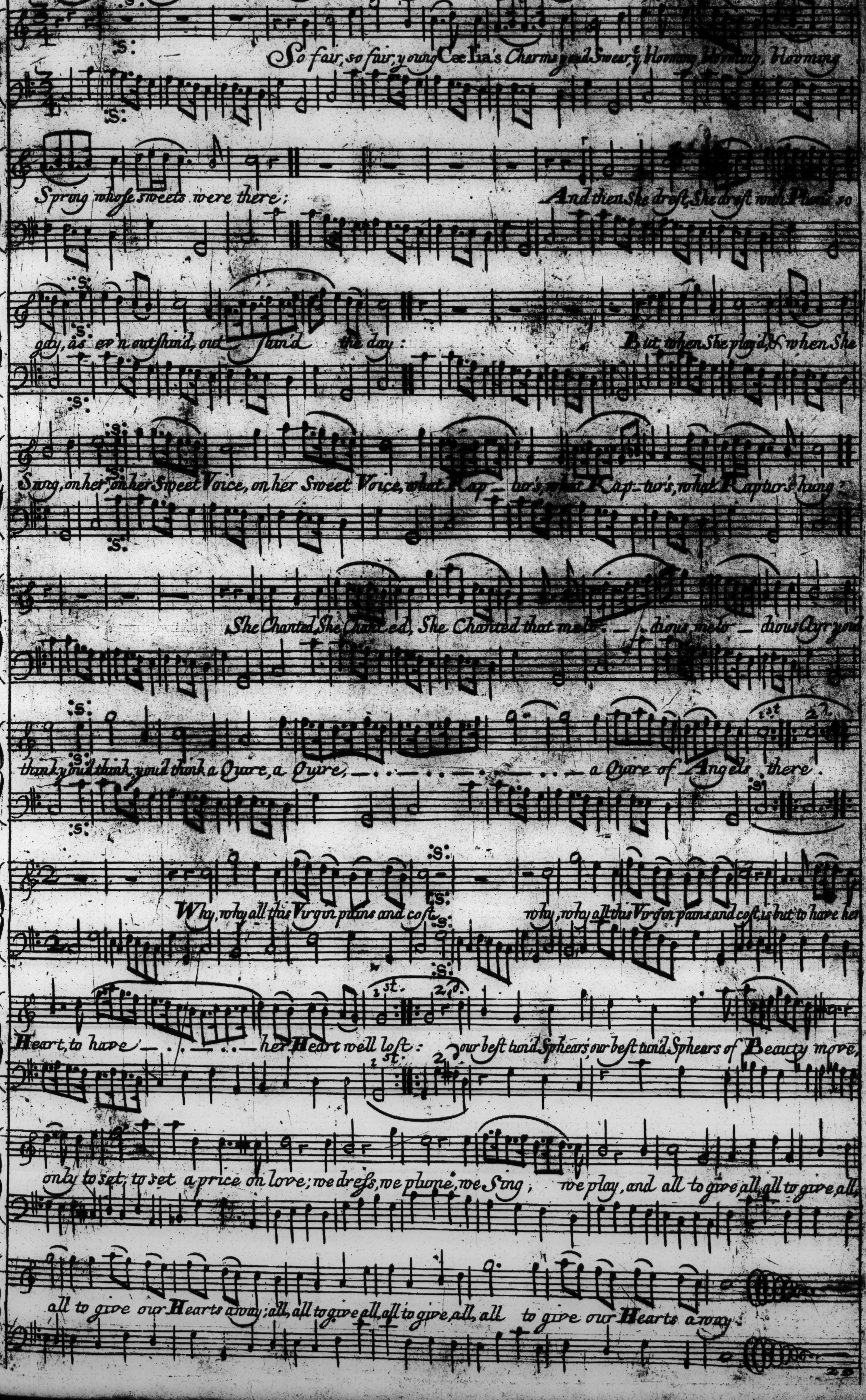
Tho: Cross Sculp.

# VENUS in the Prize Muſick Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving, thus a dorn'd with e___very Grace,
Venus self thy Form approving, looks with Plea___
sure on thy Face, Venus self thy
Form approving, looks with Plea___
sure on thy Face, looks wth Plea___sure
on thy Face.
Happy Happy Nymph who shall en=
=fold thee, Cir___cled in her yielding Arms! Should bright Hellen once behold thee,
She'd surrender, She'd surrender, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all her Charms; should bright Hellen
once behold thee, She'd surrender, She'd surrender all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, She'd surrender
6 7 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 2 6 6 6 5 6 6 6

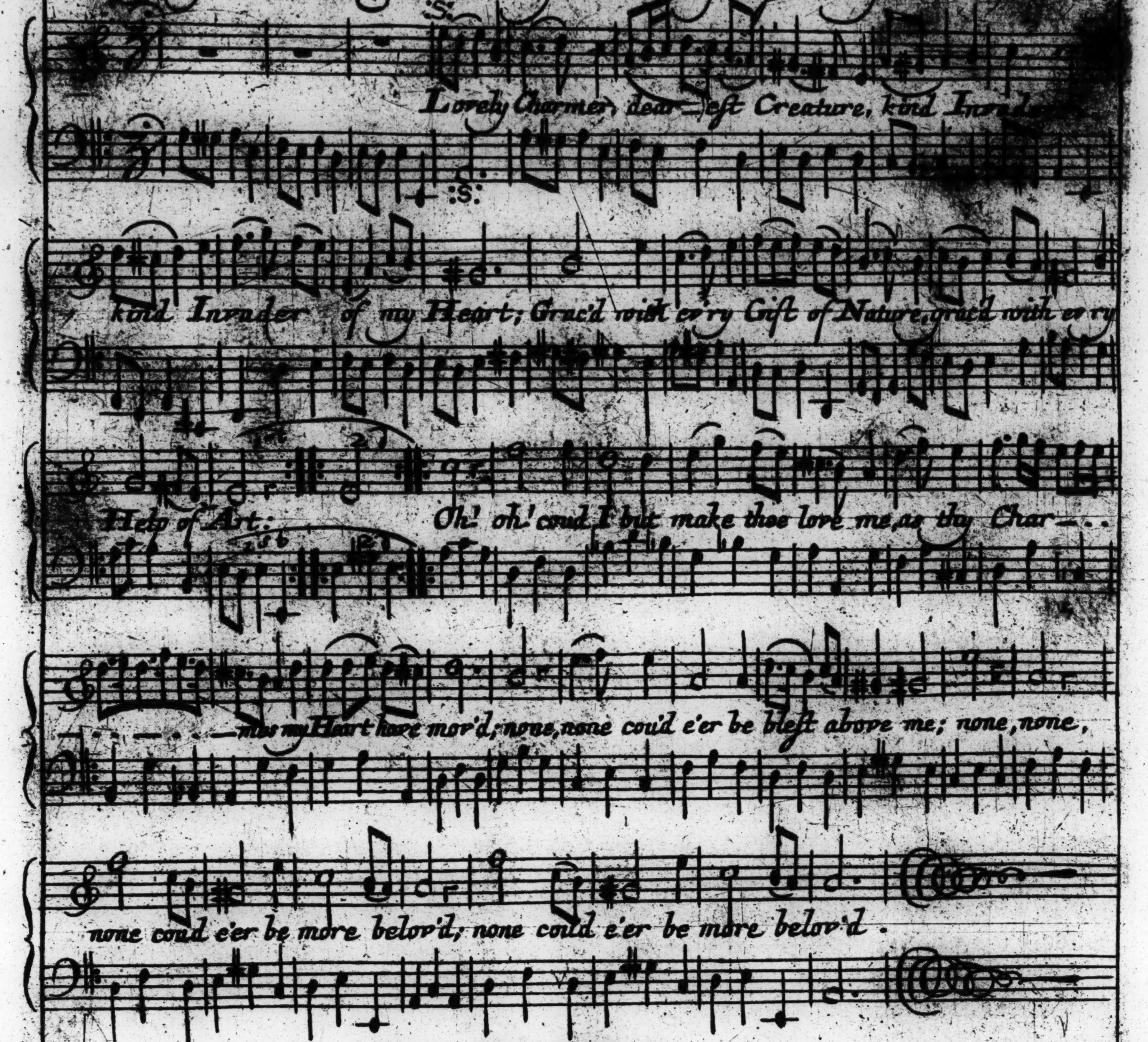

all her Charms, She'd surrender, She'd surrender all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, She'd surrender
all her Charms. Fair- -eſt she, all Nymphs tranſcending, that the Sun himſelf has seen, were she
for the Crown contending, thou wou'dſt own her beau- - -
-ties, beau- -ties Queen; were she for the Crown contending, thou wou'dſt own her
beau- - - -ties Queen.
Slow.
Gentle Shepherd if my pleading, gentle gentle Shepherd if my pleading,
can from Thee the Prize obtain, Love himſelf thy Conqueſt aiding, thou yͭ Matchleſs, yͭ Match- -
-leſs Fair shalt gain; Love himſelf thy Conqueſt aiding, thou that Matchleſs, that
Match- - -leſs Fair shalt gain. that

# A SONG to a Ground, Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Sung at the Theatre in Drury-Lane by Mr. Magnus's Boy; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

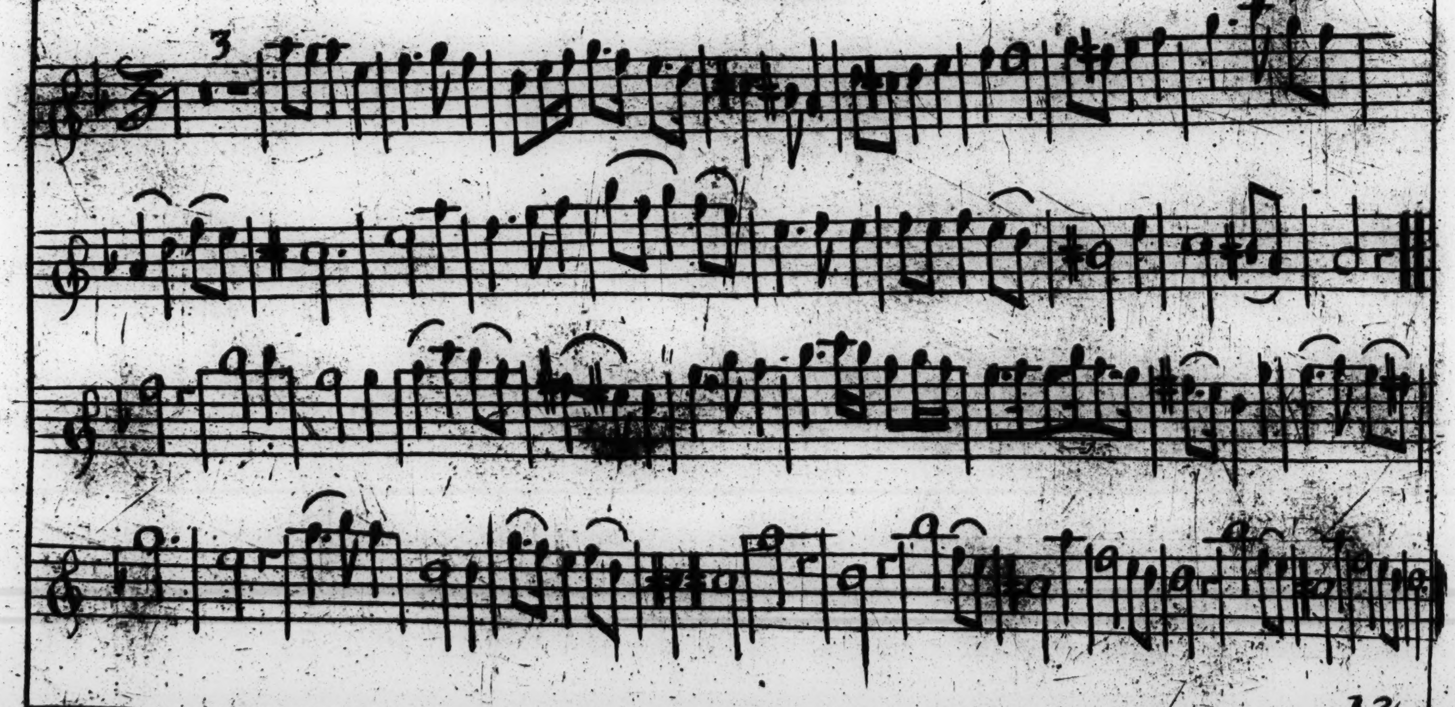

So fair, so fair, young Celia's Charms you'd Swear, y Blooming, Blooming, Blooming
Spring whoſe ſweets were there;
And then She dreſt, She dreſt with Plumes so
gay, as ev'n outſhin'd, outſhin'd the day:
But when She play'd, & when She
Sung, on her, on her Sweet Voice, on her Sweet Voice, what Rap-turs, what Rap-turs, what Rapturs hung:
She Chanted, She Chanted, She Chanted that melo-dious melo-dious Ayr you'd
think you'd think, you'd think a Quire, a Quire, a Quire of Angels there.
1st.
2d.
Why, why all this Virgin pains and coſt, why, why all this Virgin pains and coſt, is but to have her
Heart, to have her Heart well loſt:
1st.
2d.
our beſt tun'd Sphears, our beſt tun'd Sphears of Beauty move,
only to set, to set a price on love; we dreſs, we plume, we Sing, we play, and all to give all, all to give all,
all to give our Hearts away; all, all to give all, all to give all, all to give our Hearts away.

# A Song in the Iſland-Princeſs Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell Sung by Mr. Magnus's Boy and exictly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs

k

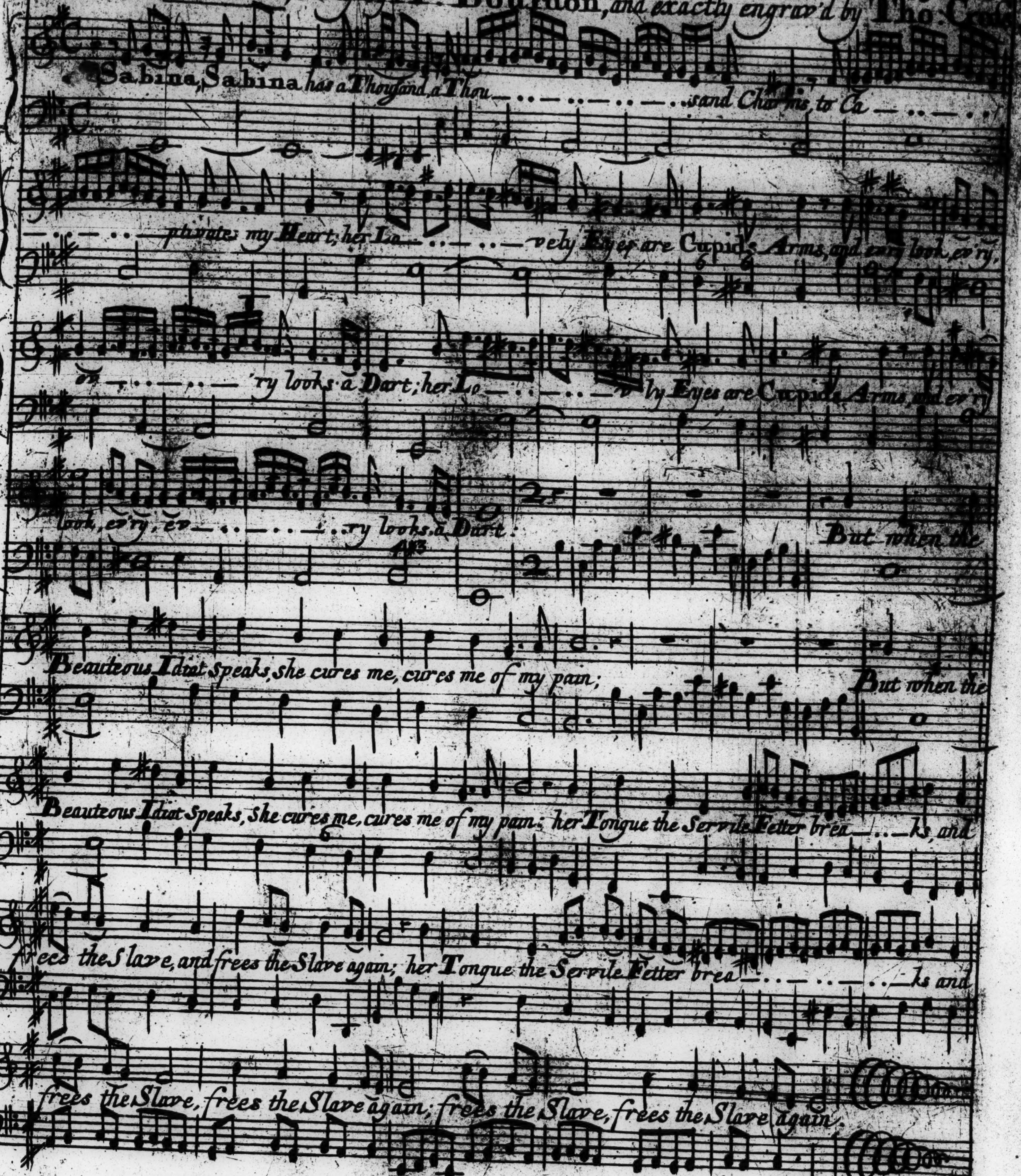

Lovely Charmer, dear—eſt Creature, kind Invader
kind Invader of my Heart; Grac'd with ev'ry Gift of Nature, grac'd with ev'ry
Help of Art: Oh! oh! cou'd I but make thee love me, as thy Char—
—mes my Heart have mov'd; none, none cou'd e'er be bleſt above me; none, none,
none cou'd e'er be more belov'd; none cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

## For the Flute.

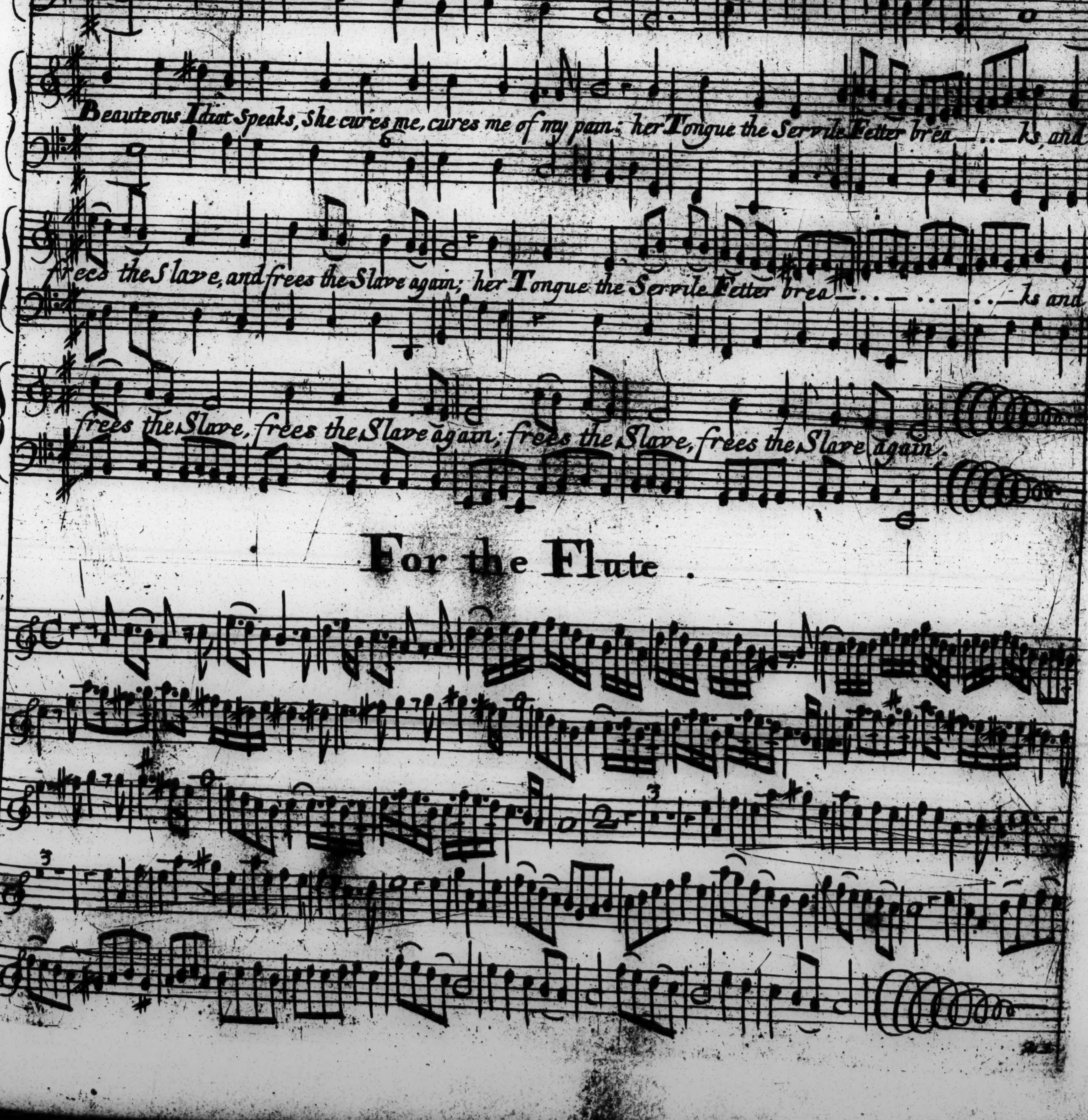


K

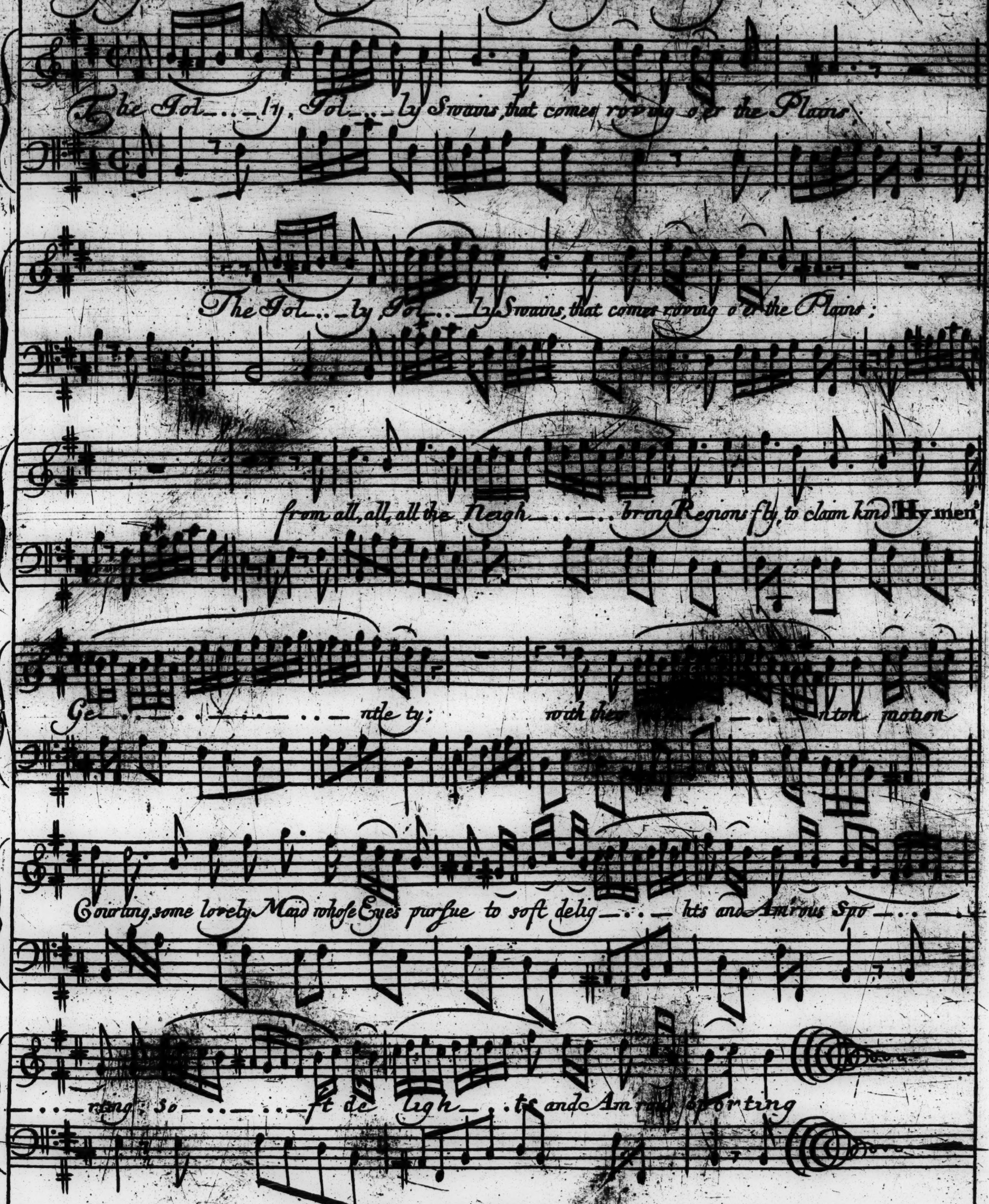
# A SONG in the Comedy call'd, the Reform'd WIFE; Set by M Daniel Purcell, Sung by Mr. Bourdon, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cro


Sabina, Sabina has a Thousand, a Thou.......sand Charms, to Ca....
....ptivate my Heart; her Lo.......vely Eyes are Cupid's Arms, and ev'ry look, ev'ry,
ev.......ry looks a Dart; her Lo.......vly Eyes are Cupid's Arms, and ev'ry
look, ev'ry, ev........ry looks a Dart.
But when the
Beauteous Idiot speaks, she cures me, cures me of my pain;
But when the
Beauteous Idiot Speaks, She cures me, cures me of my pain; her Tongue the Servile Fetter brea....ks, and
frees the Slave, and frees the Slave again; her Tongue the Servile Fetter brea........ks and
frees the Slave, frees the Slave again; frees the Slave, frees the Slave again.

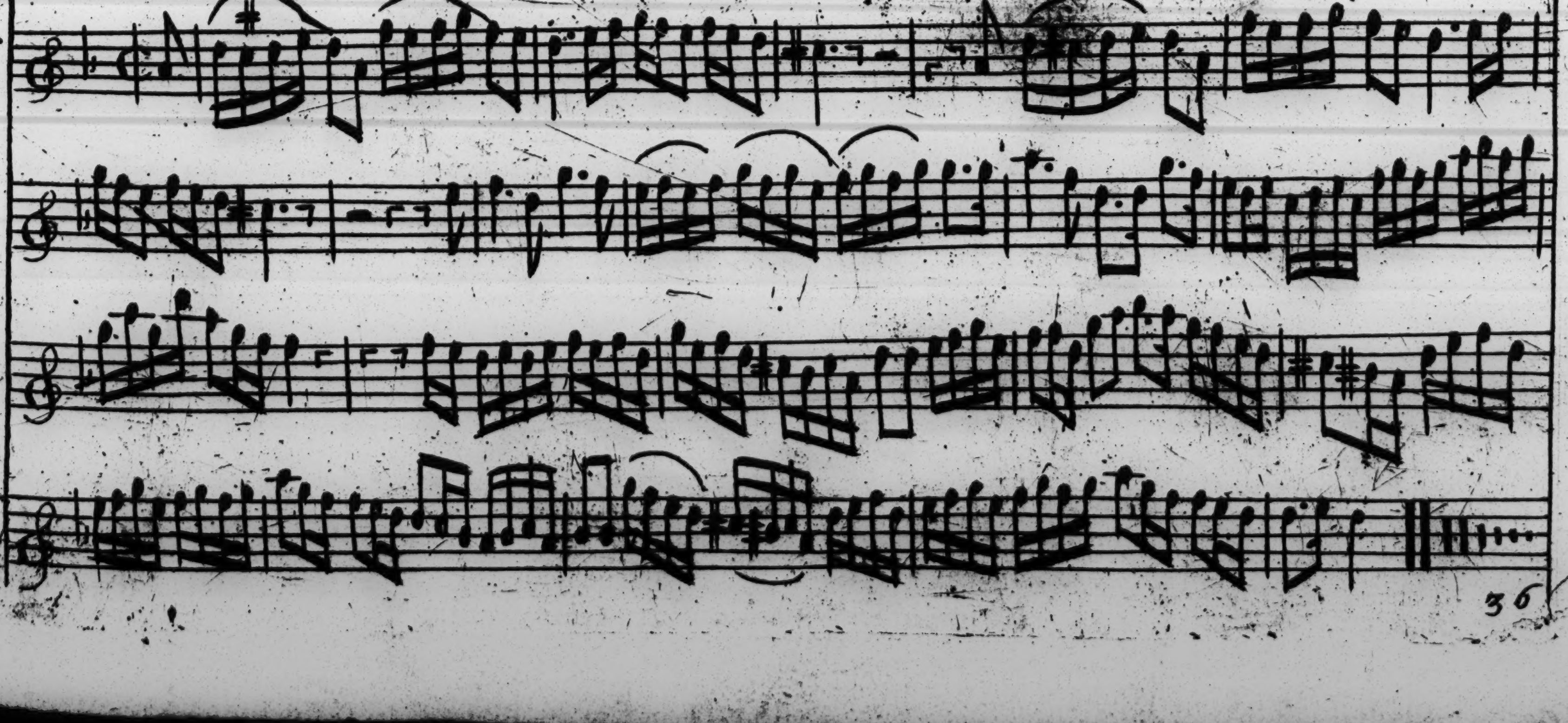
## For the Flute



# A Song in the Iſland-Princeſs, Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Sung by Mrs. Lindſey, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

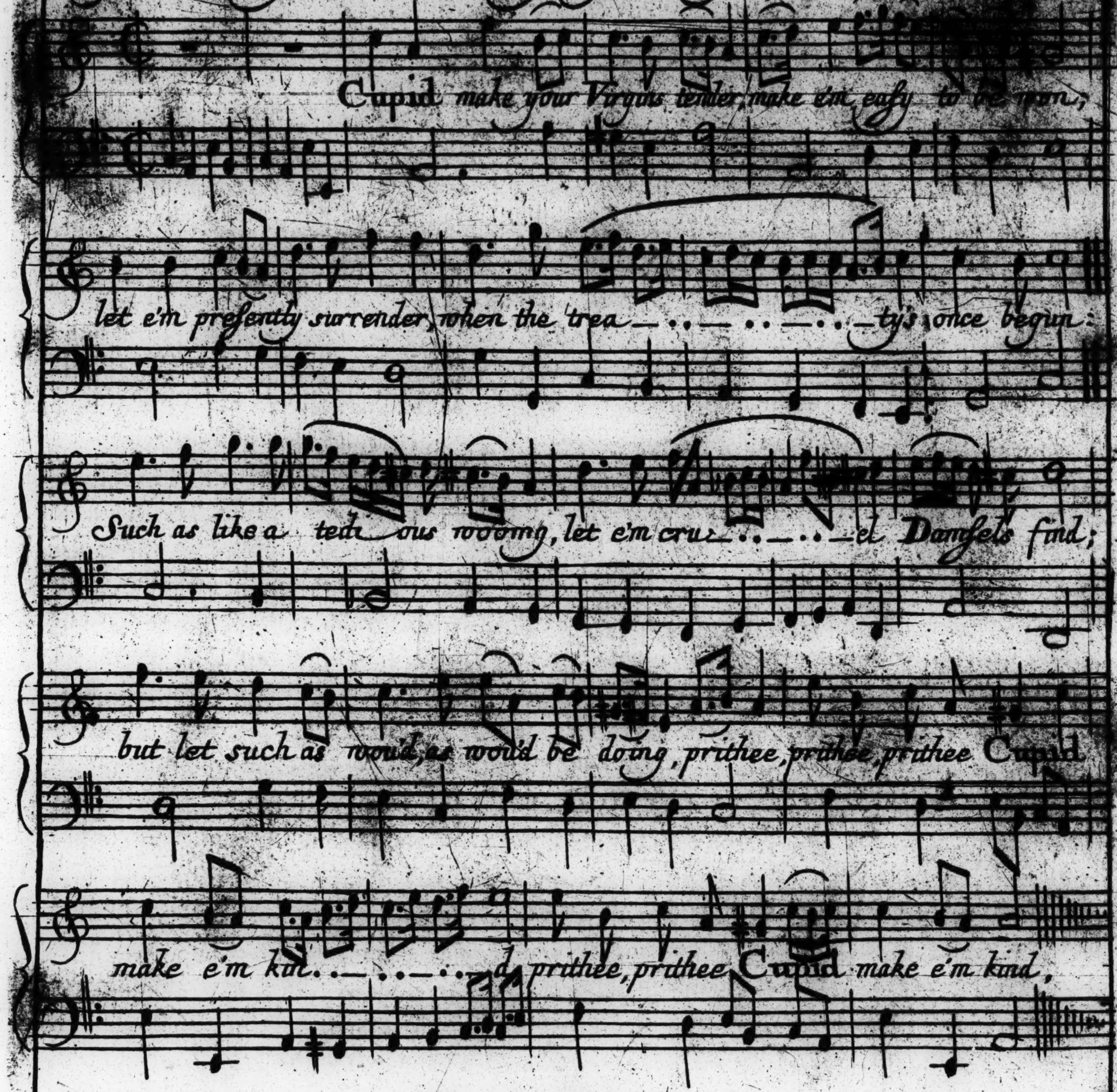

The Jol- - ly, Jol- - ly Swains, that comes roving o'er the Plains;
The Jol- - ly, Jol- - ly Swains, that comes roving o'er the Plains;
from all, all, all the Neigh- - - - bring Regions fly, to claim kind Hymen's
Ge- - - - - - ntle ty; with their wanton motion
Courting some lovely Maid whoſe Eyes purſue to soft delig- - hts and Am'rous Spo- - -
- - - rting so- - - - ft de ligh- - ts and Am'rous sporting

## For the Flute

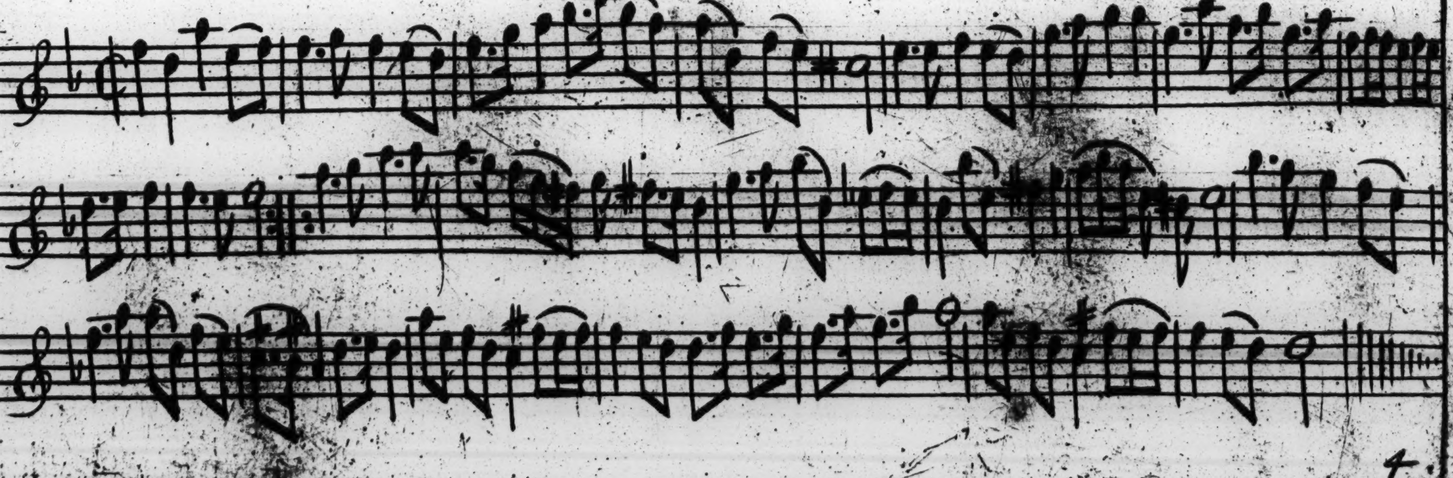


k

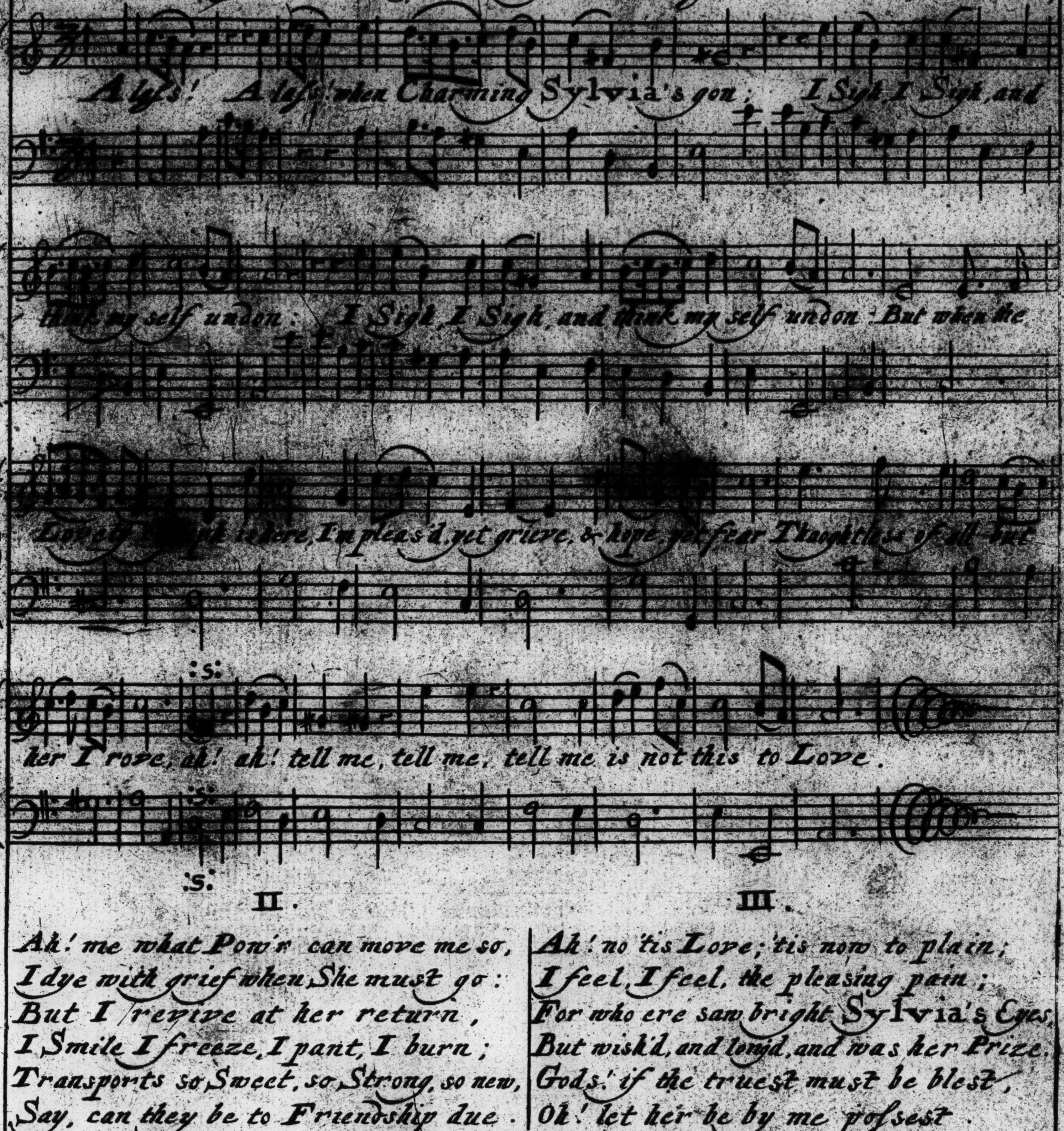
## A Song Set by Mr. Daniel **Purcell**, Sung at the Theatre Royall in Drury Lane, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross


Cupid make your Virgins tender, make e'm eaſy to be won;
let e'm preſently surrender, when the trea . . . . . . . ty's once begun:
Such as like a tedi ous wooing, let e'm cru . . . . el Damſels find;
but let such as would, as would be doing, prithee, prithee, prithee Cupid
make e'm ki . . . . . . nd, prithee, prithee Cupid make e'm kind,

### For the Flute.



# A
# Song in the *Farce* call'd the *Spanish* WIVES, Set to Muſick by Mr *Daniel Purcell*, Sung by Mr *James Bowen*, and exactly engrav'd by *Tho: Croſs*.


Alass! Alass! when Charming Sylvia's gon; I Sigh, I Sigh, and
think my self undon: I Sigh, I Sigh, and think my self undon: But when the
Lovely Nymph is here, I'm pleas'd yet grieve, & hope yet fear Thoughtless of all but
her I rove, ah! ah! tell me, tell me, tell me is not this to Love.
:S:
:S:

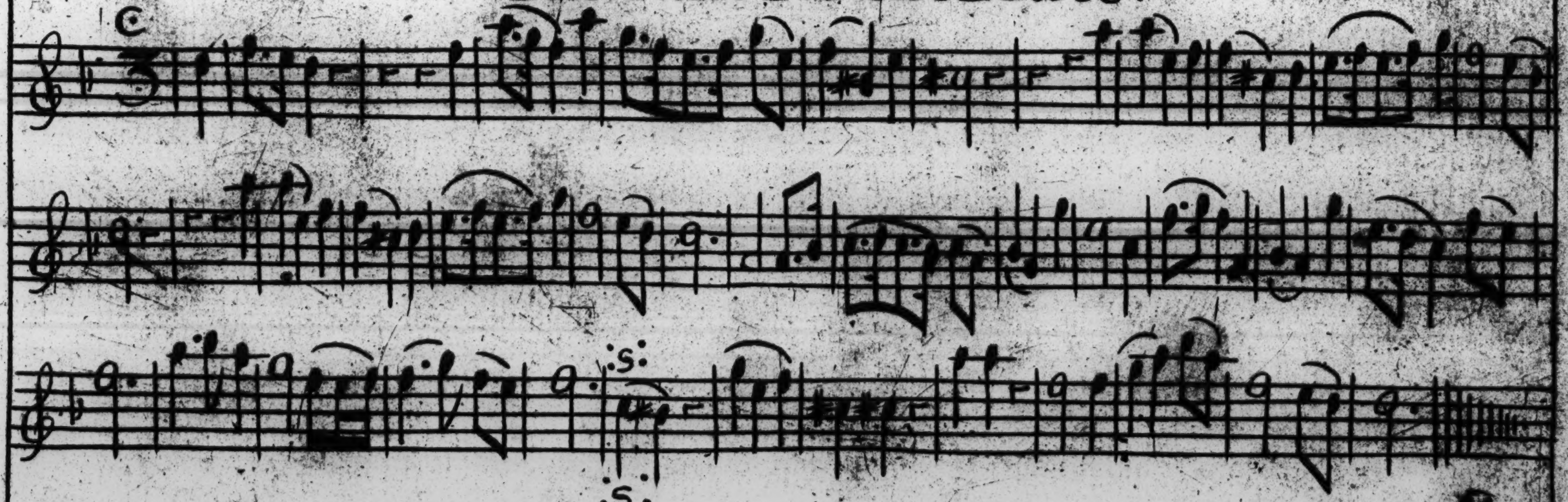
II.

*Ah! me what Pow'r can move me so,*
*I dye with grief when She must go:*
*But I revive at her return,*
*I Smile I freeze, I pant, I burn;*
*Transports so Sweet, so Strong, so new,*
*Say, can they be to Friendship due.*

III.

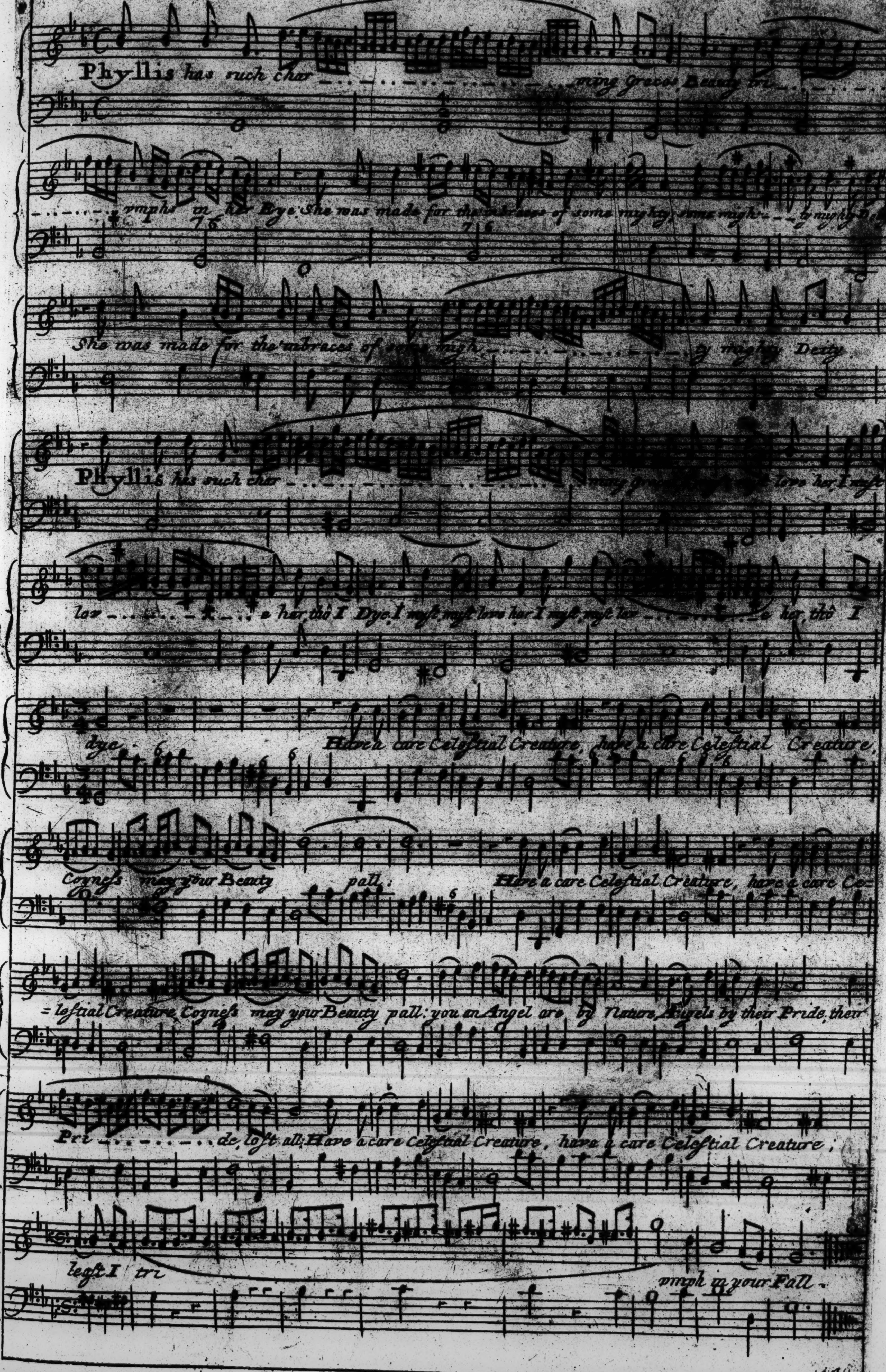
*Ah! no tis Love; tis now to plain;*
*I feel, I feel, the pleasing pain;*
*For who ere saw bright Sylvia's Eyes,*
*But wish'd, and long'd, and was her Prize.*
*Gods! if the truest must be blest,*
*Oh! let her be by me poſseſt*

## The tune for the Flute.

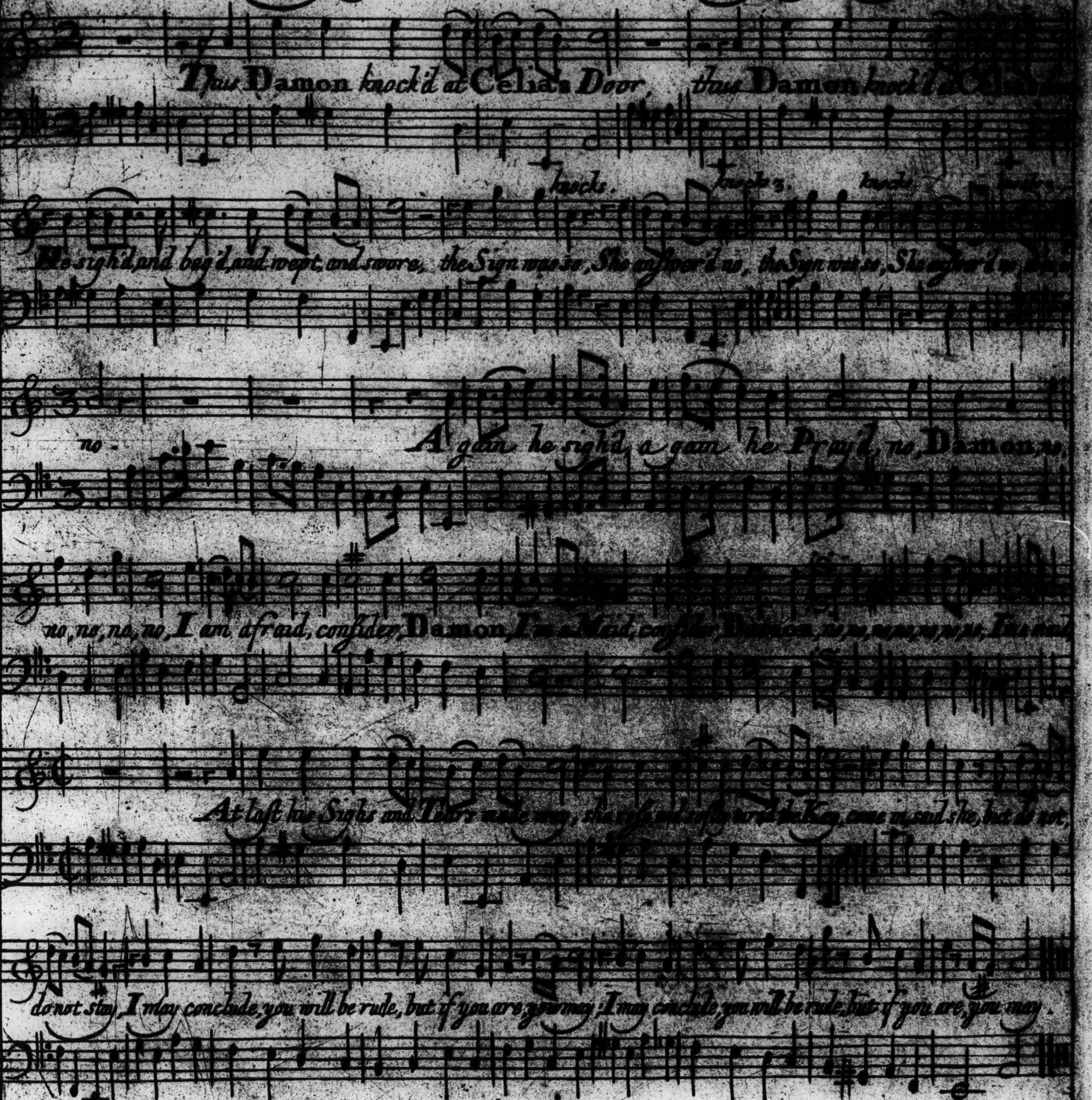


k

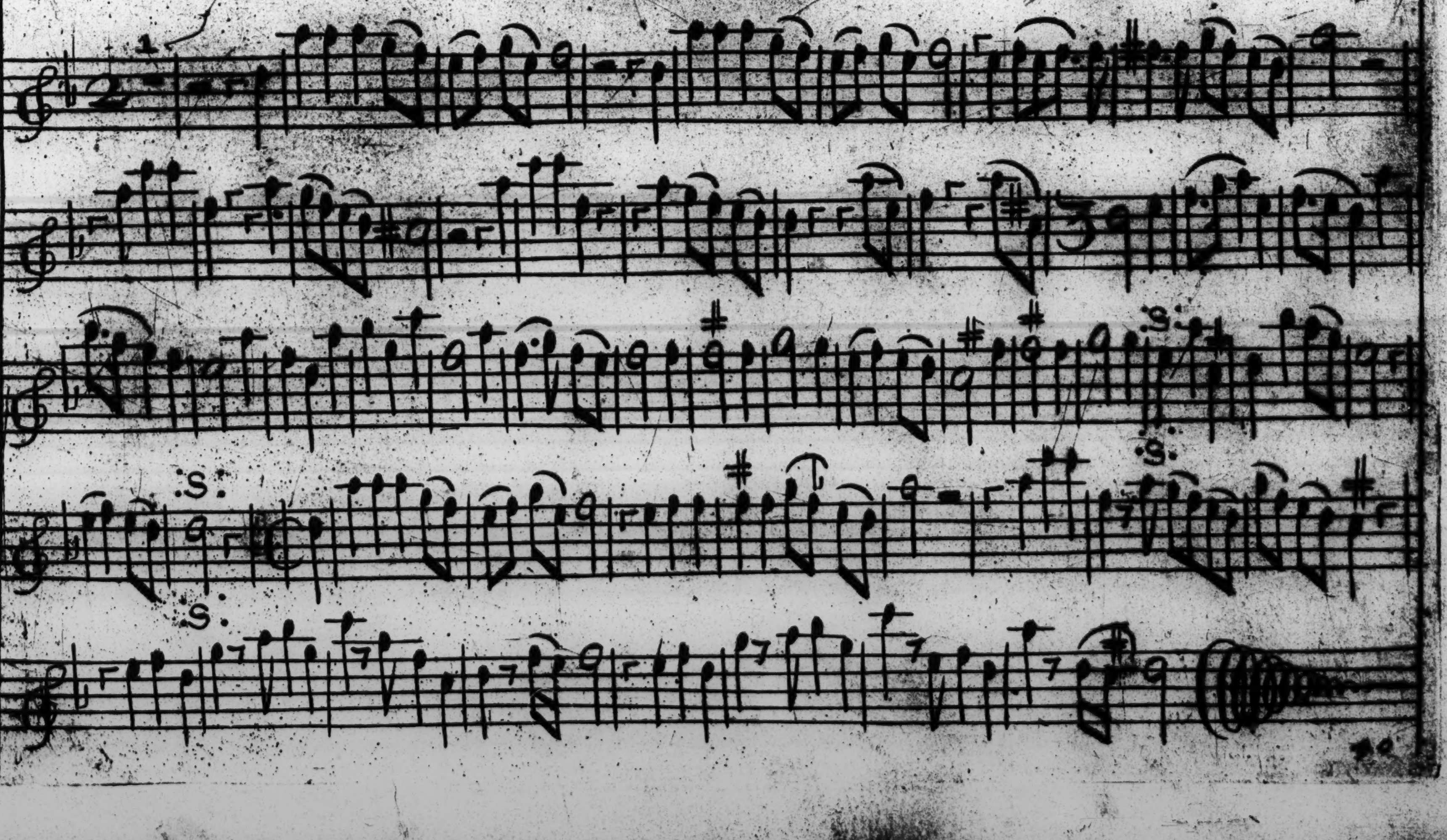
## A Song in the Campaigners Set by Mr Daniel Purcell —
## Sung by the new Boy and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


Phyllis has such char- - - - - - ming Graces, Beauty tri-
- - - umphs in her Eye: She was made for the embraces of some mighty, some migh- - ty mighty Deity
She was made for the embraces of some migh- - - - - ty mighty Deity
Phyllis has such char- - - - ming graces I must love her, I must
lov- - - - e her, tho' I Dye. I must, must love her I must, must lov- - - - e her, tho' I
dye. Have a care Celestial Creature, have a care Celestial Creature,
Coyneſs may your Beauty pall: Have a care Celestial Creature, have a care Ce-
-lestial Creature Coyneſs may your Beauty pall: you an Angel are by Nature, Angels by their Pride, their
Pri- - - - - de, loſt all: Have a care Celestial Creature, have a care Celestial Creature;
leaſt I tri- - umph in your Fall.
7 6
7 6
6
6
6

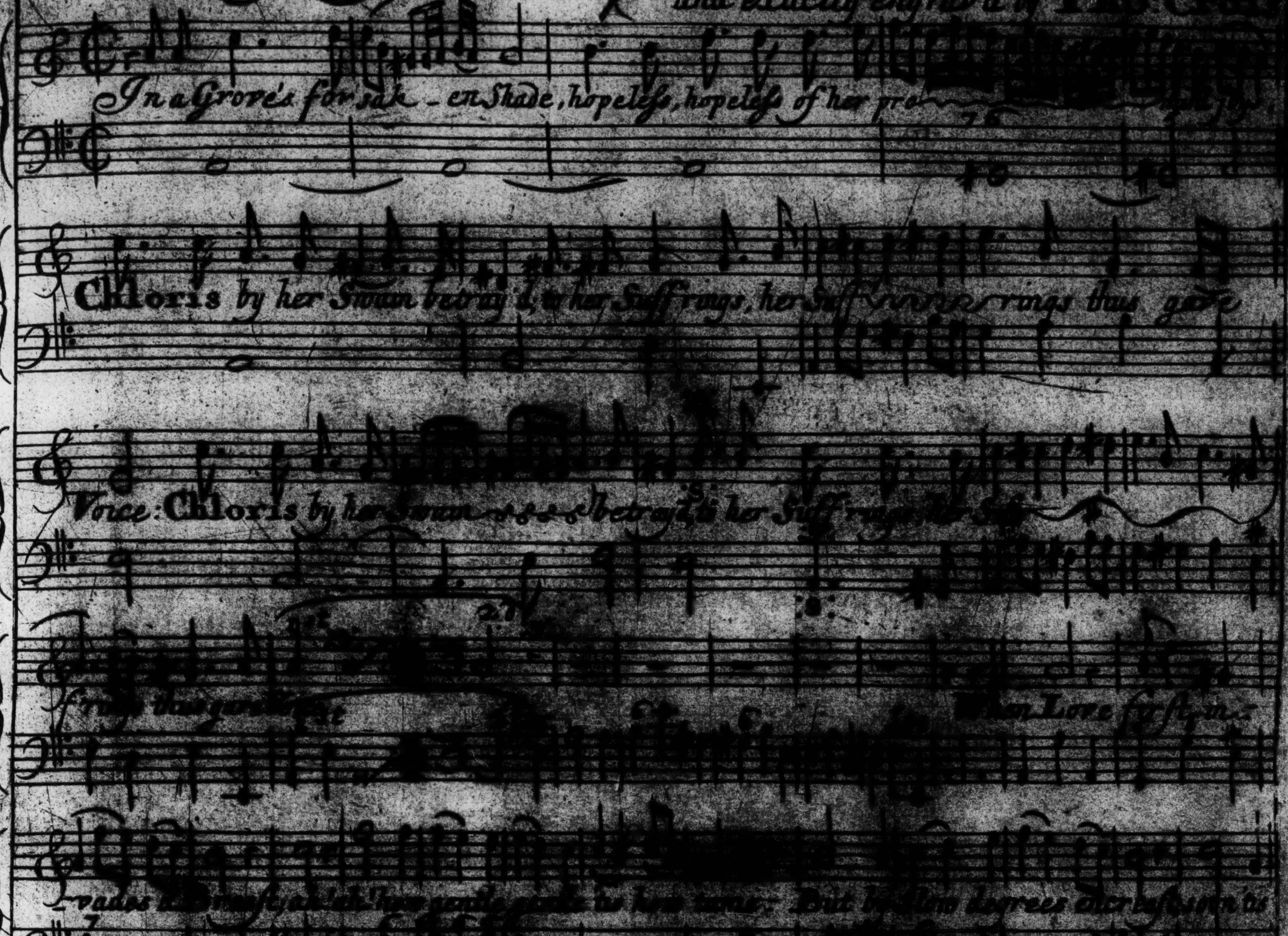
# *The Serenading Song in the* CONSTANT COUPLE; *or a Trip to the Jubilee, written by* Mr George Farquhar, *Set by* Mr Daniel Purcel, *Sung by* Mr Freeman, *and exactly engrav'd by* Tho: Cross.


Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door, thus Damon knock'd at Celia's
knocks. knocks 3. knocks knocks
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore, the Sign was so, She answer'd no, the Sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no
no
Again he sigh'd, again he Pray'd, no, Damon, no,
no, no, no, no, I am afraid, consider, Damon, I'm a Maid, consider, Damon, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a maid,
At last his Sighs and Tears made way, she rose and softly turn'd the Key, come in, said she, but do not,
do not stay, I may conclude, you will be rude, but if you are, you may: I may conclude, you will be rude, but if you are, you may.

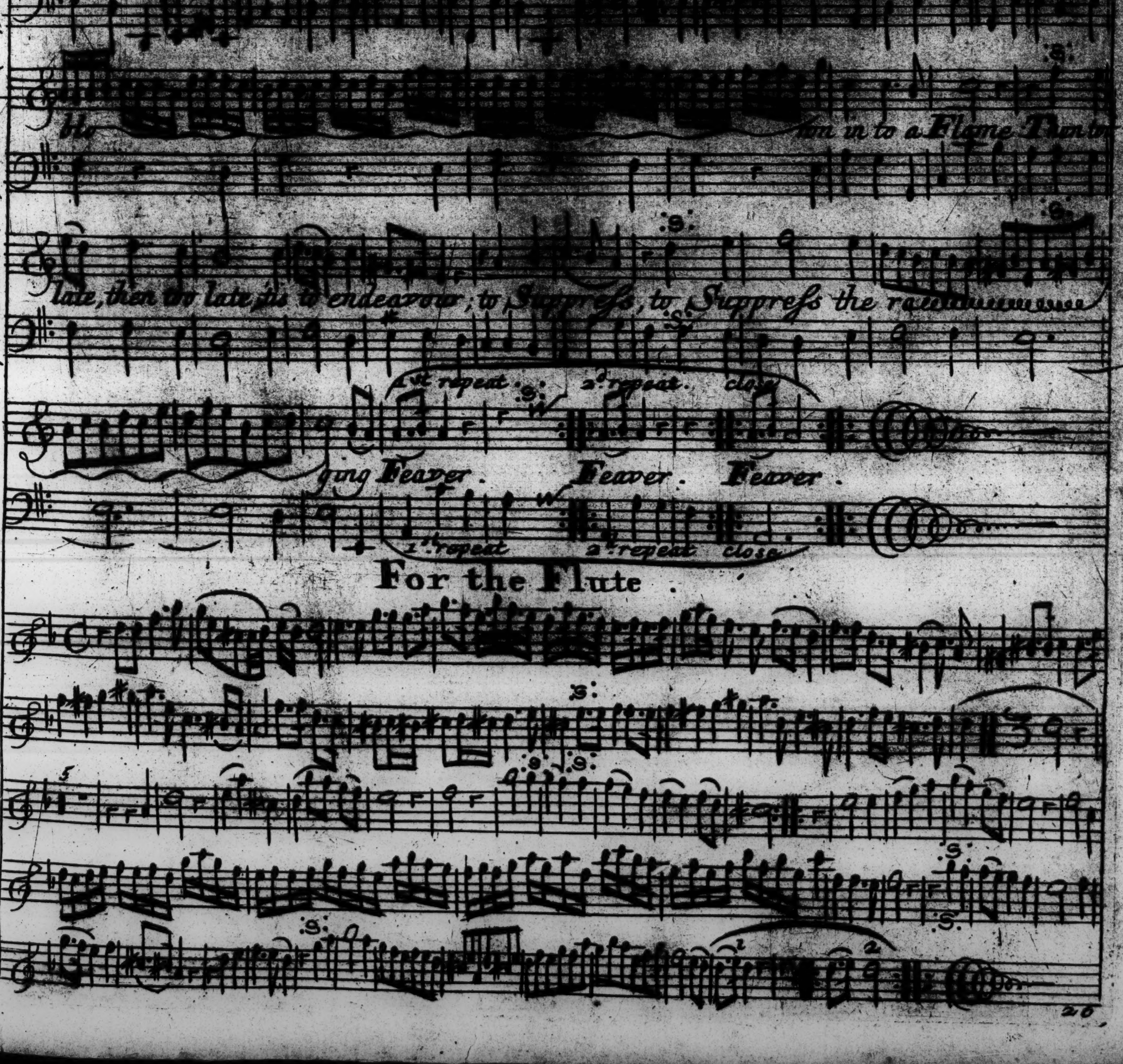
## For the Flute.



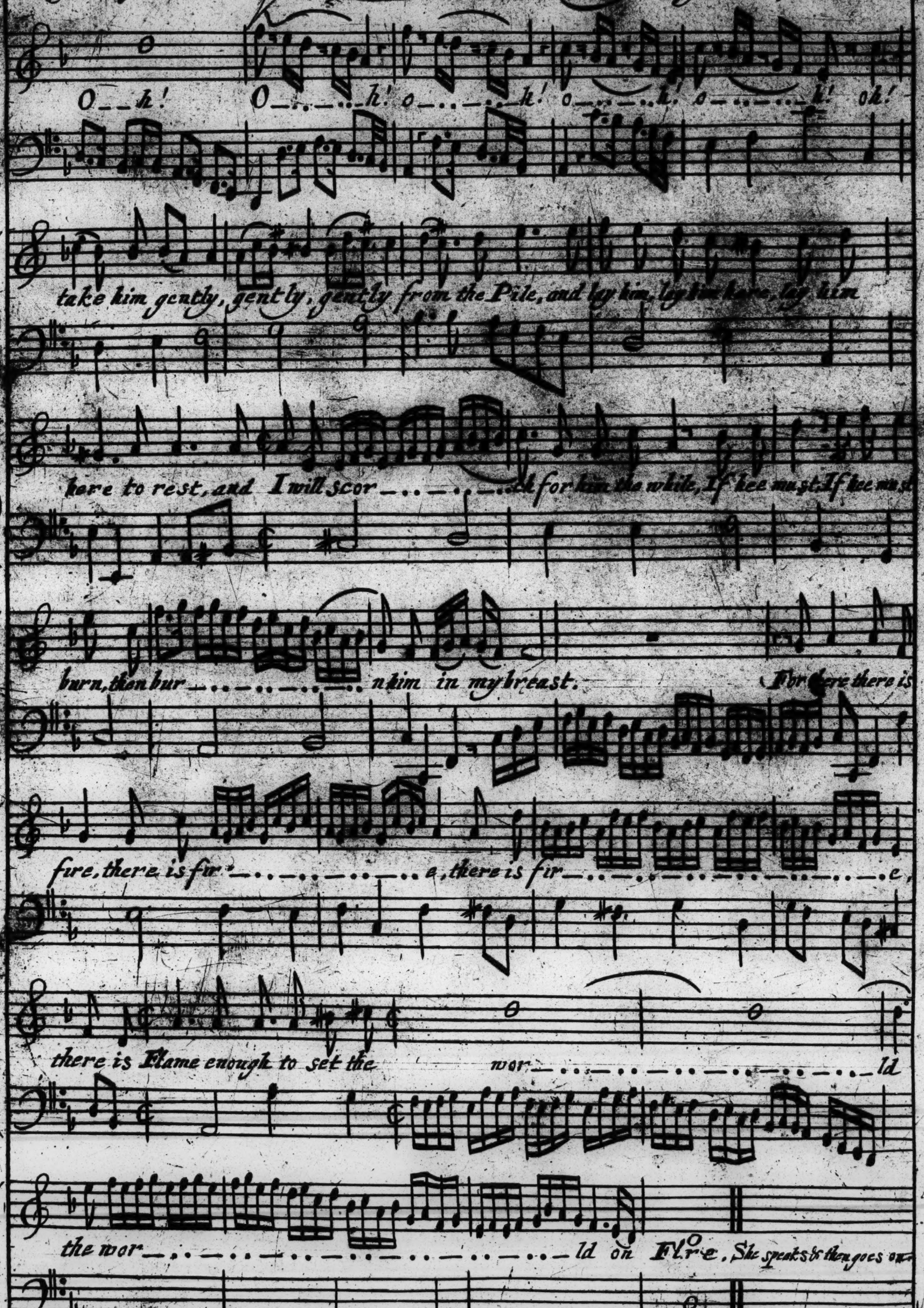
# A SONG in the Tragedy call'd AMALASONT Queen of ye GOTHS Or Vice Destroys it Self, Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Sung by Mr. Erwan and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross

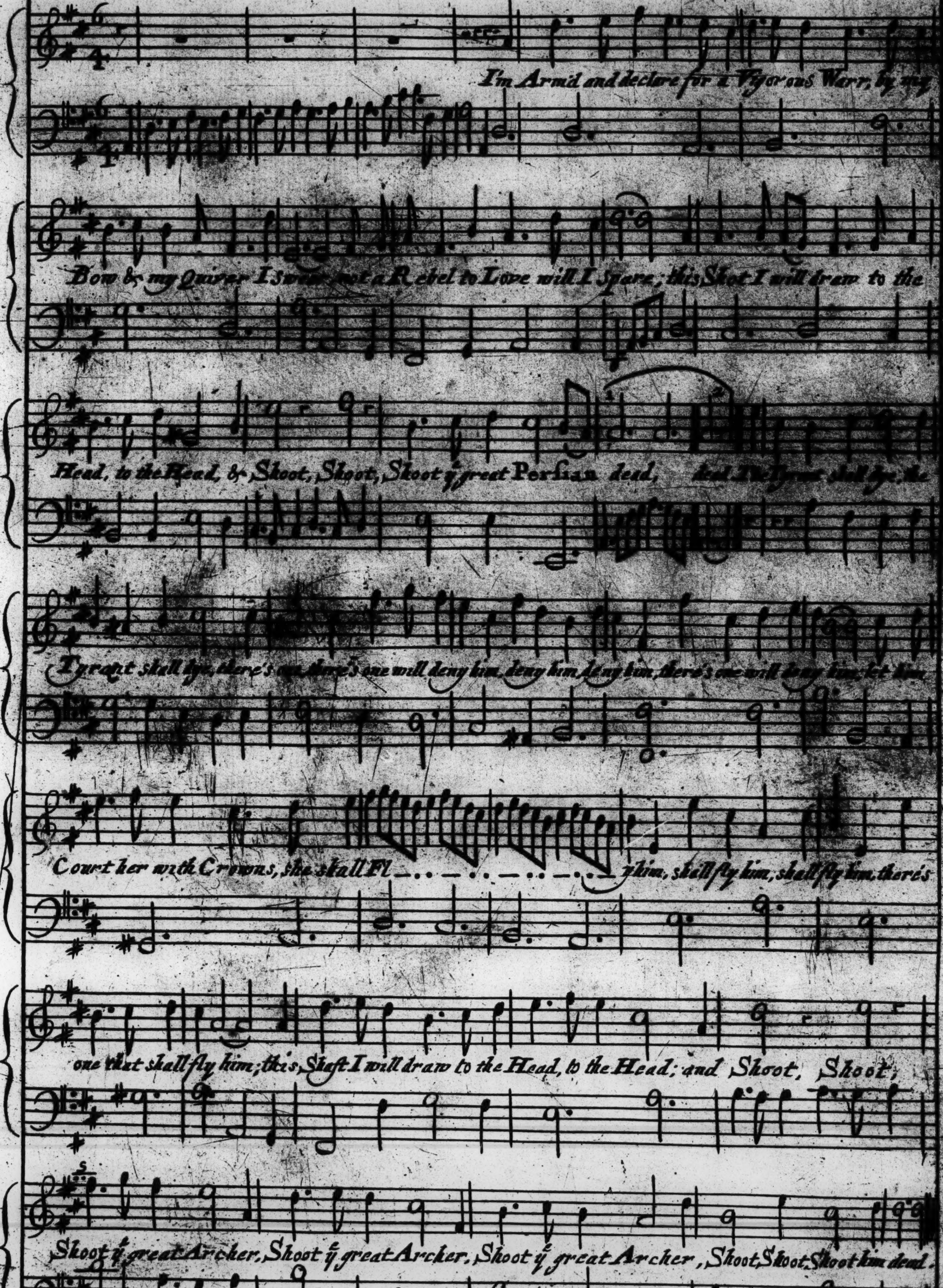

In a Grove's forsak - en Shade, hopeless, hopeless of her pre
Chloris by her Swain betray'd, to her Sufferings, her Suff rings thus gave
Voice: Chloris by her Swain betray'd to her Sufferings her Suf
frings thus gave
When Love first in-
vades the breast, ah how gentle gentle is his sway But by slow degrees encreasing its
ble
ion in to a Flame Then too
late, then too late, tis to endeavour; to Suppress, to Suppress the raging Feaver. Feaver. Feaver.
1st repeat.
2d repeat.
close
1st repeat
2d repeat
close

## For the Flute.



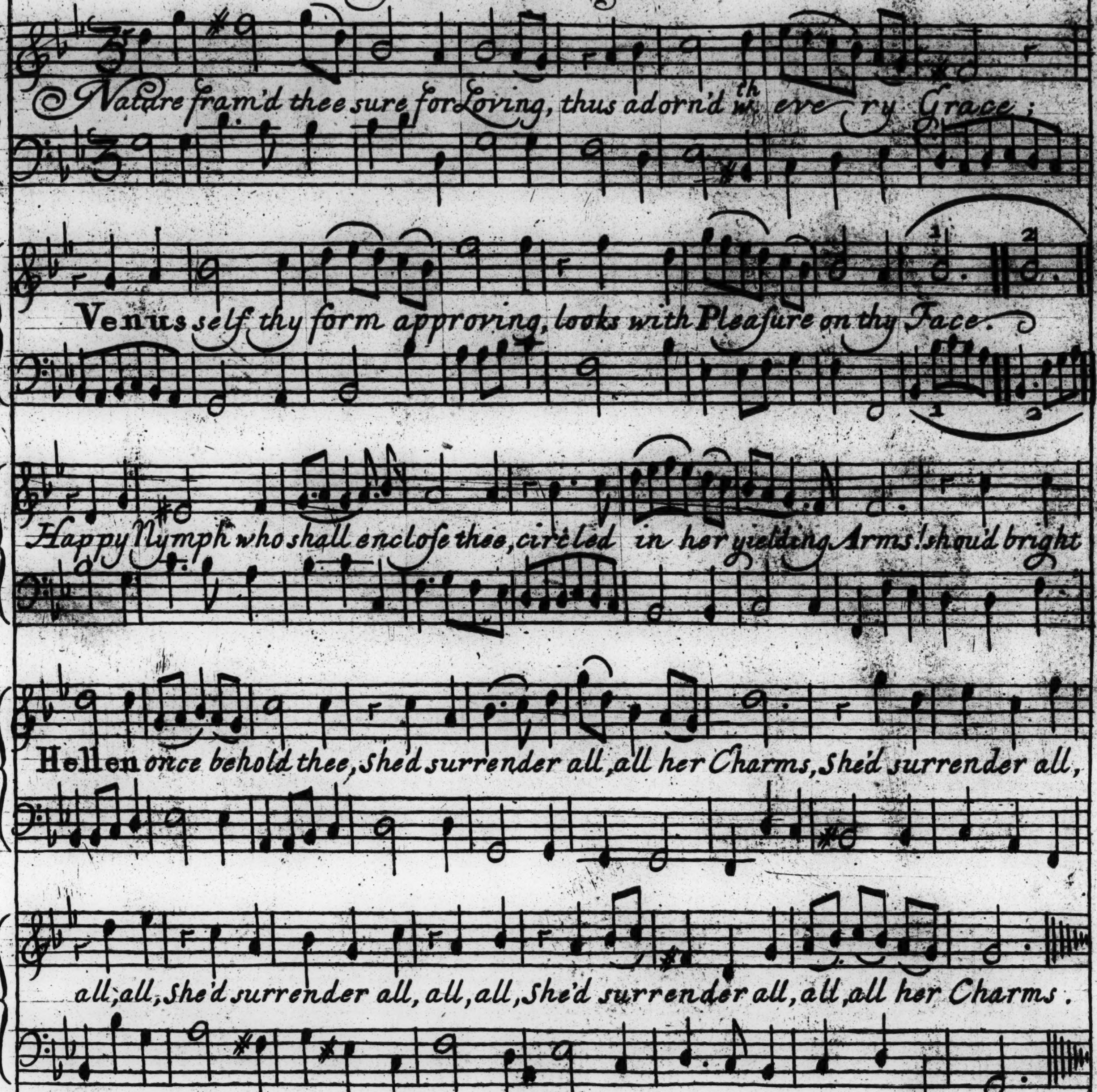
*Sung by* **Mrs. Bracegirdle** *in* **Cyrus the Great.** *Sett to Muſic by* **Mr. John Eccles.** *and exactly Engrav'd by* **T. Croſs**


O--h! O--.--.--.--h! o--.--.--.--h! o--.--.--.--h! o--.--.--.--h! oh!
take him gently, gently, gently from the Pile, and lay him, lay him here, lay him
here to rest, and I will scor--.--.--.--.--.--ch for him the while, If hee must, If hee must
burn, then bur--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--n him in my breast. For here there is
fire, there is fir--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--e, there is fir--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--e,
there is Flame enough to set the wor--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--ld
the wor--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--.--ld on Fire, She speaks & then goes on

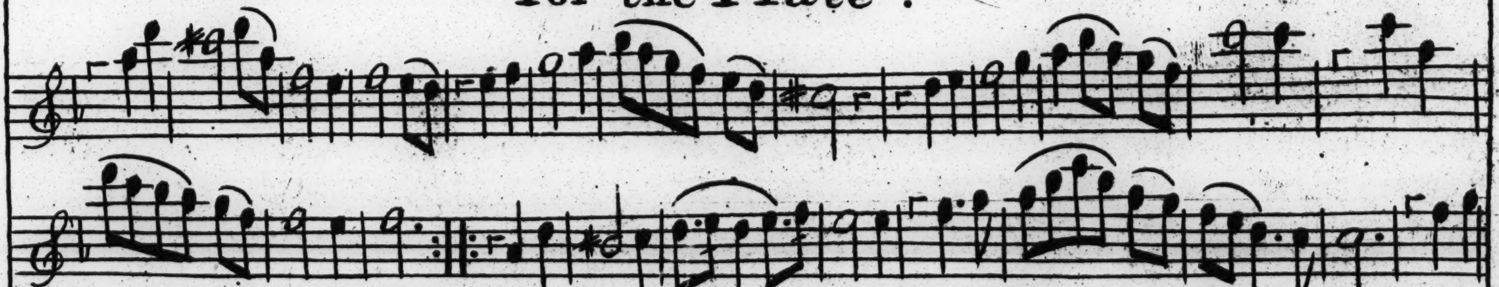

I'm Arm'd and declare for a Vigorous Warr, by my
Bow & my Quiver I swear not a Rebel to Love will I spare; this Shot I will draw to the
Head, to the Head, & Shoot, Shoot, Shoot ye great Persian dead, dead The Tyrant shall dye, the
Tyrant shall dye, there's one there's one will deny him, deny him, deny him, there's one will deny him; let him
Court her with Crowns, she shall Fl— — — — — — — y him, shall fly him, shall fly him, there's
one that shall fly him; this, Shaft I will draw to the Head, to the Head; and Shoot, Shoot;
Shoot ye great Archer, Shoot ye great Archer, Shoot ye great Archer, Shoot, Shoot, Shoot him dead.

k

# Venus in the Prize Musick Compos'd by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

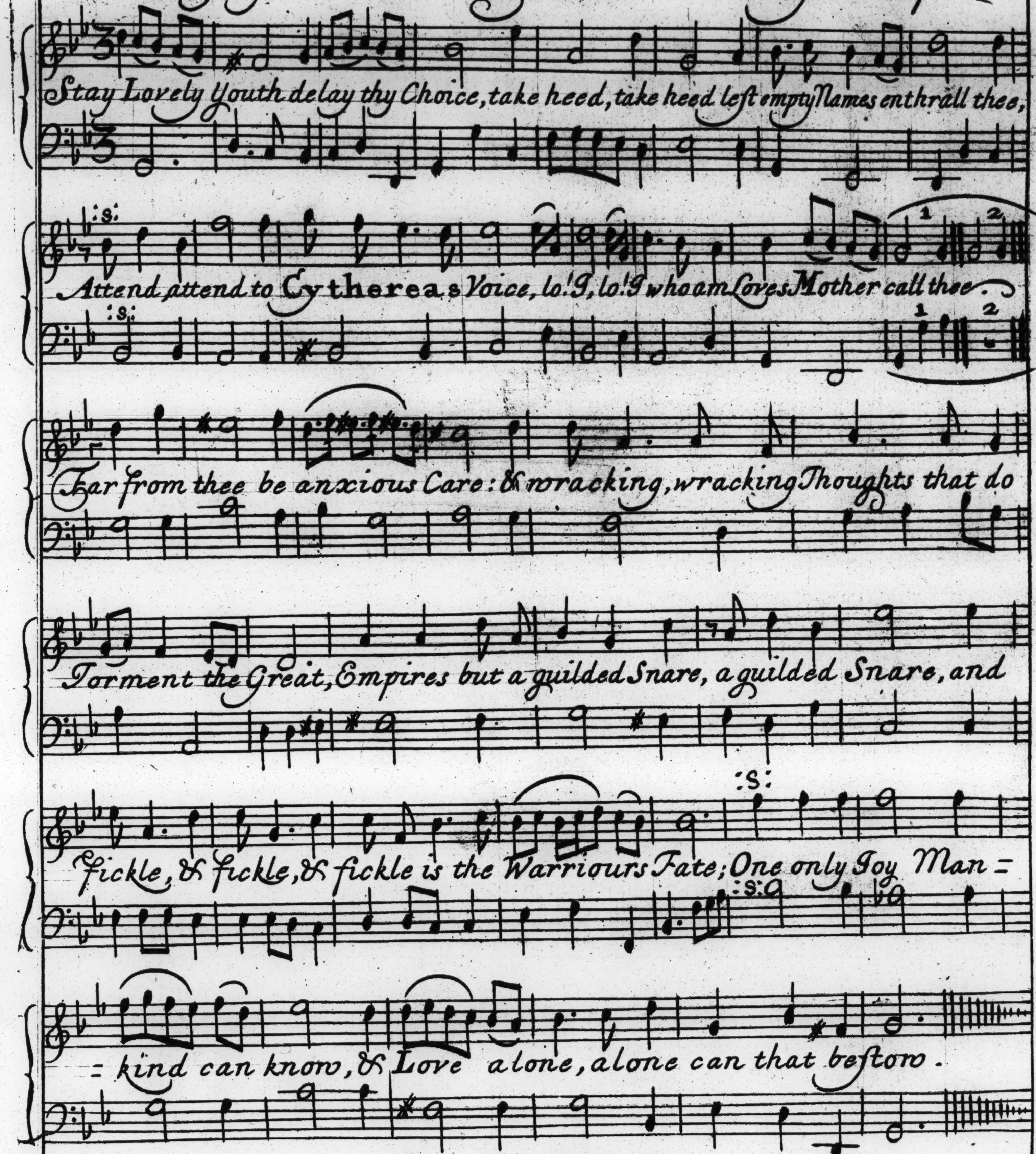

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving, thus adorn'd wth eve ry Grace;
Venus self thy form approving, looks with Pleaſure on thy Face.
1
2
Happy Nymph who shall encloſe thee, circled in her yielding Arms! should bright
Hellen once behold thee, she'd surrender all, all her Charms, she'd surrender all,
all, all, She'd surrender all, all, all, She'd surrender all, all, all her Charms.

## For the Flute.

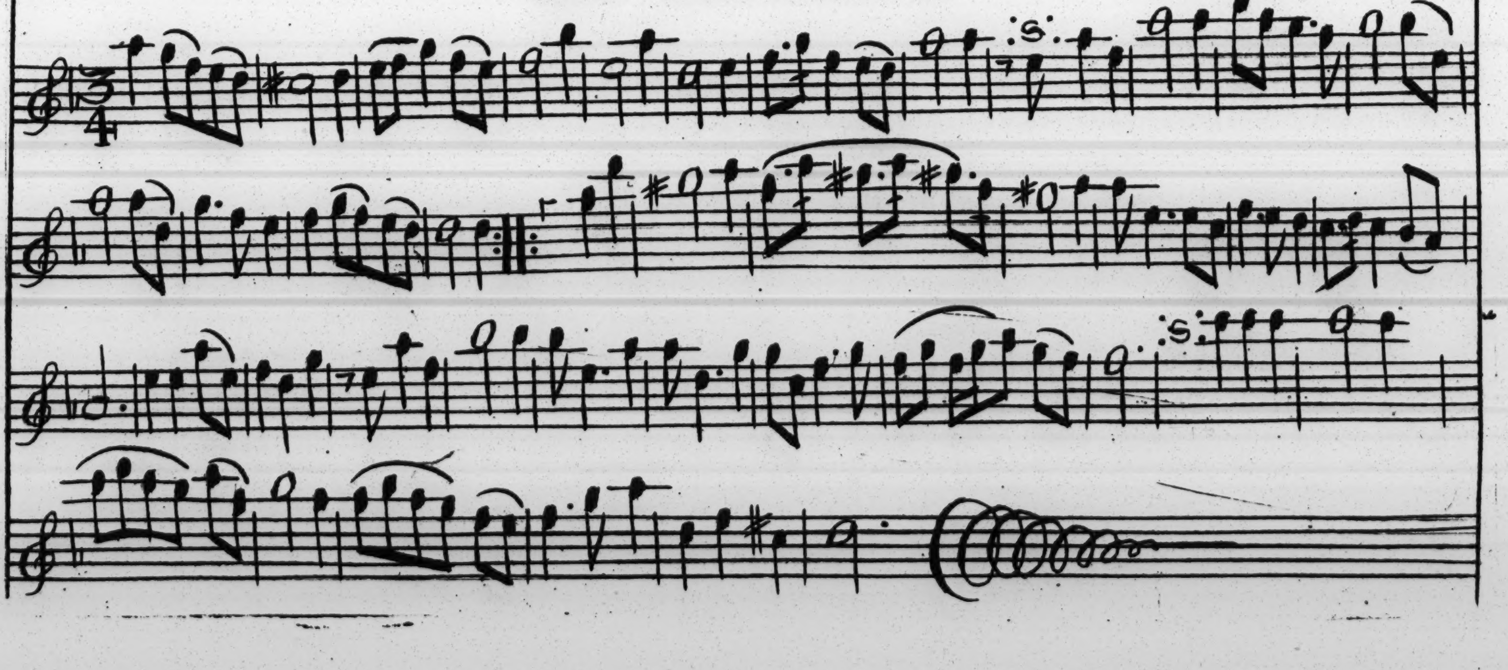


Tho: Croſs Sculp.

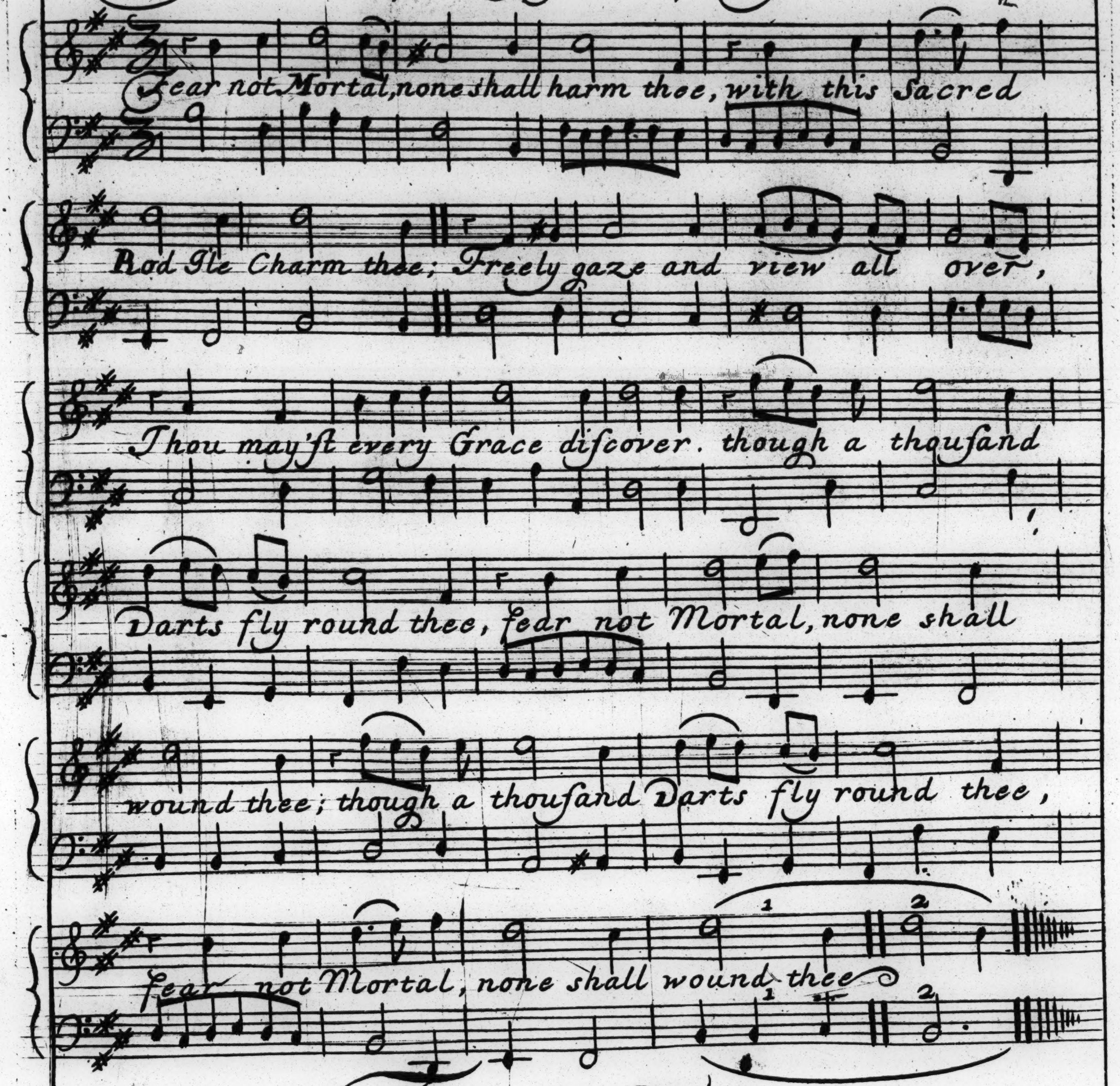
## Venus 2d. Vers in the Prize Musick Compos'd by Mr. J Eccles, and Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle: T: Cross Sculp:


Stay Lovely Youth delay thy Choice, take heed, take heed lest empty Names enthrall thee,
Attend, attend to Cythereas Voice, lo! I, lo! I who am Loves Mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care: & wracking, wracking Thoughts that do
Torment the Great, Empires but a guilded Snare, a guilded Snare, and
fickle, & fickle, & fickle is the Warriours Fate; One only Joy Man=
=kind can know, & Love alone, alone can that bestow.

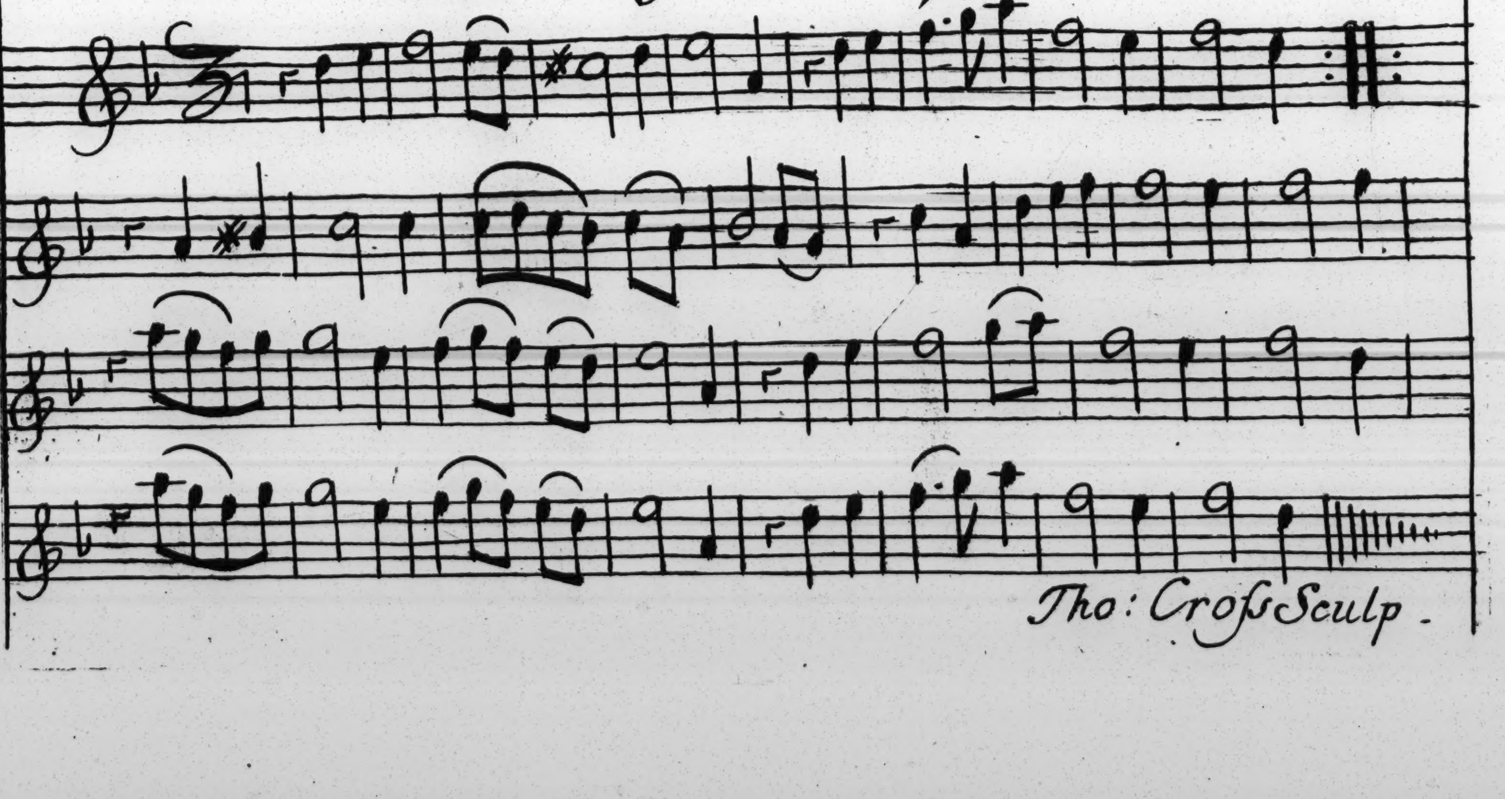
## For the Flute



# Mercury to Paris in yͤ Prize Muſick Compos'd by Mr. John Eccles.

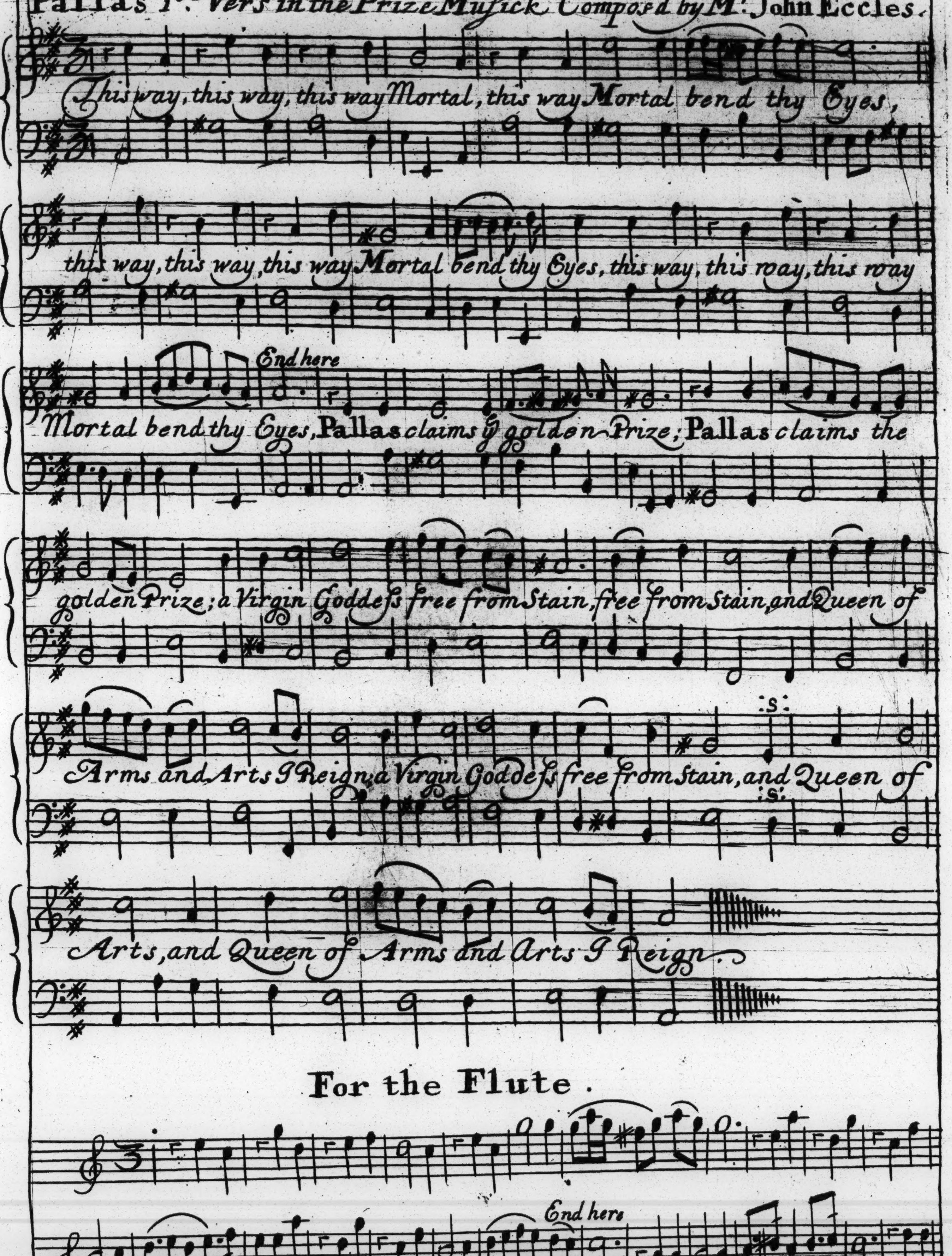

Fear not Mortal, none shall harm thee, with this Sacred
Rod Ile Charm thee; Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'ſt every Grace diſcover. though a thouſand
Darts fly round thee, fear not Mortal, none shall
wound thee; though a thouſand Darts fly round thee,
fear not Mortal, none shall wound thee

## For yͤ Flute

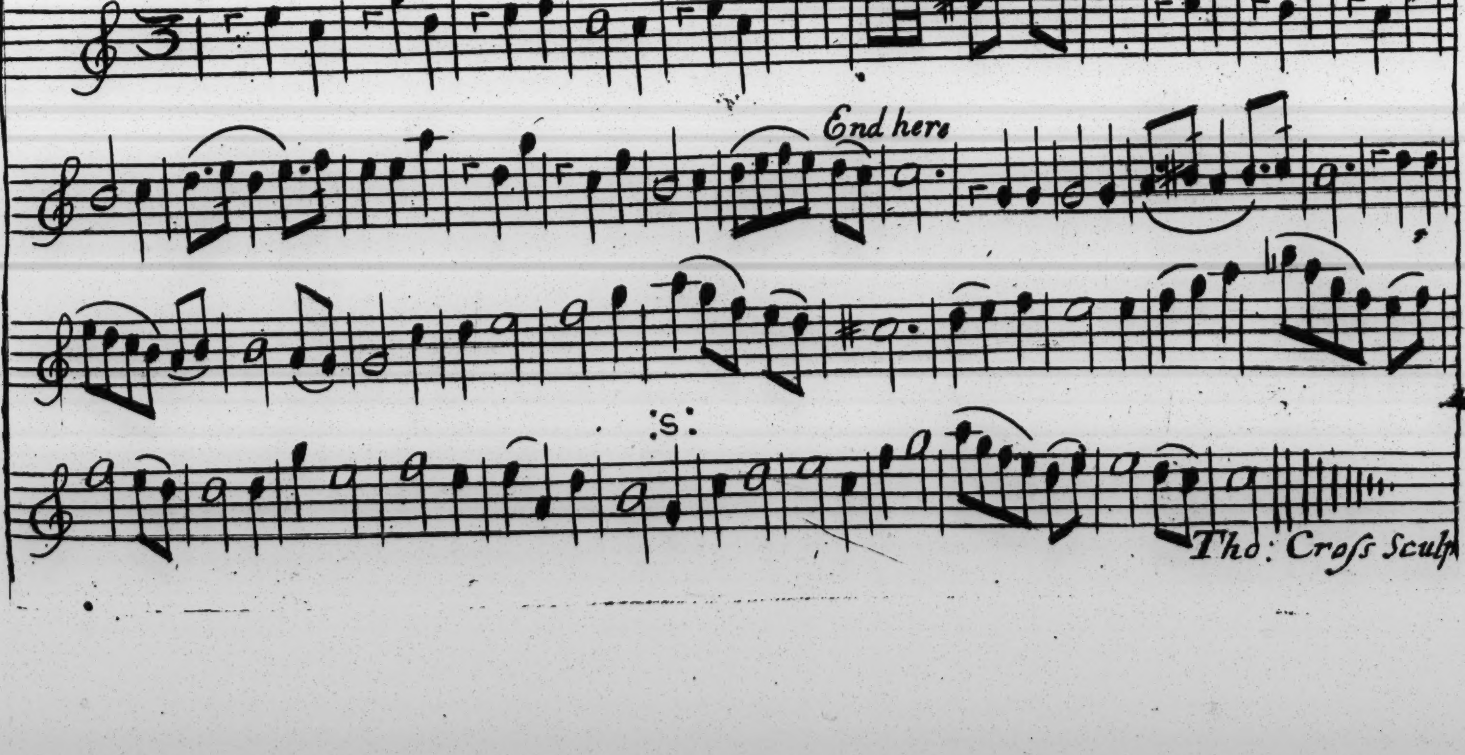


Tho: Croſs Sculp.

## Pallas 1st. Vers in the Prize Muſick Compoſ'd by Mr. John Eccles.


This way, this way, this way Mortal, this way Mortal bend thy Eyes,
this way, this way, this way Mortal bend thy Eyes, this way, this way, this way
End here
Mortal bend thy Eyes, Pallas claims ye golden Prize; Pallas claims the
golden Prize; a Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain, free from Stain, and Queen of
:S:
Arms and Arts I Reign; a Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain, and Queen of
:S:
Arts, and Queen of Arms and Arts I Reign.

## For the Flute.

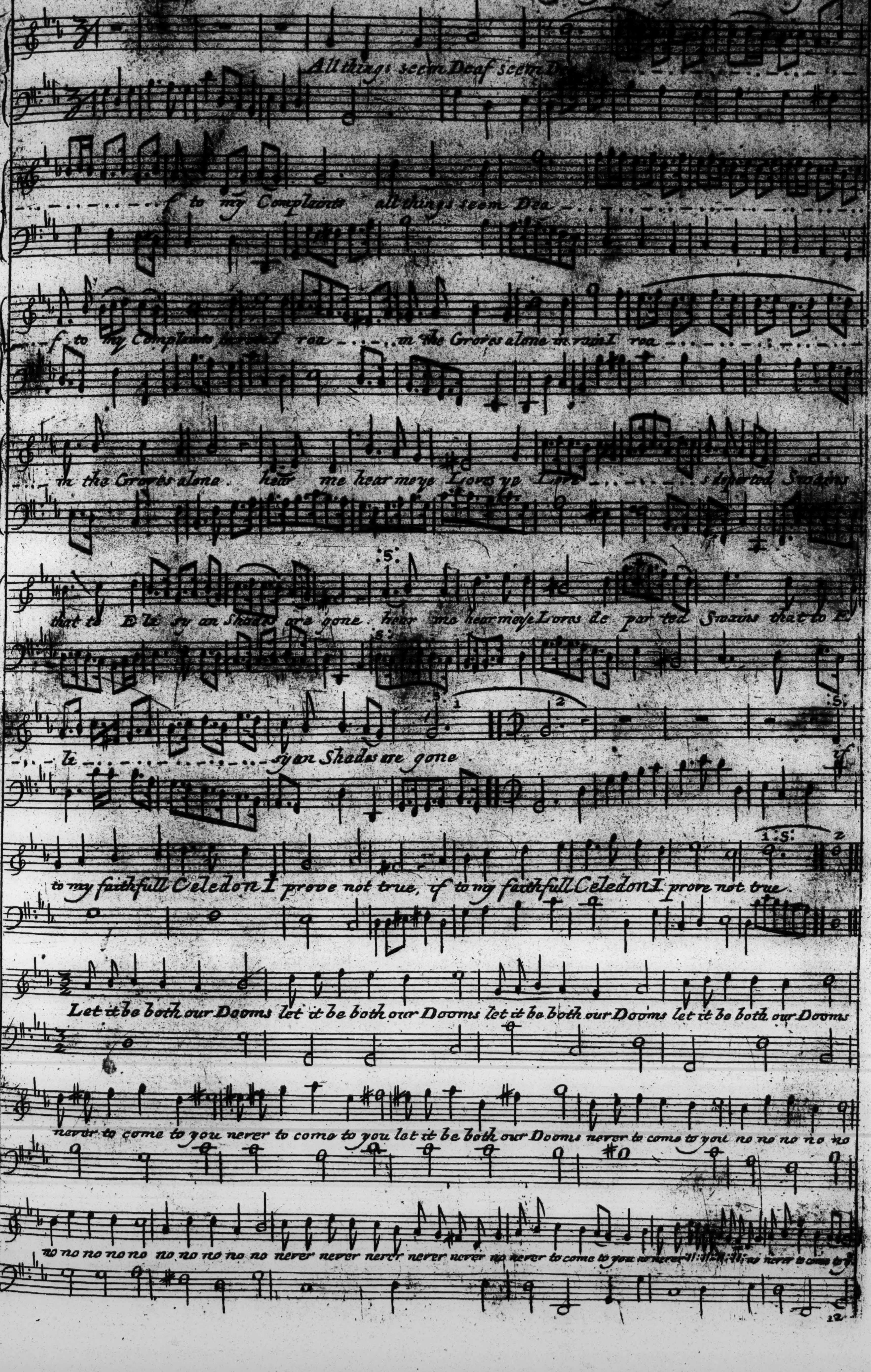


Tho: Croſs Sculp

4]

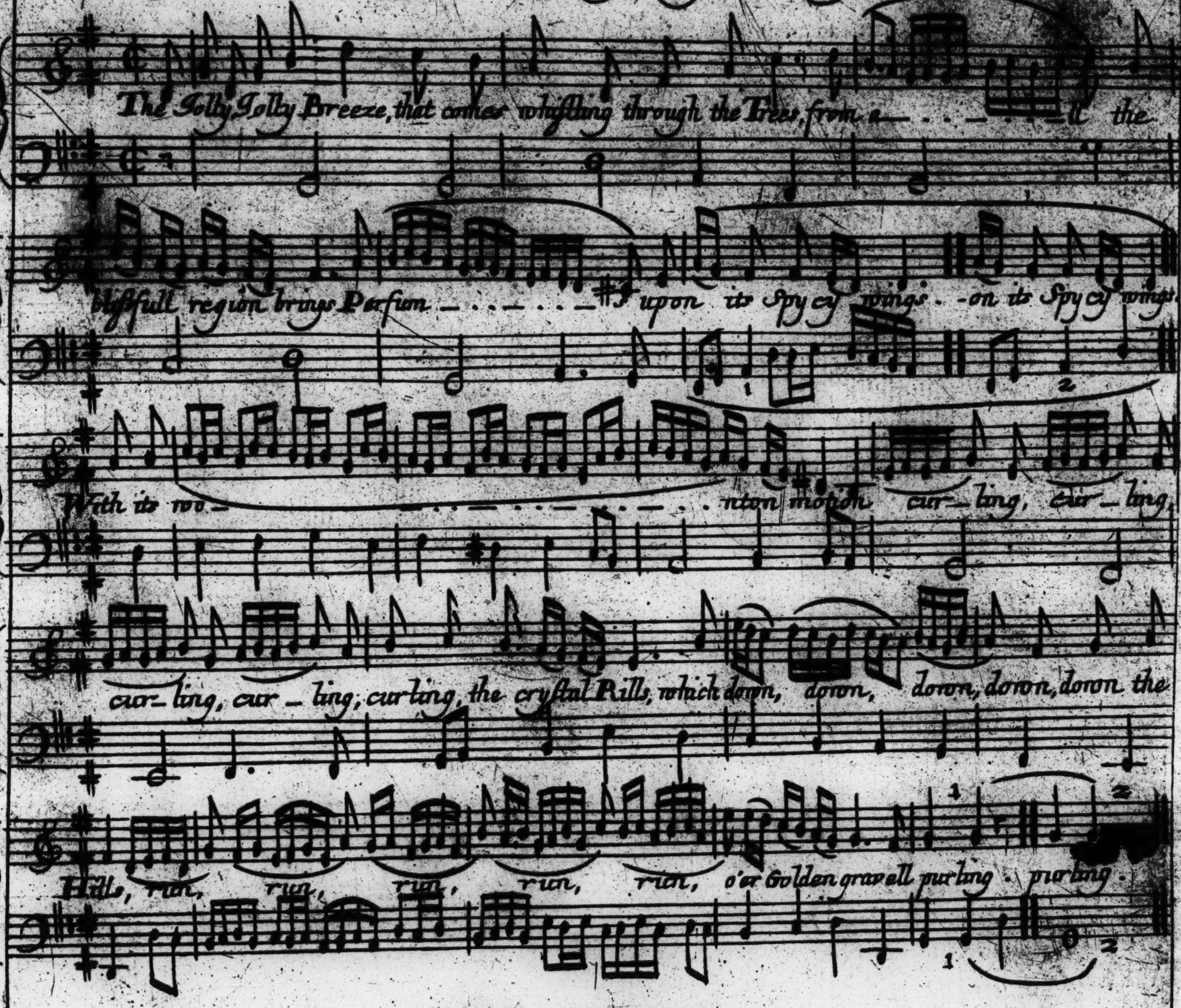
K

# A Song in the Pretenders or the Towne Un-mask't Set to Musick by Mr John Eccles Sung by Mrs Bowman and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross

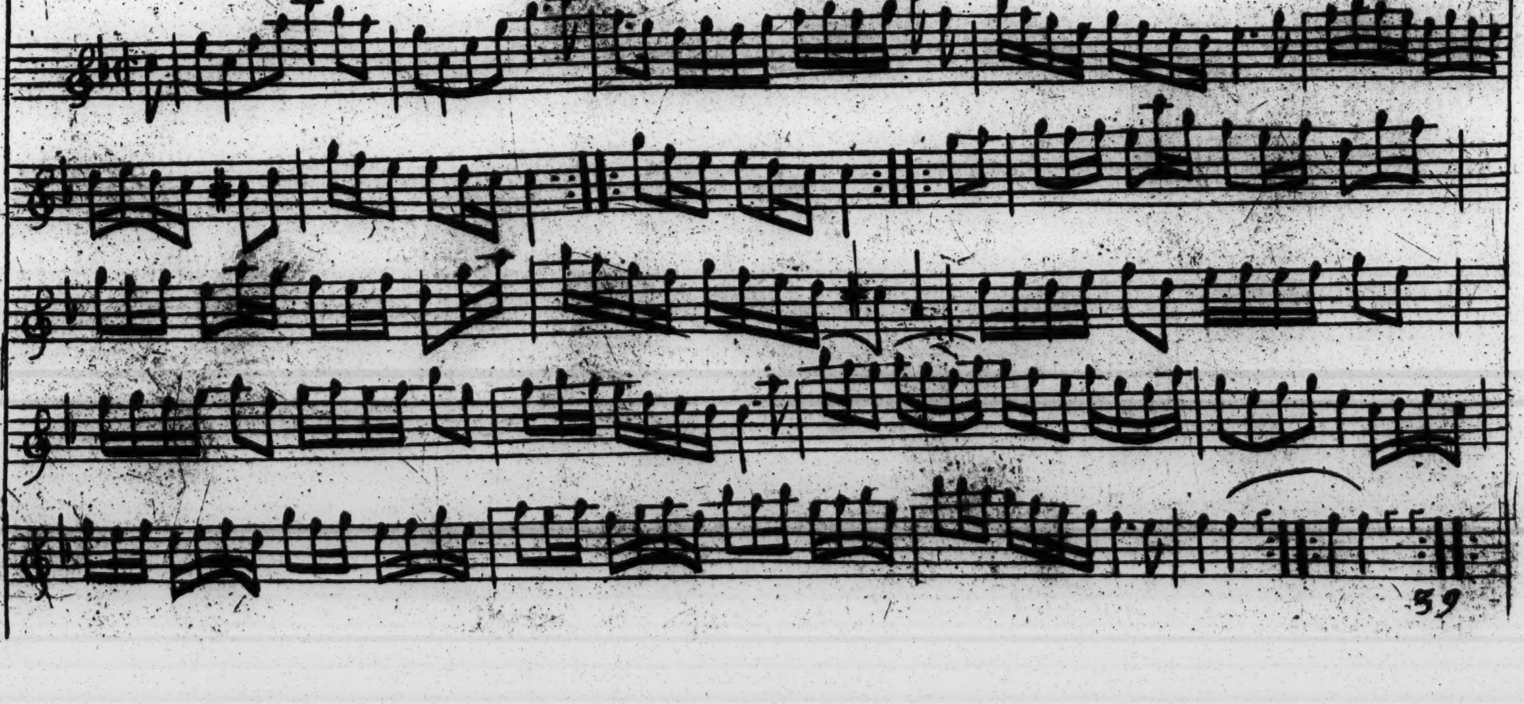

All things seem Deaf seem De-
-f to my Complaints all things seem Dea
-f to my Complaints here I rea - - in the Groves alone in vain I rea
- in the Groves alone. hear me hear me ye Lovers ye Lov - - departed Swains
that to Ely syan Shades are gone hear me hear me ye Lovers de par ted Swains that to E
li - - syan Shades are gone
If to my faithfull Celedon I prove not true, if to my faithfull Celedon I prove not true.
Let it be both our Dooms let it be both our Dooms let it be both our Dooms let it be both our Dooms
never to come to you never to come to you let it be both our Dooms never to come to you no no no no
no no no no no no no no no no never never never never never no never to come to you no never no never to come to you

K

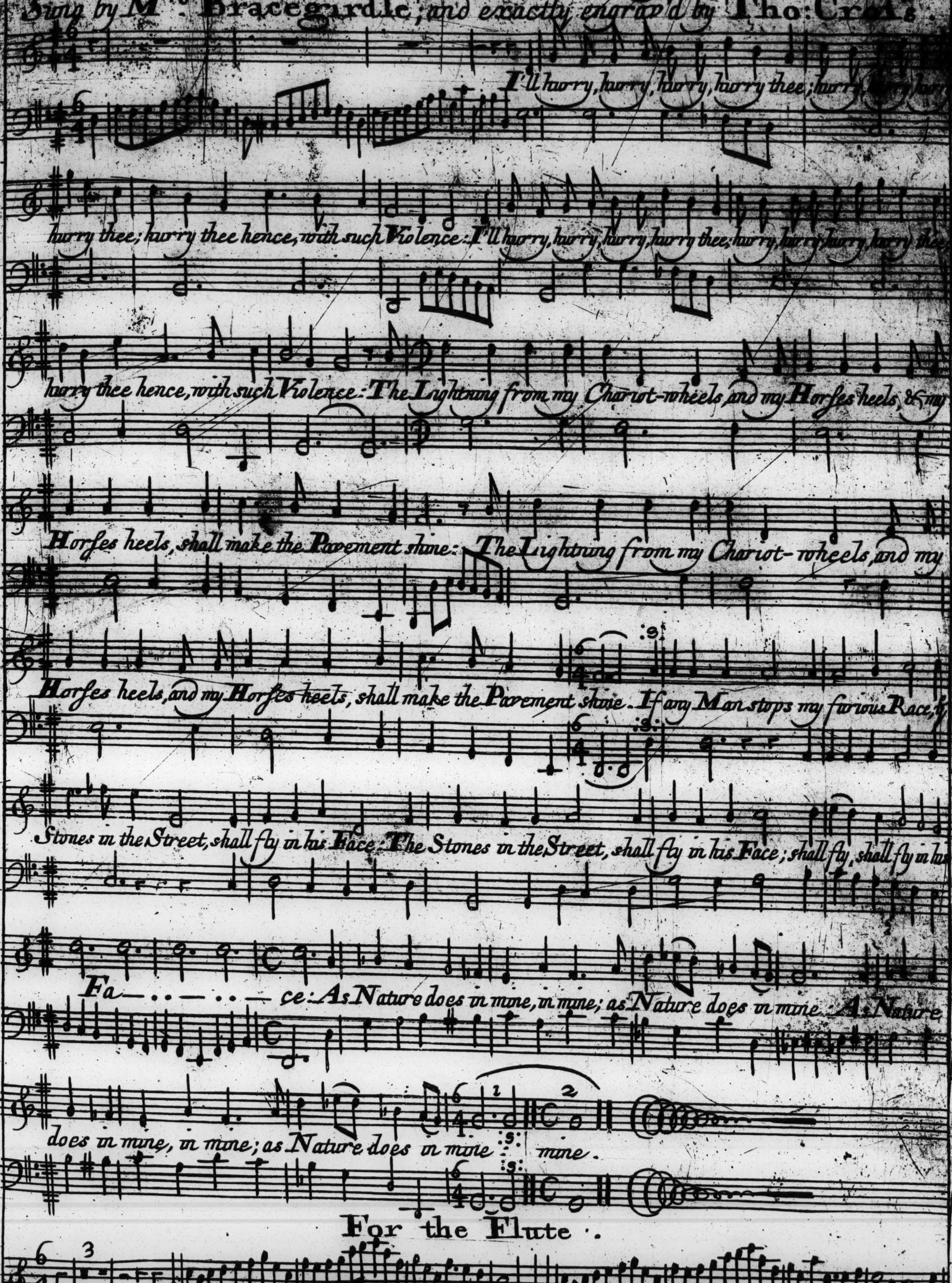
# A Song in Rinaldo and Armida Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mr. Gouge and exactly engrav'd by Tho Cross.


The Jolly Jolly Breeze, that comes whistling through the Trees, from a _ _ _ ll the
blissfull region brings Persian _ _ _ _ _ s upon its Spycy wings - on its Spycy wings.
With its wo_ _ _ _ _ nton motion cur_ ling, cur_ ling,
cur_ ling, cur_ ling, curling, the crystal Rills, which down, down, down, down, down the
Hills, run, run, run, run, run, o'er Golden gravell purling, purling.
1
2

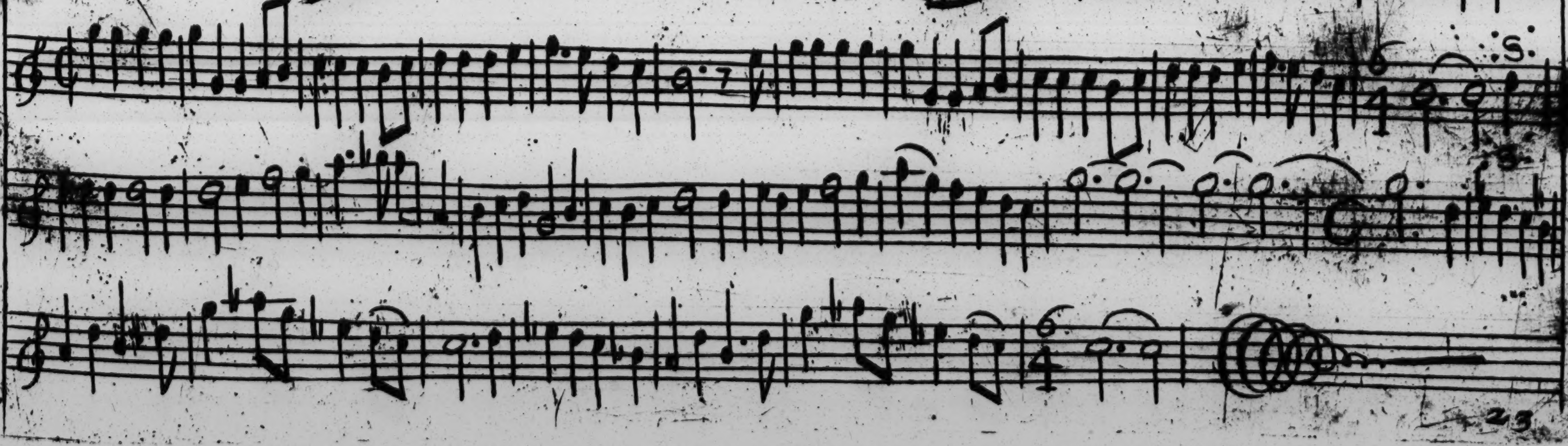
## For the Flute.



# A SONG in the Comedy call'd JUSTICE BUISY, Or the GENTLEMAN-Quack; Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

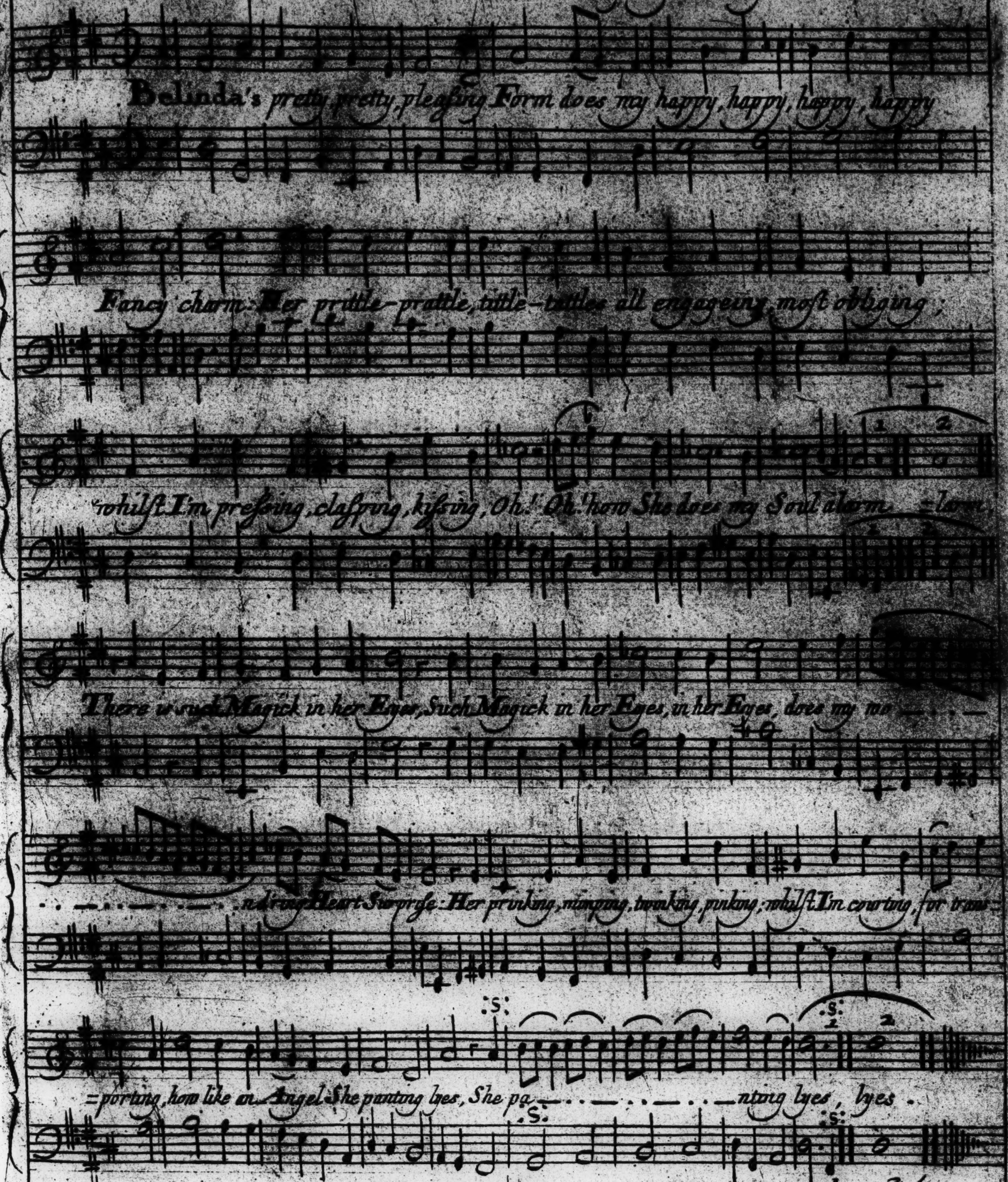

I'll hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry thee; hurry, hurry, hurry
hurry thee; hurry thee hence, with such Violence: I'll hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry thee; hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry thee
hurry thee hence, with such Violence: The Lightning from my Chariot-wheels, and my Horses heels, & my
Horses heels, shall make the Pavement shine: The Lightning from my Chariot-wheels, and my
Horses heels, and my Horses heels, shall make the Pavement shine. If any Man stops my furious Race, ye
Stones in the Street, shall fly in his Face: The Stones in the Street, shall fly in his Face; shall fly, shall fly in his
Fa.....ce: As Nature does in mine, in mine; as Nature does in mine. As Nature
does in mine, in mine; as Nature does in mine : mine.

## For the Flute.

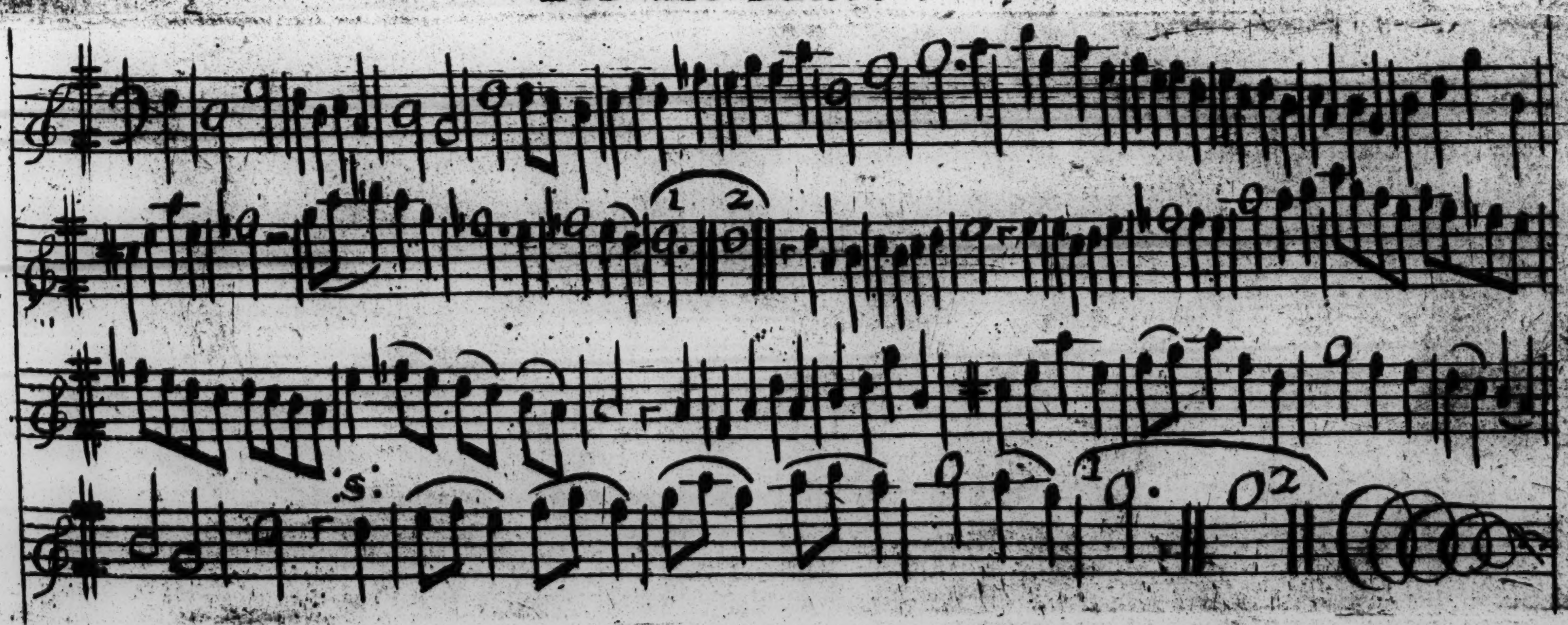


k

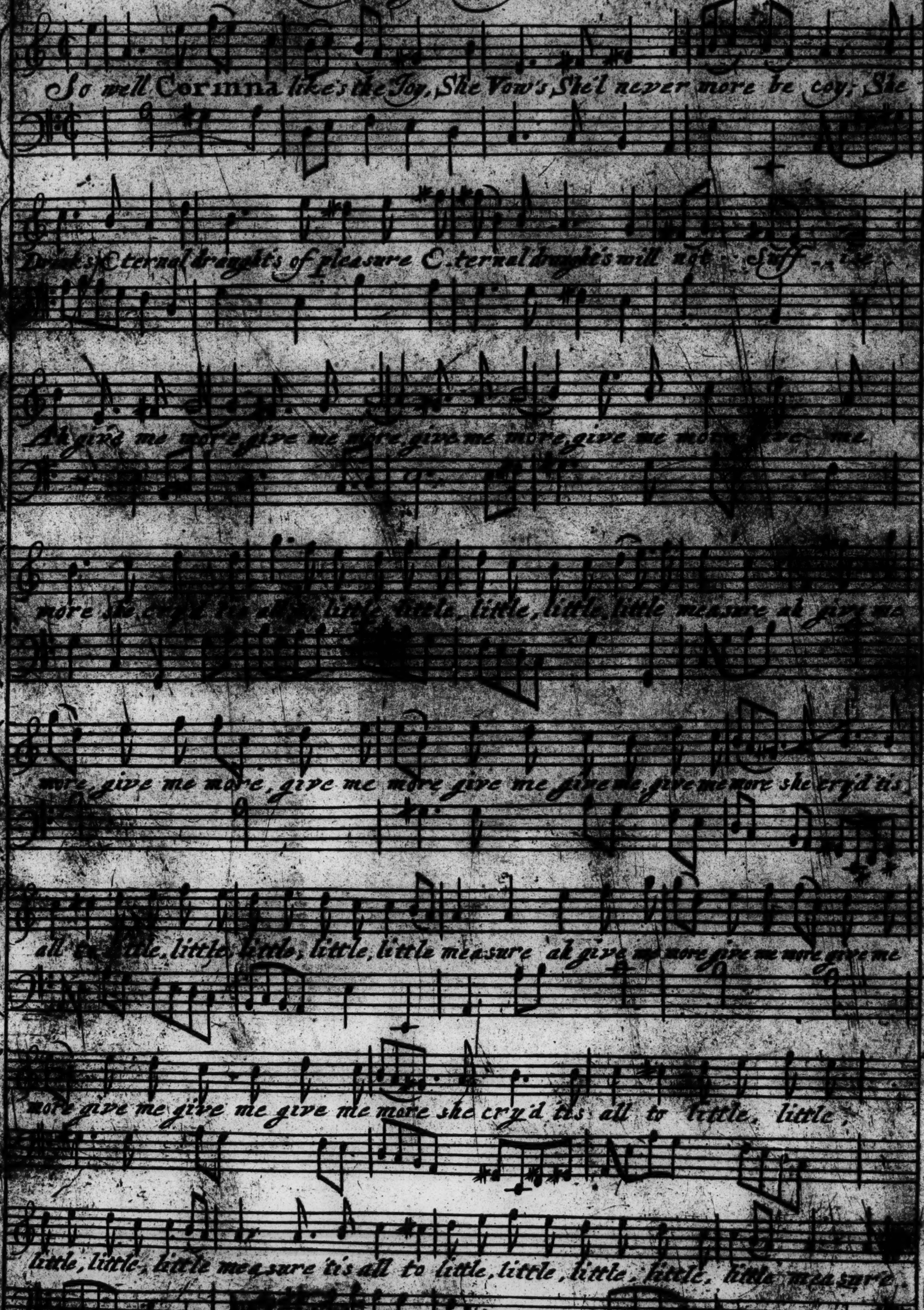
# A SONG, Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mr. Gouge, in the Farce call'd Women will have their wills, exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Belinda's pretty pretty pleaſing Form does my happy, happy, happy, happy
Fancy charm: Her prattle-prattle, tittle-tattles all engageing, moſt obliging;
whilſt I'm preſsing, claſping, kiſsing, Oh! Oh! how She does my Soul alarm — larm.
There is such Magick in her Eyes, Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes, does my mo — — —
— — — — ving Heart Surpriſe: Her prinking, mimping, twinking, pinking; whilſt I'm courting, for trans=
=porting, how like an Angel She panting lyes, She pa — — — nting lyes, lyes.
S:
1
2

## For the Flute.

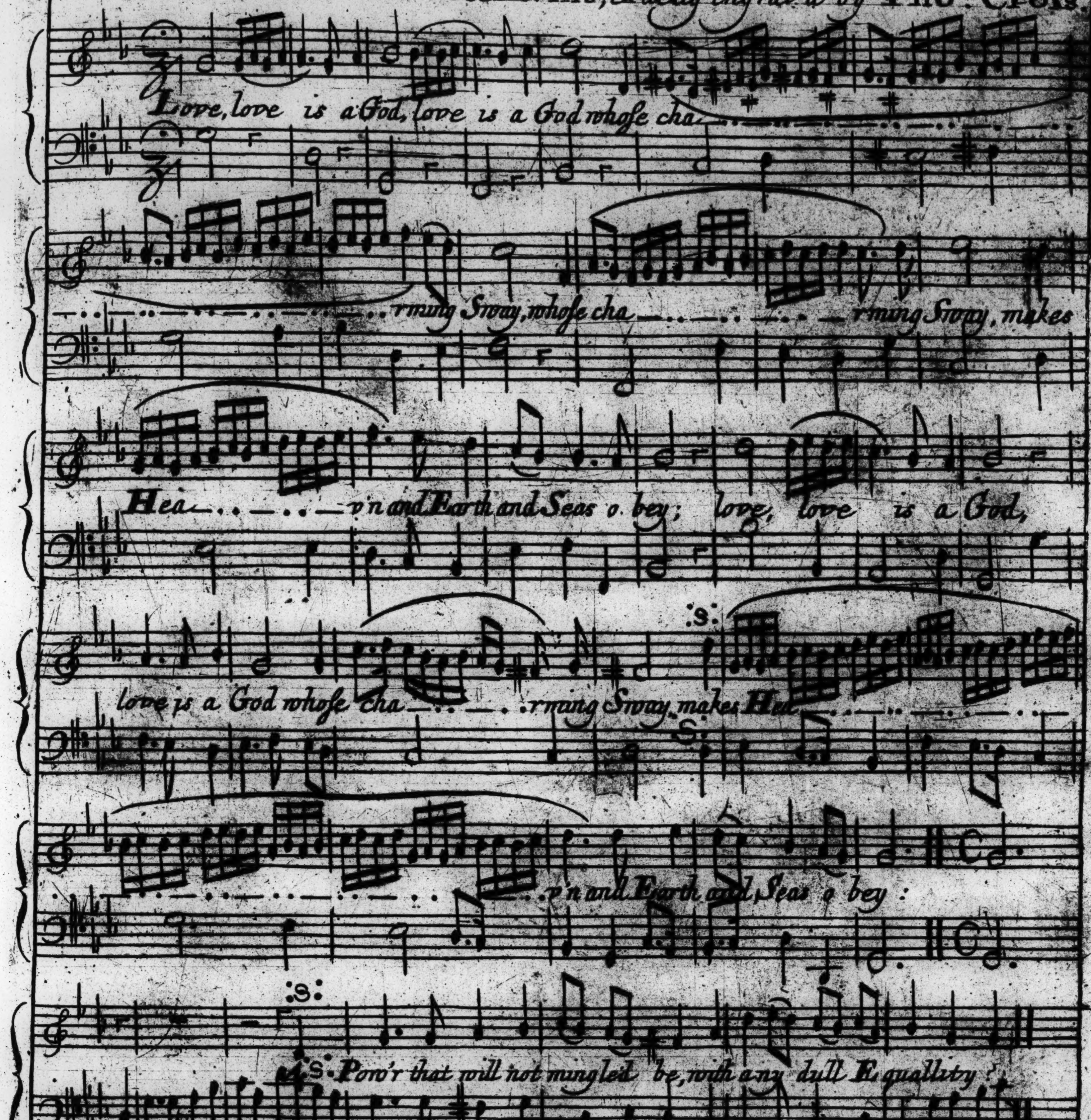


A Song in the She Gallants Set by Mr John Eccles, Sung by a little Boy and exactly Engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

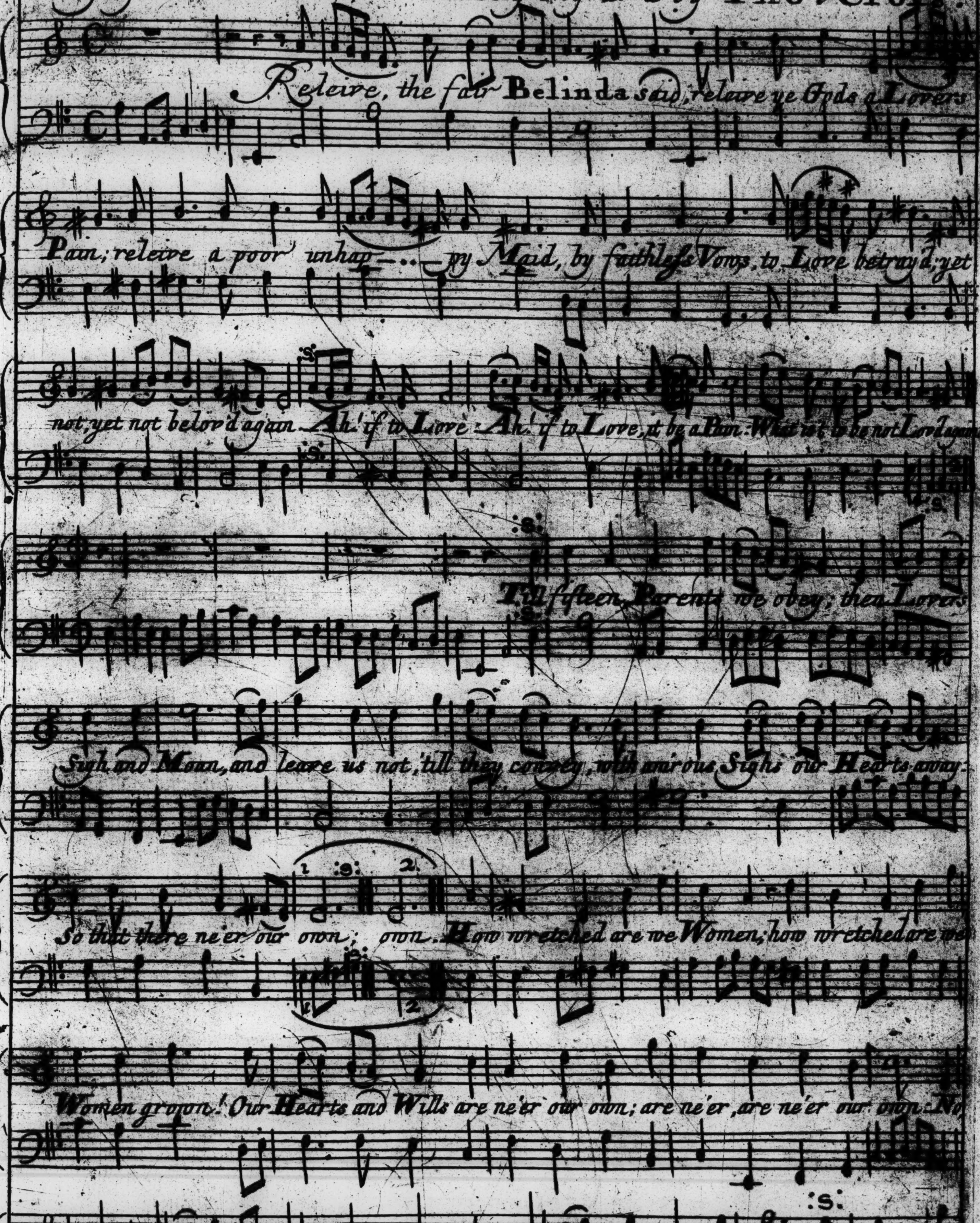

So well Corinna like's the Joy, She Vow's She'l never more be coy; She
Drink's Eternal draughts of pleasure Eternal draught's will not suff - - ice
Ah give me more give me more give me more give me more give me
more she cry'd tis all to little, little, little, little, little measure ah give me
more, give me more, give me more give me give me, give me more she cry'd tis
all to little, little, little, little, little measure ah give me more give me more give me
more give me give me give me more she cry'd tis all to little, little,
little, little, little measure tis all to little, little, little, little, little measure.

K

A SONG, Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mr. Knapp, in the Farce call'd **Women will have their wills**, exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Cross.**


Love, love is a God, love is a God whose cha————
rming Sway, whose cha————rming Sway, makes
Hea————v'n and Earth and Seas o bey; love, love is a God,
love is a God whose cha————rming Sway makes Hea————
v'n and Earth and Seas o bey:
S
S
A Pow'r that will not mingled be, with any dull Equallity:
Since first from Heav'n which gave him Birth, he rules the Empire of the Earth, he rules ye Empire
of the Earth, Jealous of Sov'reign Pow'r he rules, and will, and will be absolute, and will, and will be
S
absolute, be a————bso lute, be absolute in Souls.
S

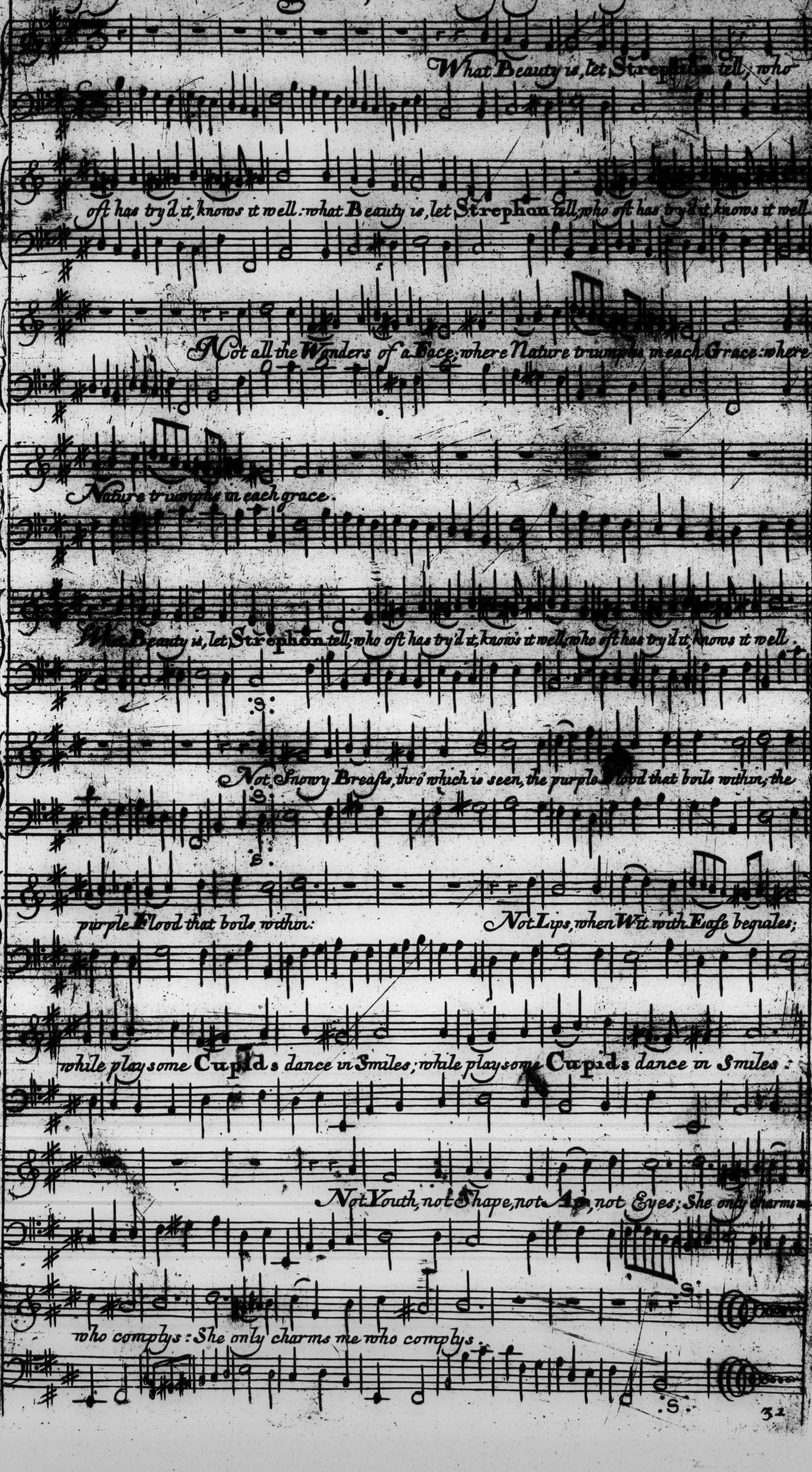
# A SONG in the LUCKY YOUNGER BROTHER Or the BEAU DEFEATED set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Willis, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Releive, the fair Belinda said, releive ye Gods a Lovers
Pain; releive a poor unhap - - - py Maid, by faithless Vows, to Love betray'd; yet
not; yet not belov'd again. Ah! if to Love: Ah! if to Love, it be a Pain: What is't to be not Lov'd again
Till fifteen, Parents we obey; then Lovers
Sigh and Moan, and leave us not, till they convey, with amrous Sighs our Hearts away:
So that there ne'er our own; own. How wretched are we Women, how wretched are we
Women grown! Our Hearts and Wills are ne'er our own; are ne'er, are ne'er our own: No,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, our Hearts and Wills are ne'er, are ne'er our own: Our Hearts and
Wills are ne'er our own; are ne'er, are ne'er our own.

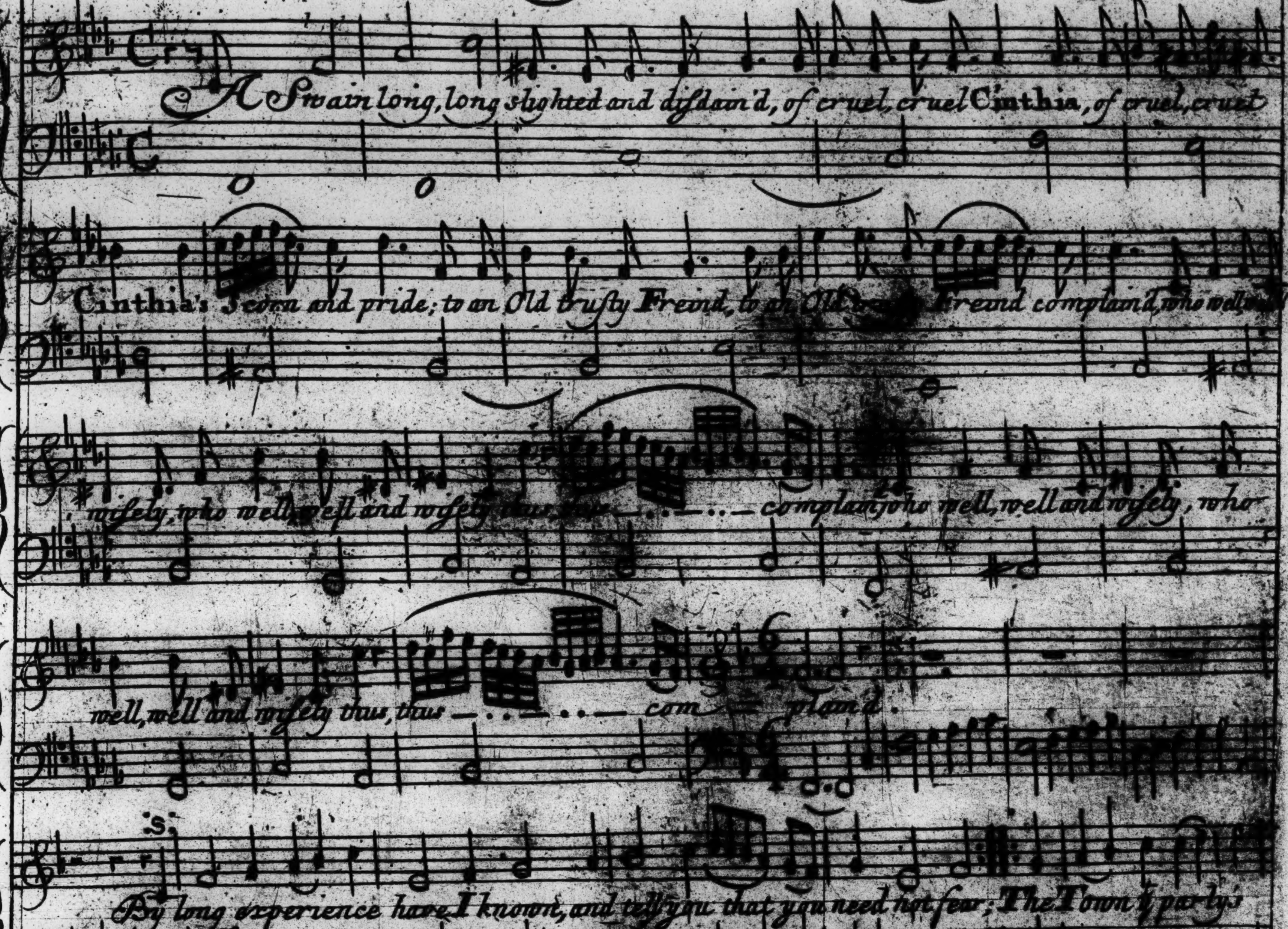
4

k

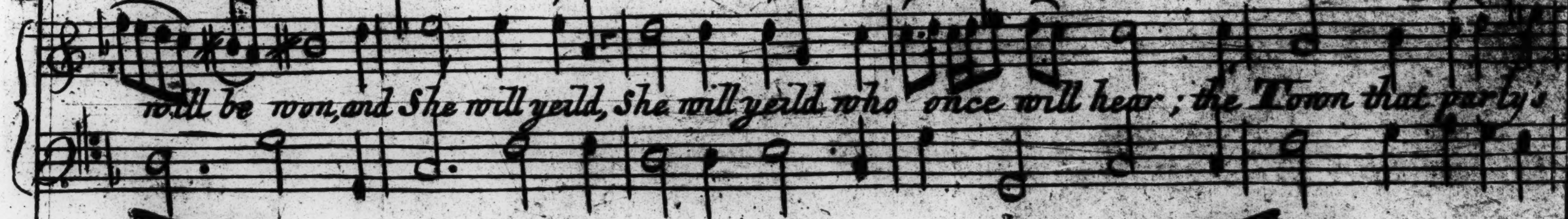
# A SONG in the Fate of Capua, Set by Mr. John Eccles
Sung by Mrs. Hodgſon, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


What Beauty is, let Strephon tell; who
oft has try'd it, knows it well: what Beauty is, let Strephon tell; who oft has try'd it, knows it well
Not all the Wonders of a Face; where Nature triumphs in each Grace: where
Nature triumphs in each grace.
What Beauty is, let Strephon tell; who oft has try'd it, knows it well; who oft has try'd it, knows it well.
Not Snowy Breaſts, thro' which is seen, the purple Flood that boils within; the
purple Flood that boils within:
Not Lips, when Wit with Eaſe beguiles;
while play some Cupids dance in Smiles; while play some Cupids dance in Smiles:
Not Youth, not Shape, not Air, not Eyes; She only charms me
who complys: She only charms me who complys.

# A SONG, *Set by* Mr. John Eccles, *Sung by* Mr. Knapp *in the Tragedy of* HAMLET, Prince *of* Denmark; *and exactly engrav'd by* Tho: Croſs

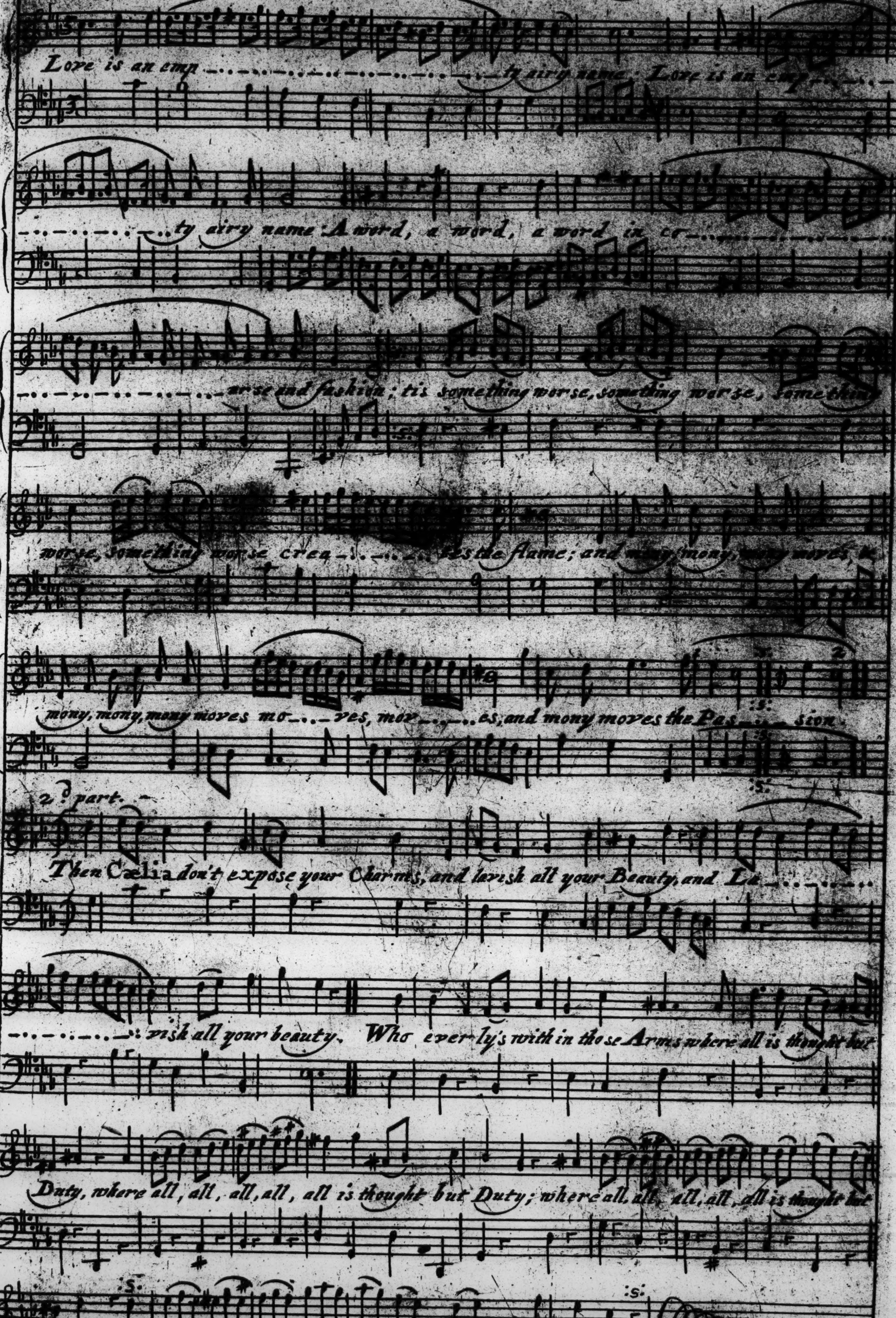

A Swain long, long ſlighted and diſdain'd, of cruel, cruel Cinthia, of cruel, cruel
Cinthia's Scorn and pride; to an Old truſty Freind, to an Old truſty Freind complain'd, who well and
wiſely, who well, well and wiſely thus, thus — . . . — complain'd, who well, well and wiſely, who
well, well and wiſely thus, thus — . . . — com — plain'd.
By long experience have I known, and tell you that you need not fear; The Town that party's
will be won, and She will yeild, She will yeild who once will hear; the Town that party's
will be won, and She will yeild, She will yeild, She will yeild who once will hear; and
She will yeild, She will yeild, She will yeild who once will hear.

## For the Flute

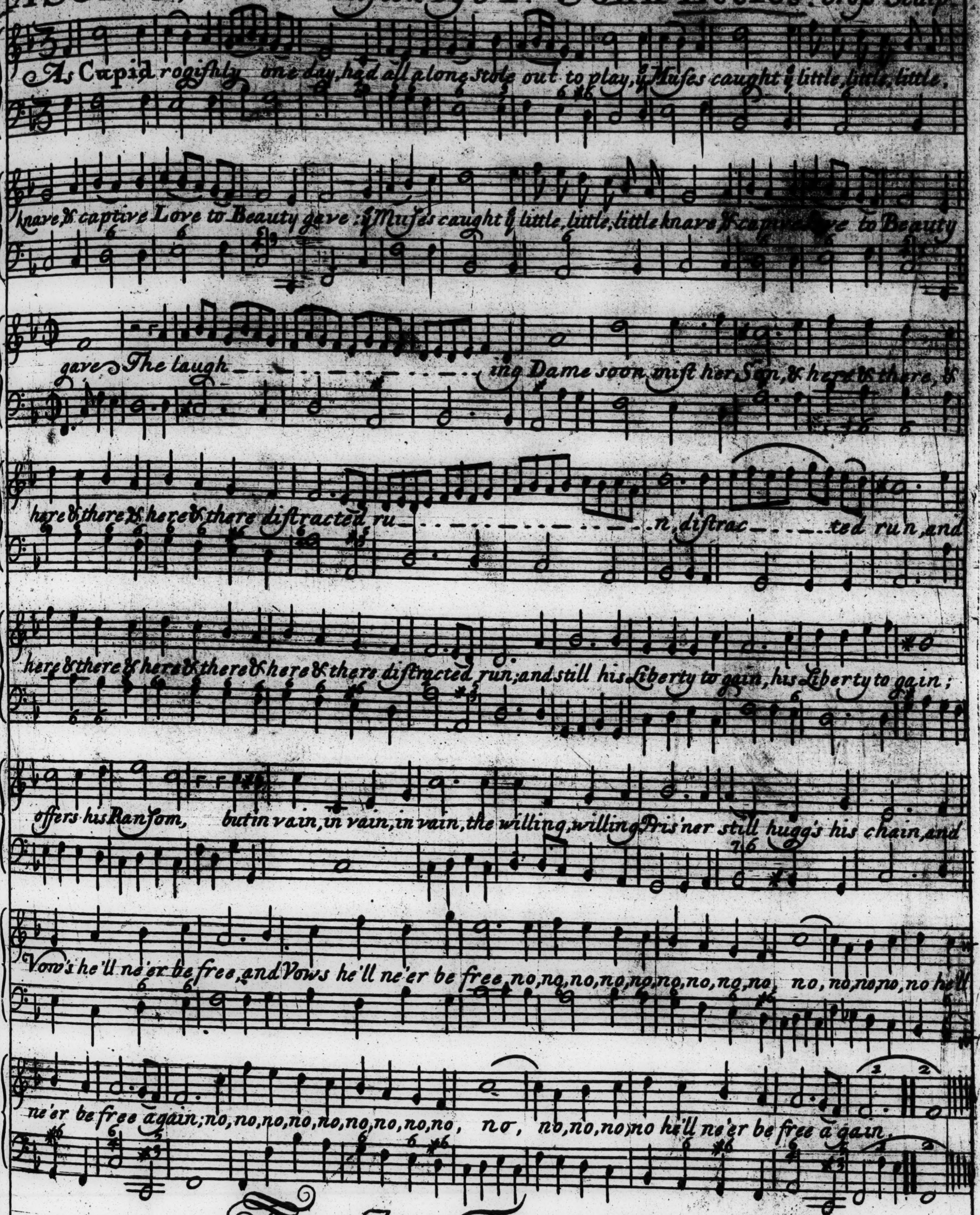


K

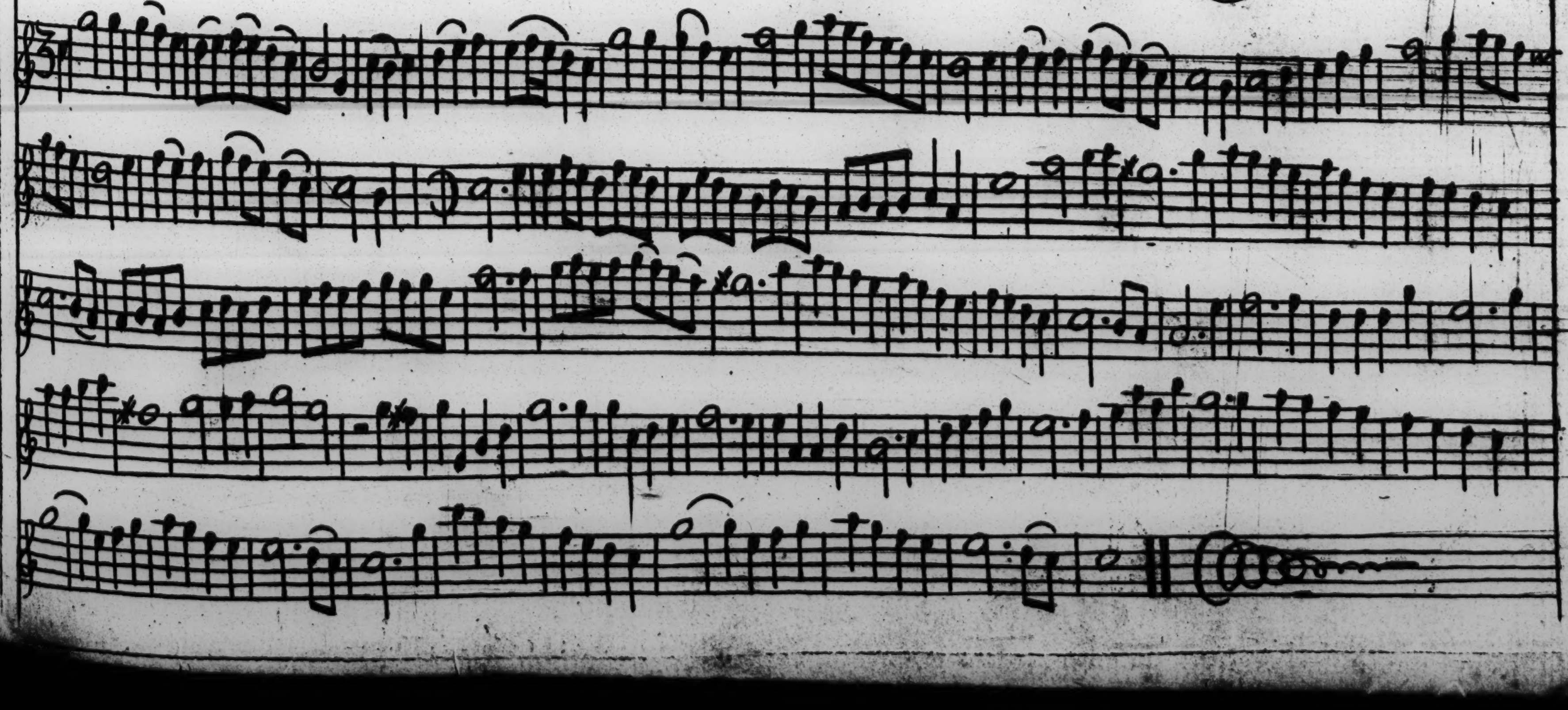
# A Song in the CITY-LADY set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles, sung by Mrs Bowman and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Love is an emp……ty airy name; Love is an emp……
……ty airy name: A word, a word, a word in co……
……urse and fashion; tis something worse, something worse, something
worse, something worse crea……tes the flame; and mony, mony, mony moves, &c
mony, mony, mony moves mo……ves, mov……es, and mony moves the Pas……sion.
2d part.
Then Cælia don't expose your Charms, and lavish all your Beauty, and La……
……vish all your beauty. Who ever ly's with in those Arms where all is thought but
Duty, where all, all, all, all, all is thought but Duty; where all, all, all, all, all is thought but
Duty; where all, all, all, all, all is thought but Duty.

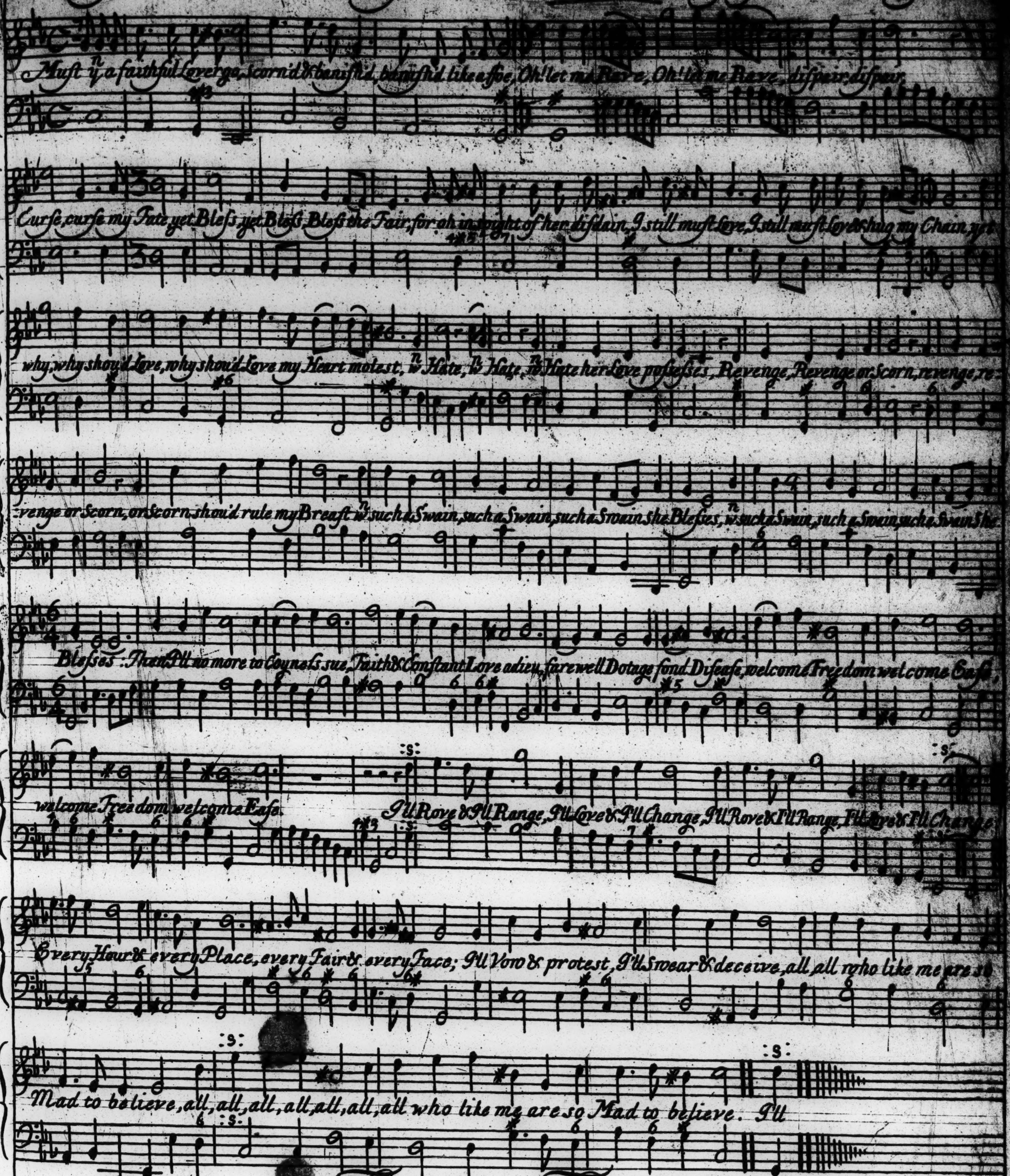
# A SONG, Set to Muſick by Mr. John Eccles. Croſs Sculp.


As Cupid roguiſhly one day, had all alone ſtole out to play, yͤ Muſes caught yͤ little, little, little
knave & captive Love to Beauty gave: yͤ Muſes caught yͤ little, little, little knave & captive Love to Beauty
gave, The laugh- - - - ing Dame ſoon miſt her Son, & here & there, &
here & there & here & there diſtracted ru- - - - n, diſtrac- - - ted run, and
here & there & here & there & here & there diſtracted run; and ſtill his Liberty to gain, his Liberty to gain;
offers his Ranſom, but in vain, in vain, in vain, the willing, willing Pris'ner ſtill hugg's his chain, and
Vow's he'll ne'er be free, and Vows he'll ne'er be free, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no he'll
ne'er be free again; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again.

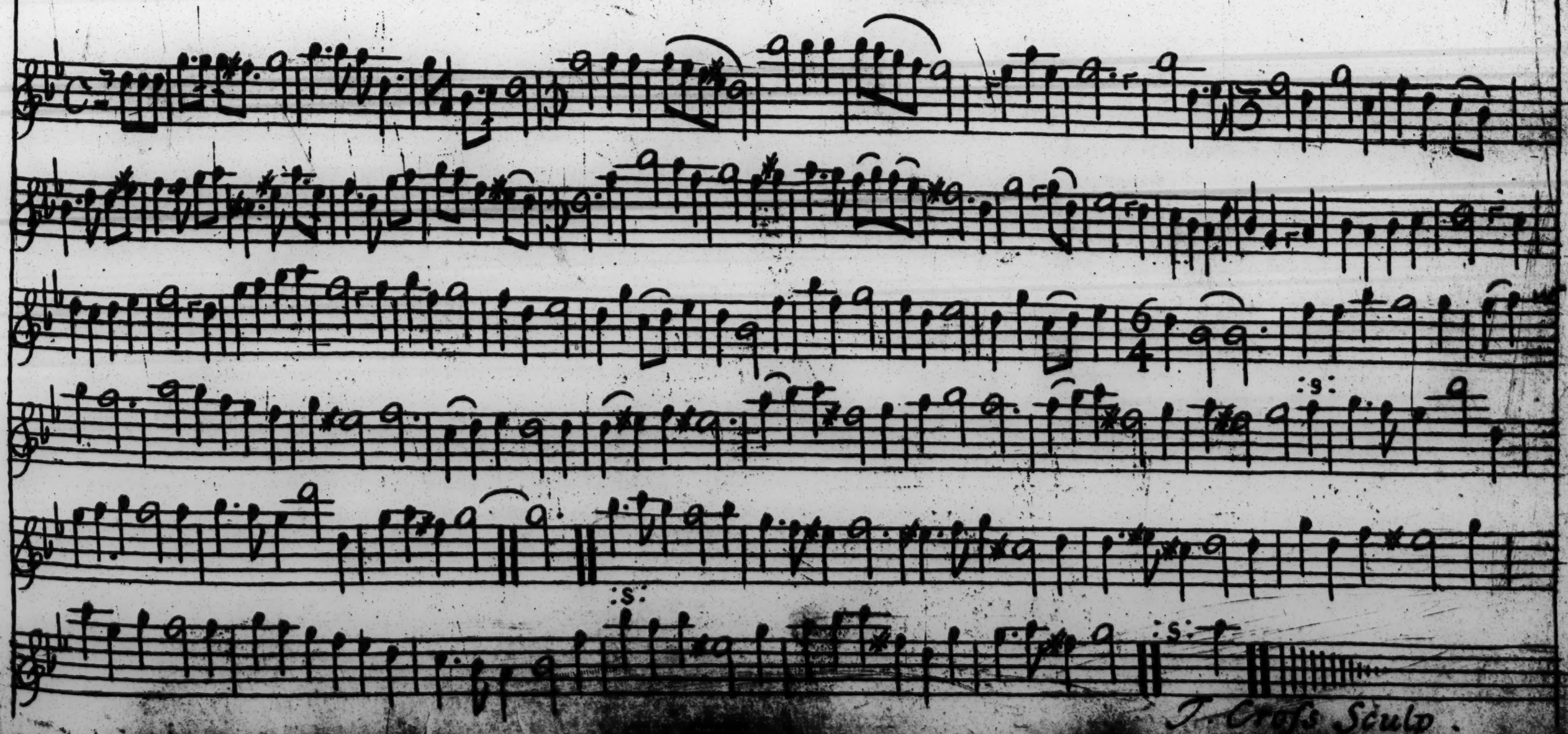
## For the Flute



# A Song in the Mad Lover Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegi

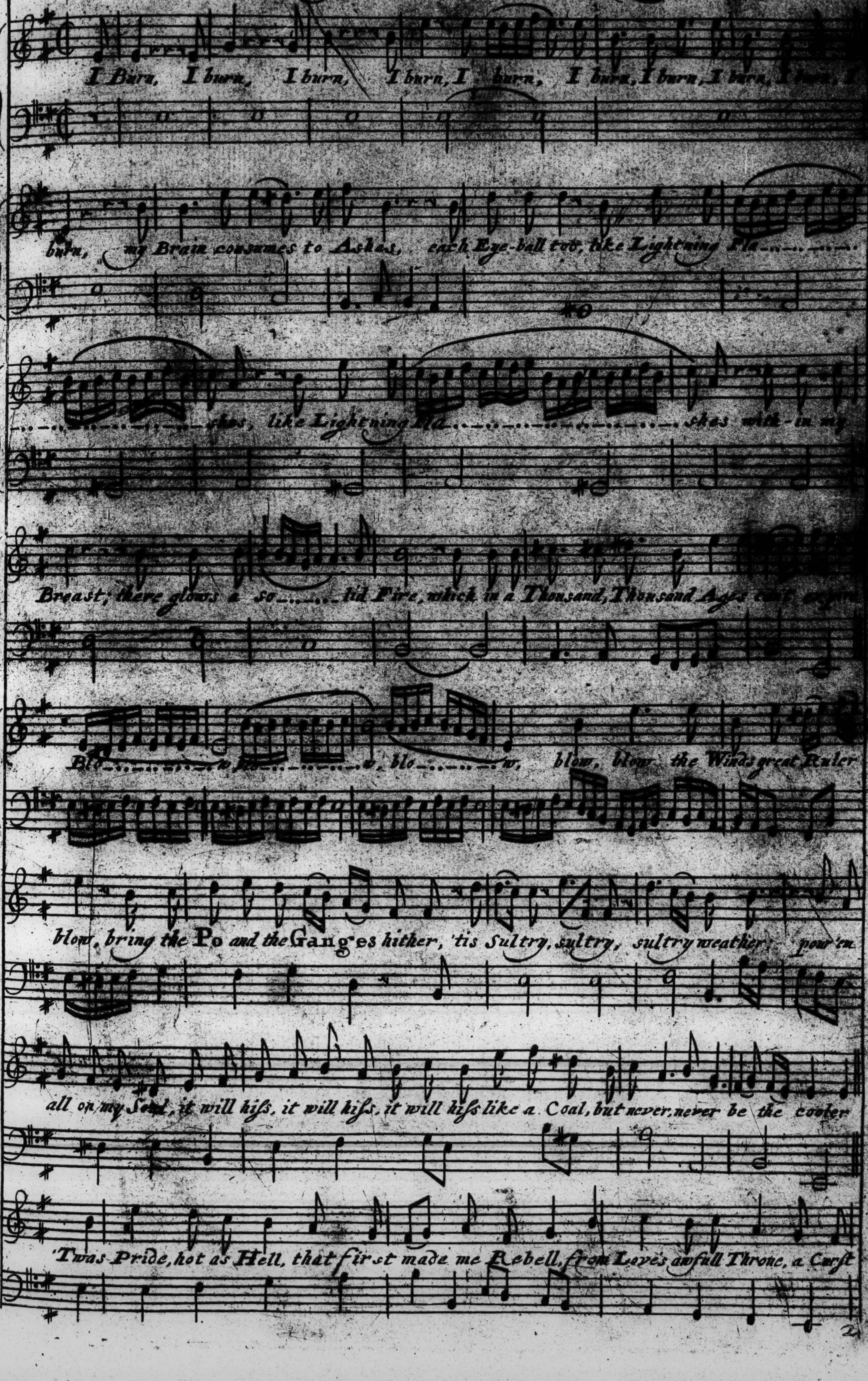

Muſt yᵉ a faithful Lover go, ſcorn'd & baniſh'd, baniſh'd like a foe, Oh! let me Rave, Oh! let me Rave, diſpair, diſpair,
Curſe, curſe my Fate yet Bleſs, yet Bleſs, Bleſs the Fair, for oh in ſpight of her diſdain, I still muſt Love, I still muſt Love & hug my Chain, yet
why, why shou'd Love, why shou'd Love my Heart moleſt, wⁿ Hate, to Hate, to Hate her Love poſſeſſes, Revenge, Revenge or Scorn, revenge, re-
venge or Scorn, or Scorn shou'd rule my Breaſt wⁿ such a Swain, such a Swain, such a Swain she Bleſſes, wⁿ such a Swain, such a Swain, such a Swain she
Bleſſes: Then I'll no more to Counſels sue, Faith & Constant Love adieu, farewell Dotage fond Diſeaſe, welcome Freedom welcome Eaſe,
welcome Freedom welcome Eaſe. I'll Rove & I'll Range, I'll Love & I'll Change, I'll Rove & I'll Range, I'll Love & I'll Change
Every Hour & every Place, every Fair & every Face; I'll Vow & protest, I'll Swear & deceive, all all who like me are so
Mad to believe, all, all, all, all, all, all, all who like me are so Mad to believe. I'll

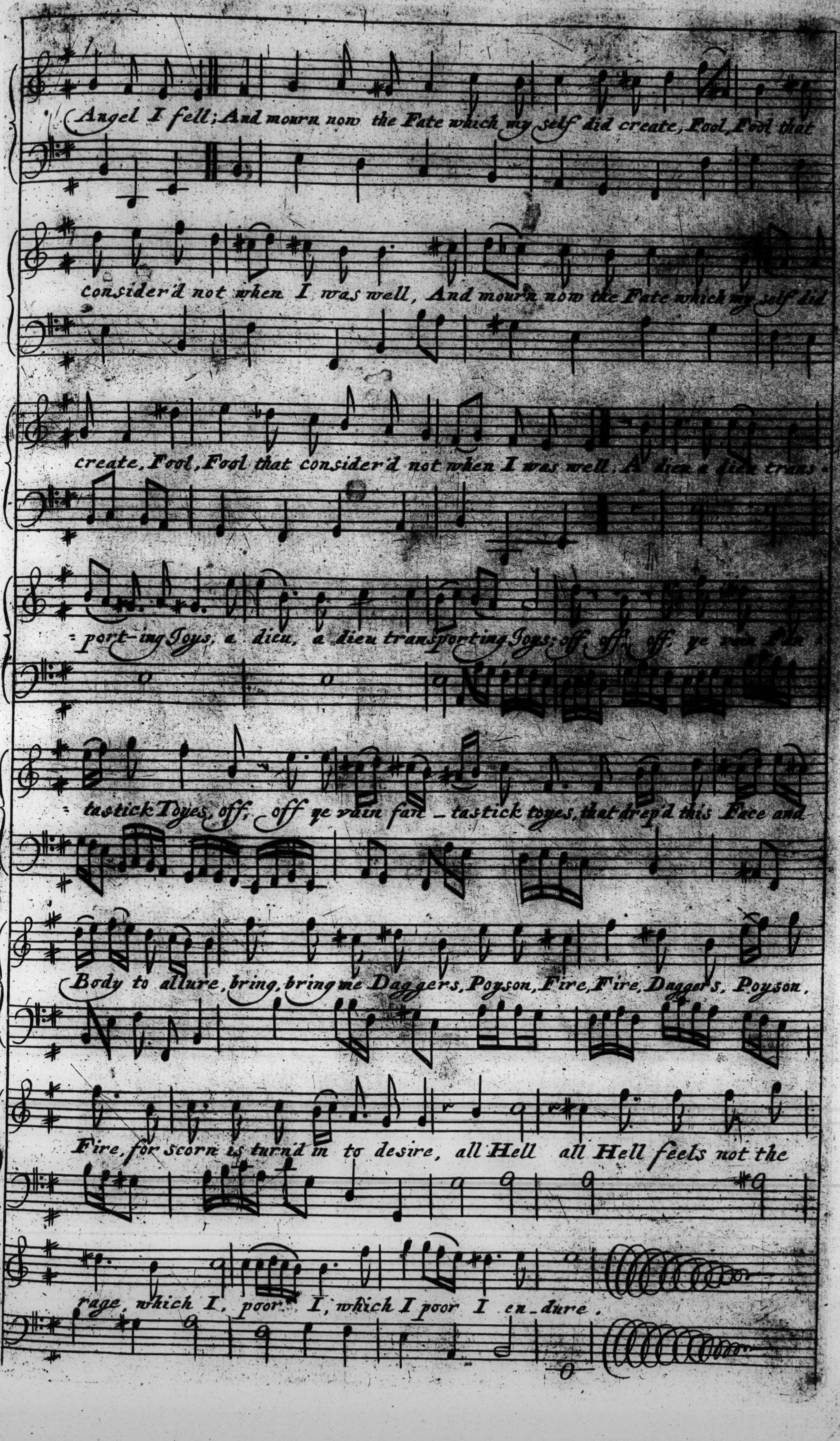
## For the Flute



T. Croſs Sculp.

# A SONG in DON QUIXOTE Set by Mr John Eccles Sung by Mrs. *Braſegirdle*.

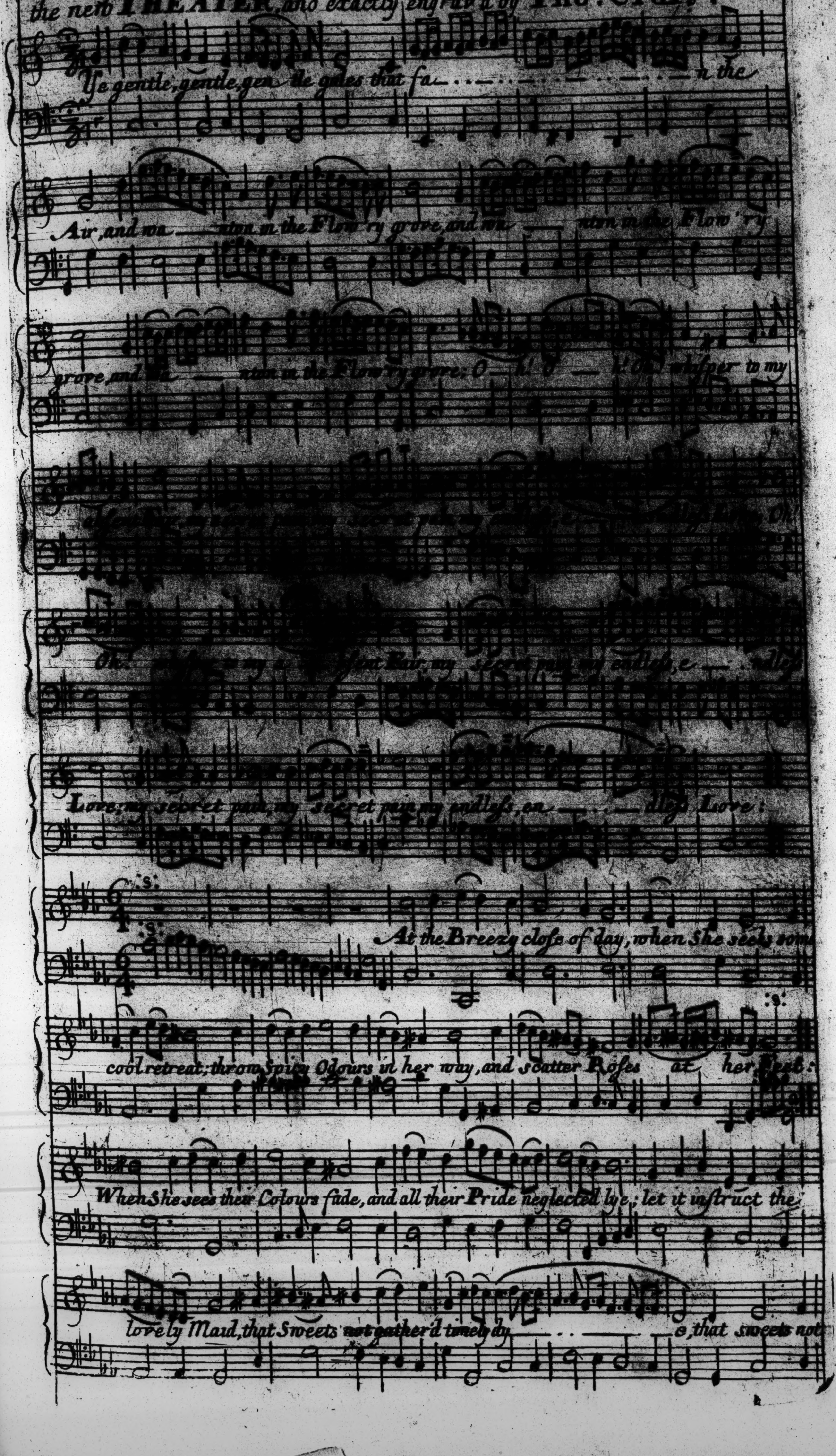

I Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I
burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla——
——shes, like Lightning Fla——shes with-in my
Breast; there glows a so——lid Fire, which in a Thousand, Thousand Ages can't expire
Blo——w, blo——w, blo——w, blow, blow the Winds great Ruler
blow, bring the Po and the Ganges hither, 'tis Sultry, sultry, sultry weather; pour 'em
all on my Soul, it will hiſs, it will hiſs, it will hiſs like a Coal, but never, never be the cooler
'Twas Pride, hot as Hell, that firſt made me Rebell, from Love's awfull Throne, a Curſt

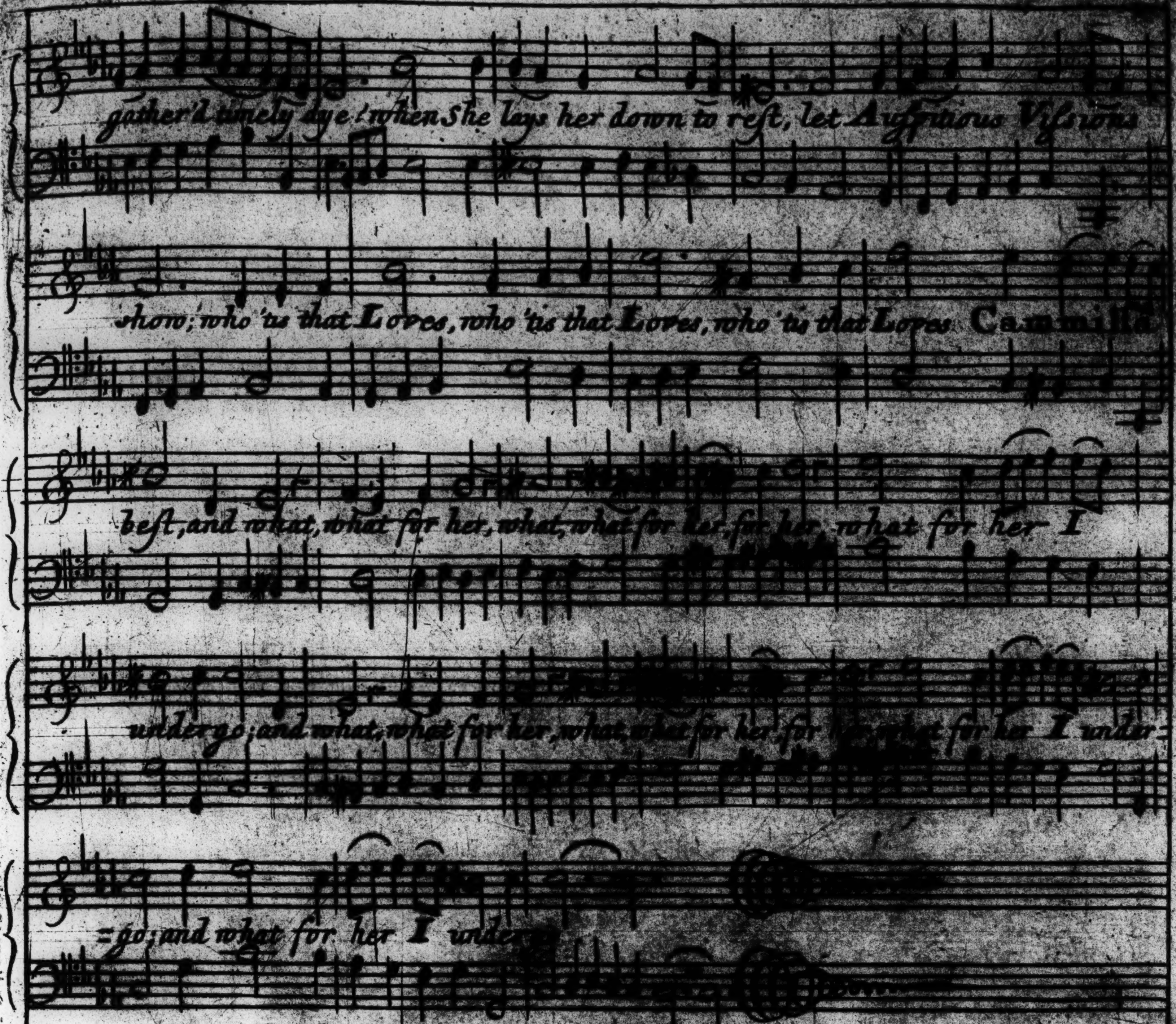

Angel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my self did create, Fool, Fool that
consider'd not when I was well, And mourn now the Fate which my self did
create, Fool, Fool that consider'd not when I was well. A dieu a dieu trans-
-port-ing Joys, a dieu, a dieu transporting Joys; off, off, off, ye vain Fan-
-tastick Toyes, off, off ye vain fan-tastick toyes, that dreſs'd this Face and
Body to allure, bring, bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson,
Fire, for scorn is turn'd in to desire, all Hell all Hell feels not the
rage, which I, poor I, which I poor I en-dure.

175

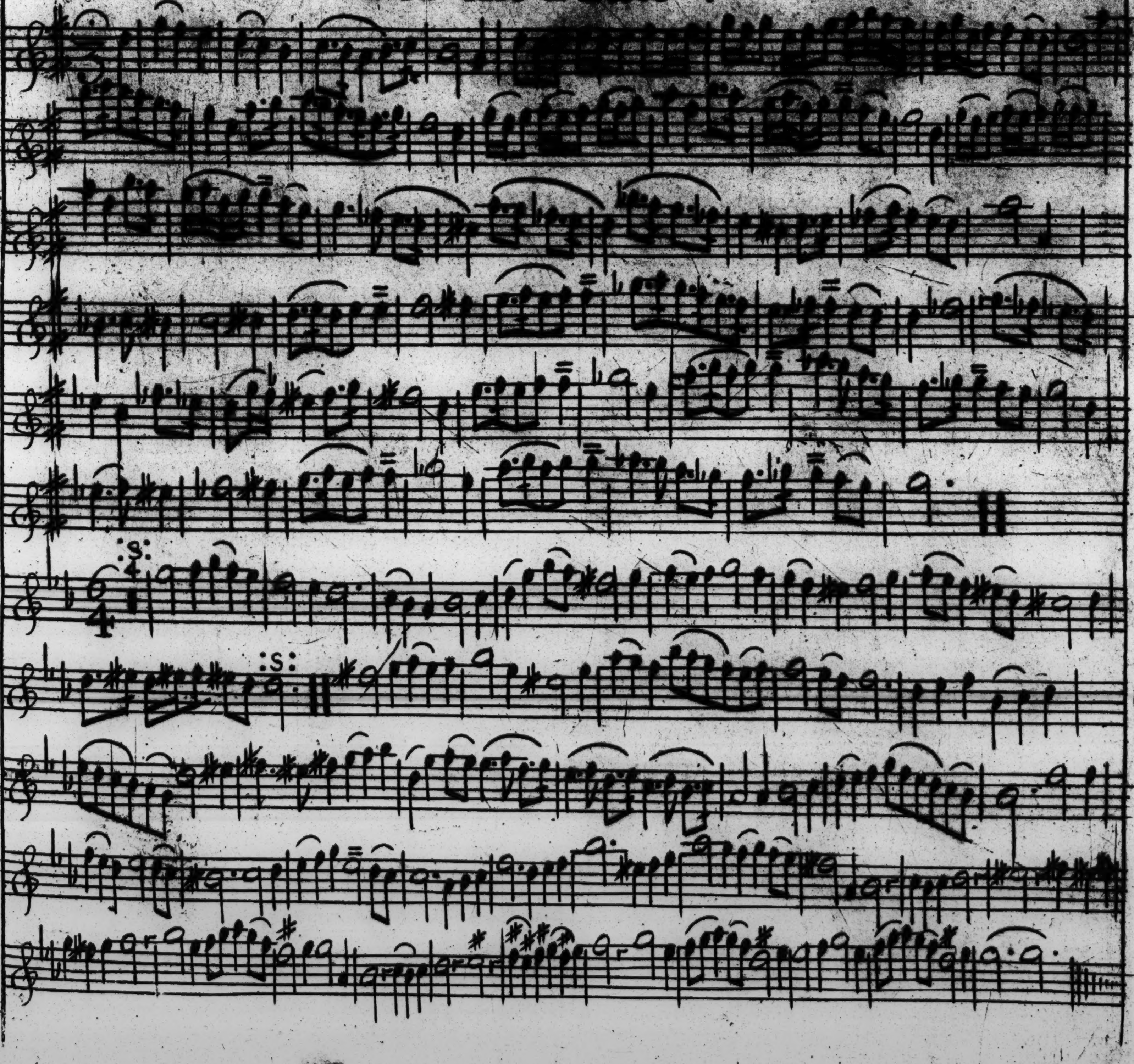
60

# A Song Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hains at the new THEATER, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Ye gentle, gentle, gen-tle gales that fa — n the
Air, and wa — nton in the Flow'ry grove, and wa — nton in the Flow'ry
grove, and wa — nton in the Flow'ry grove; O — h! O — h! Oh! whisper to my
abſent Fair, my secret pain, my endleſs — dleſs Love, Oh!
Oh! whisper to my a — bſent Fair, my secret pain, my endleſs, e — ndleſs
Love, my secret pain, my secret pain, my endleſs, en — dleſs Love:
At the Breezy cloſe of day, when She seeks some
cool retreat; throw Spicy Odours in her way, and scatter Roſes at her Feet:
When She sees their Colours fade, and all their Pride neglected lye; let it inſtruct the
lovely Maid, that Sweets not gather'd timely dy — e, that sweets not

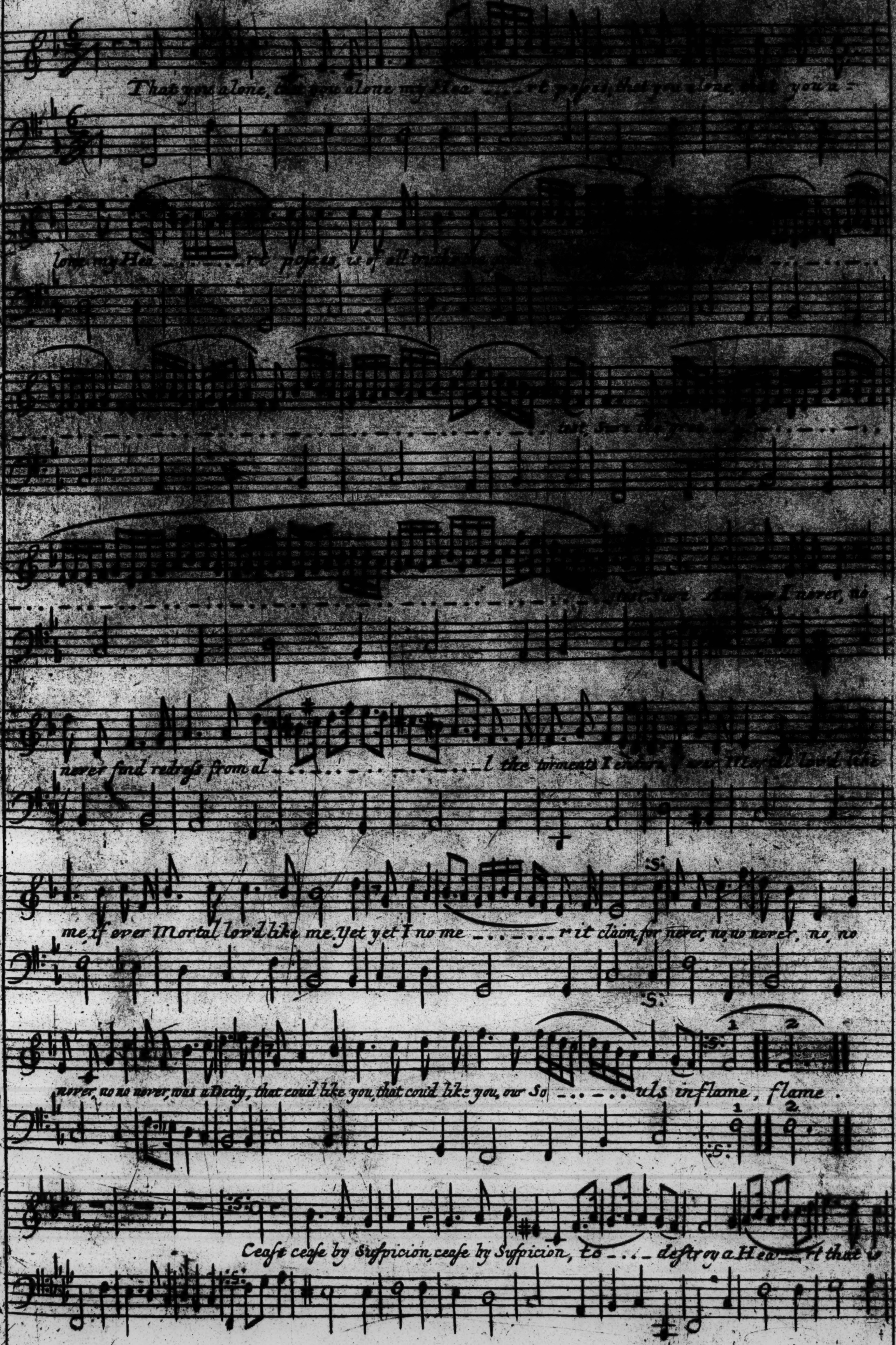

gather'd timely dye; when She lays her down to rest, let Auspitious Visions
show; who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves Cammilla
best, and what, what for her, what, what for her, for her, what for her I
undergo; and what, what for her, what, what for her, for her, what for her I under-
=go; and what for her I underg

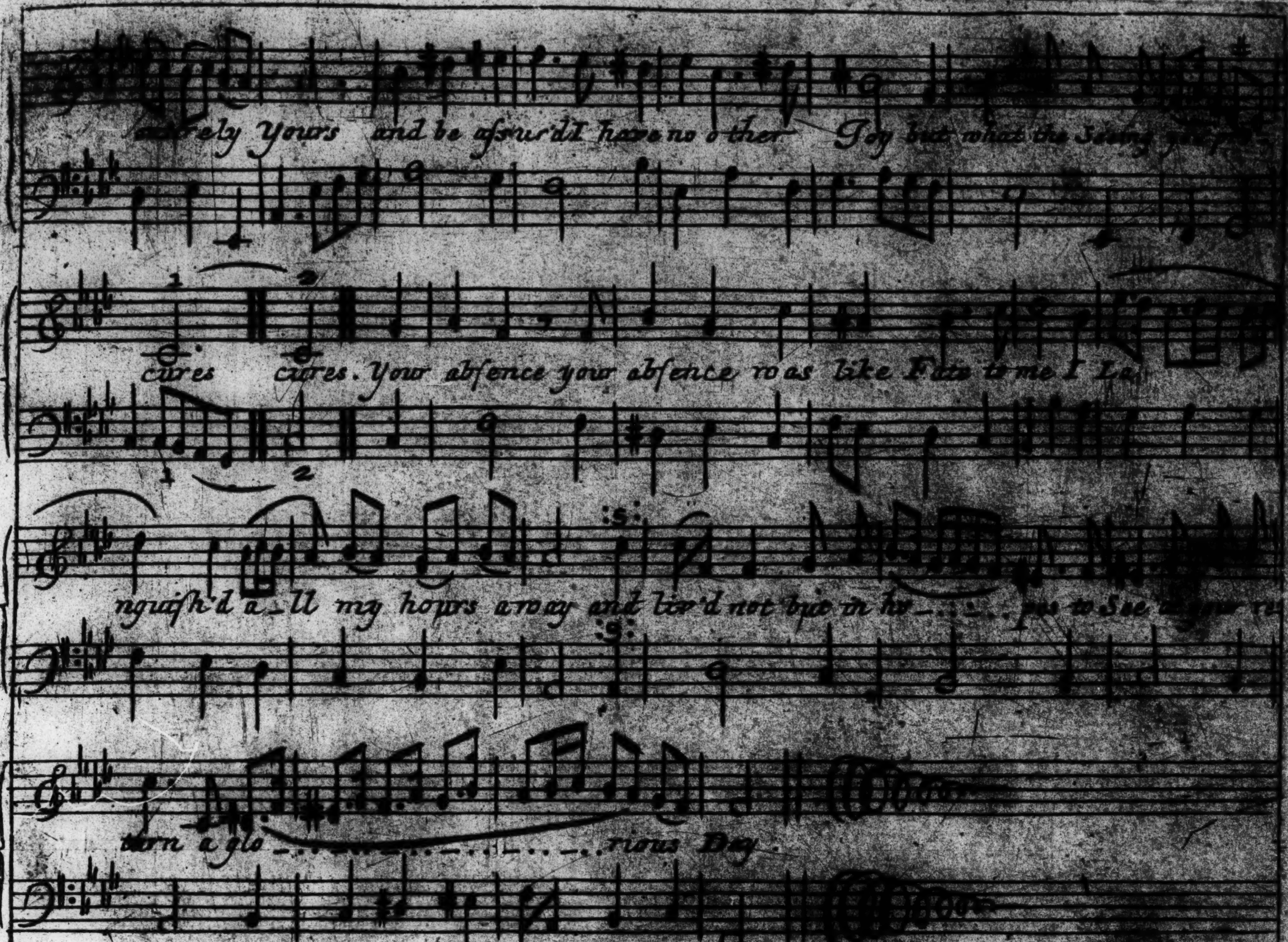
## For the Flute



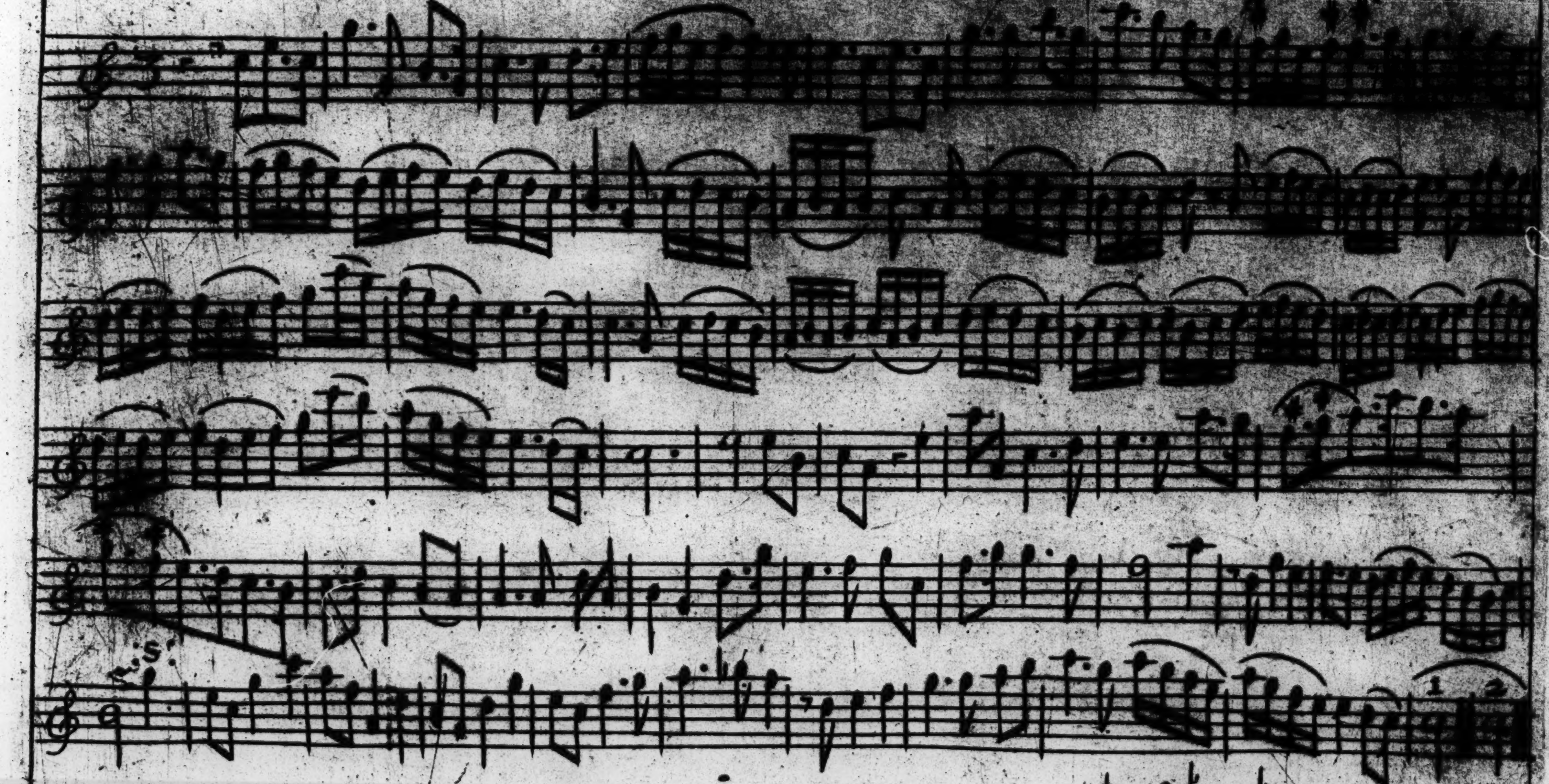
K

A Song in Sr. **Fopling Flutter** set by Mr. **John Eccles** — Sung by Mr. **Powell**, and exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs**


That you alone, that you alone my Hea ..... rt poſseſs, that you alone, that you a-
love my Hea ......... rt poſseſs, is of all truths
tell, Sure the
that Sure And yet I never, no
never find redreſs from al ........................ l the torments I endure, if ever Mortal lov'd like
me, if ever Mortal lov'd like me. Yet yet I no me ....... rit claim, for never, no no never, no, no
never, no no never, was a Deity, that could like you, that could like you, our So ...... uls inflame, flame.
S:
1
2
Ceaſe ceaſe by Suſpicion, ceaſe by Suſpicion, to .... deſtroy a Hea — rt that is

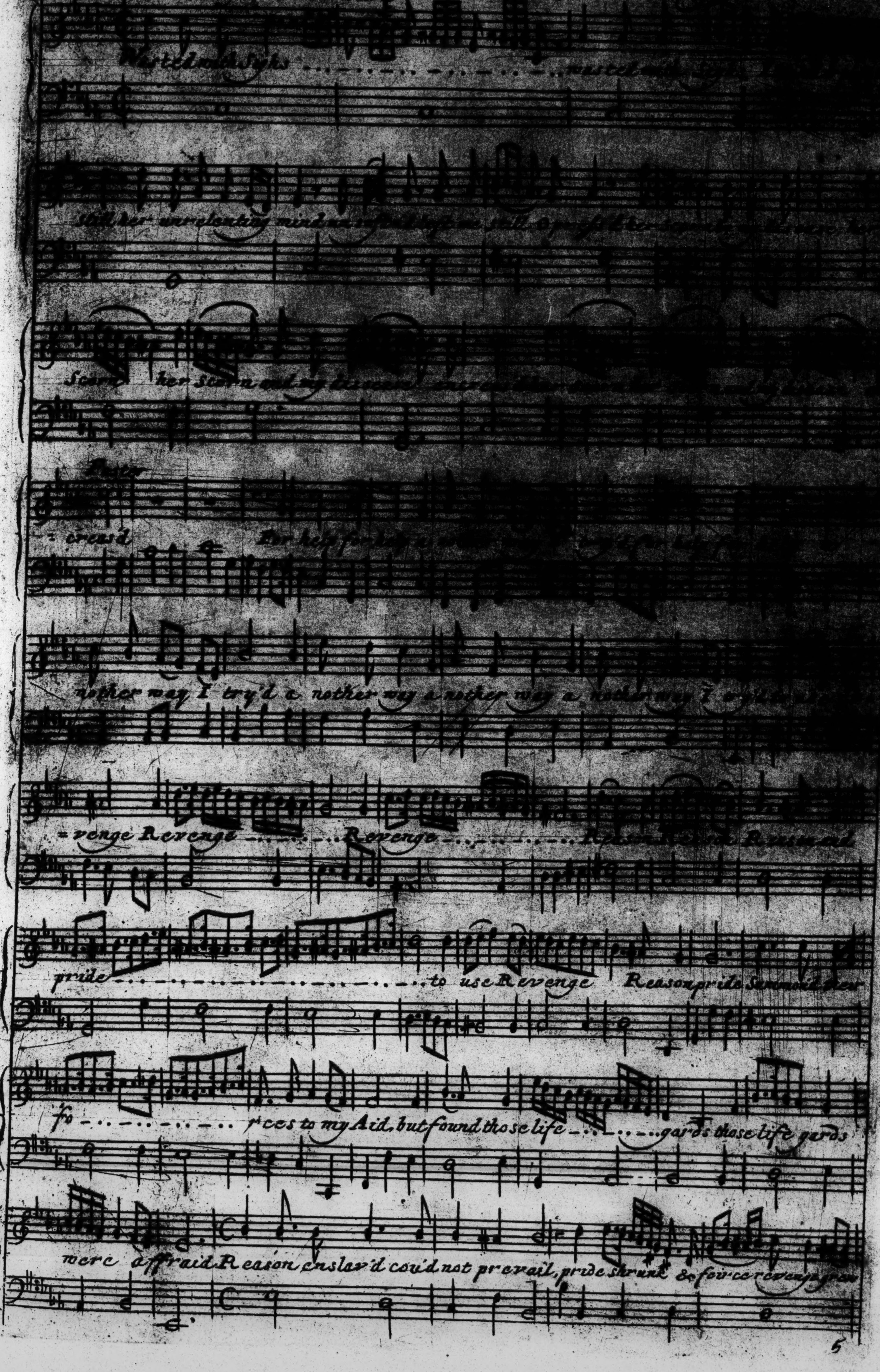

[illegible]rely Yours and be aſsur'd I have no other Joy but what the Seeing you pro-
cures cures. Your abſence your abſence was like Fate to me I La-
nguiſh'd a-ll my hours away and liv'd not but in ho-...pes to See again re-
turn a glo-...rious Day.

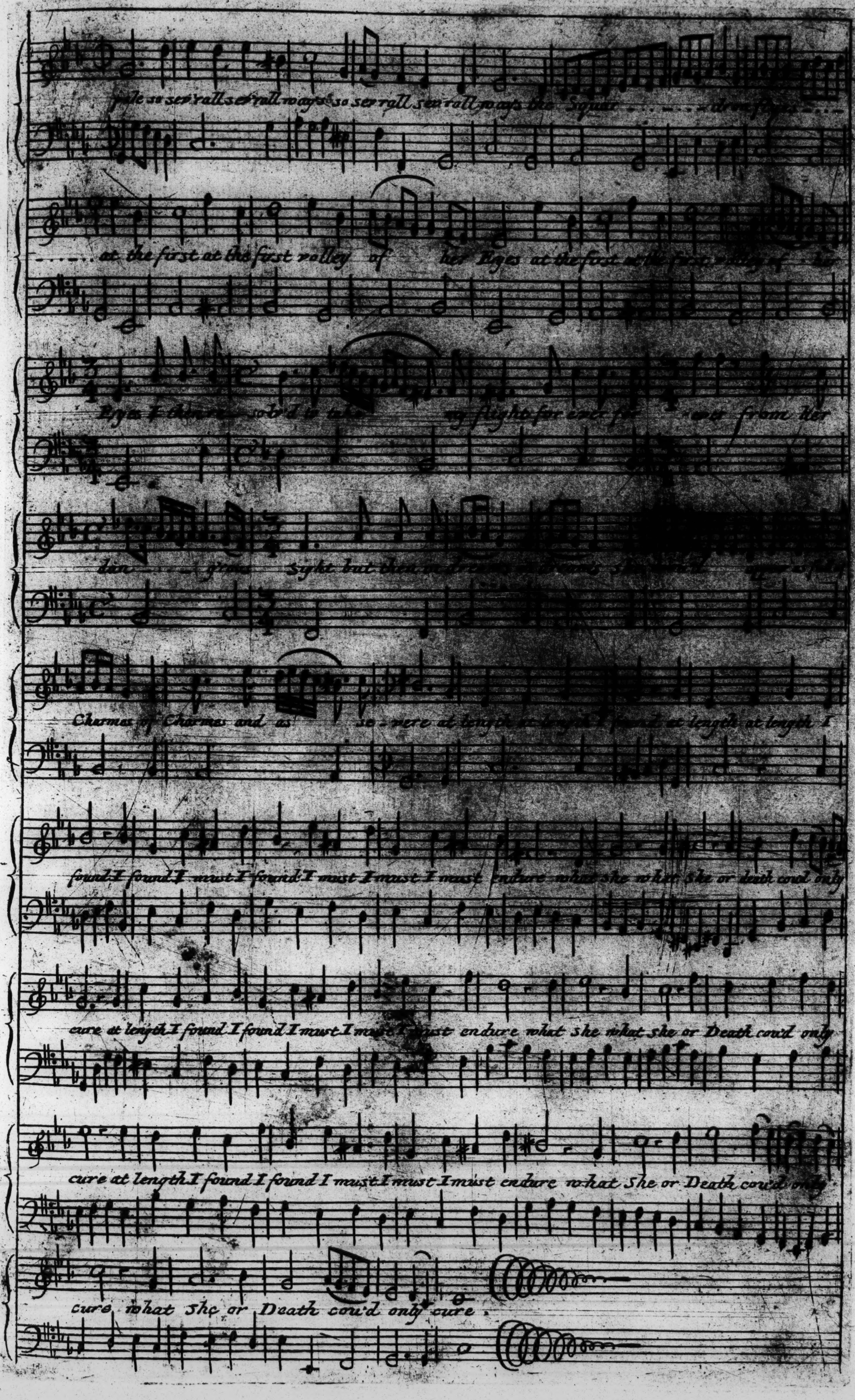
## For the Flute.



K

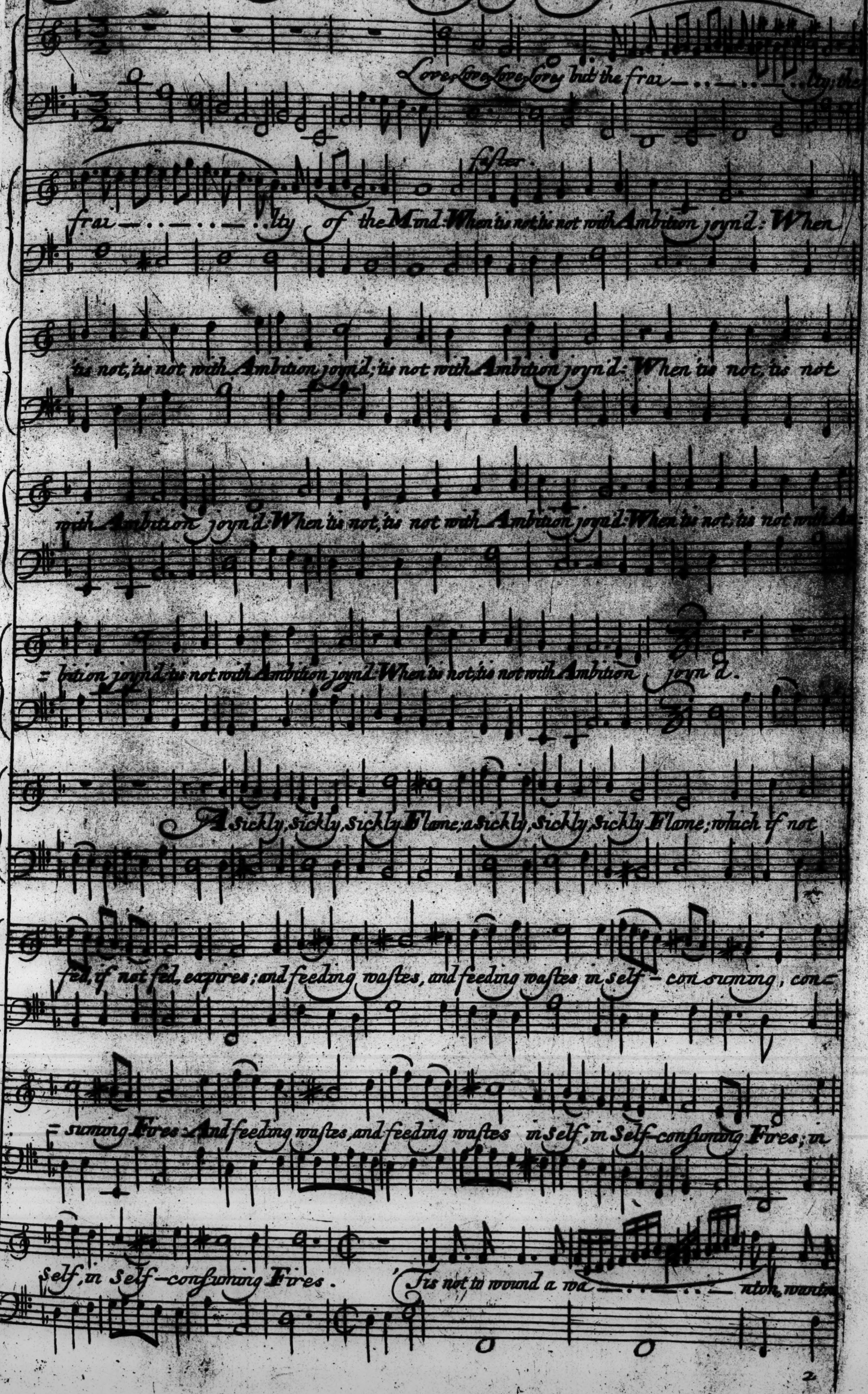
A Song in the Chances Set to Musick by Mr John Eccles Sung by Mr Wiltshire and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross the words by Sr Rob: Howard

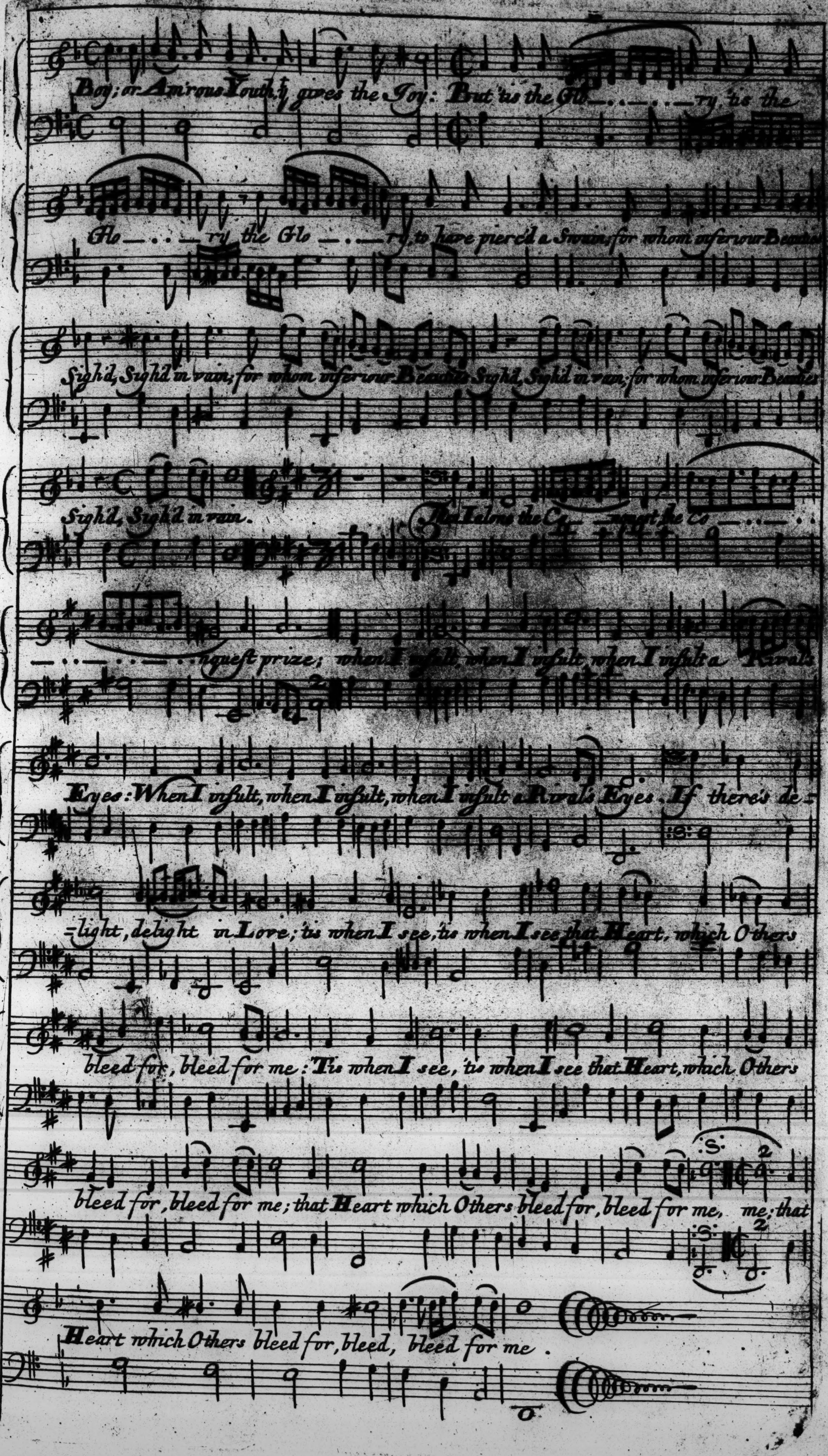

Wasted with Sighs ... wasted with Sighs
Still her unrelenting mind
Scorn her scorn and my
creas'd
For help
nother way I try'd a nother way a nother way a nother way I
=venge Revenge ... Revenge ... Reason Reason Reason and
pride ... to use Revenge Reason pride Summon'd their
fo ... rces to my Aid, but found those life ... gards those life gards
were affraid Reason enslav'd cou'd not prevail, pride shrunk & force revenge grew


pale so sev'rall sev'rall ways so sev'rall sev'rall ways the Squa- - - - drons fought - - -
- - - - at the first at the first volley of her Eyes at the first at the first volley of her
Eyes I then re- solv'd to take my flight for ever for ever from her
dan- - - gerous Sight but then in dreams in dreams she
Charmes of Charmes and as se- vere at length at length I found at length at length I
found I found I must I found I must I must I must endure what she what She or death cou'd only
cure at length I found I found I must I must I must endure what She what she or Death cou'd only
cure at length I found I found I must I must I must endure what She or Death cou'd only
cure what She or Death cou'd only cure.

63

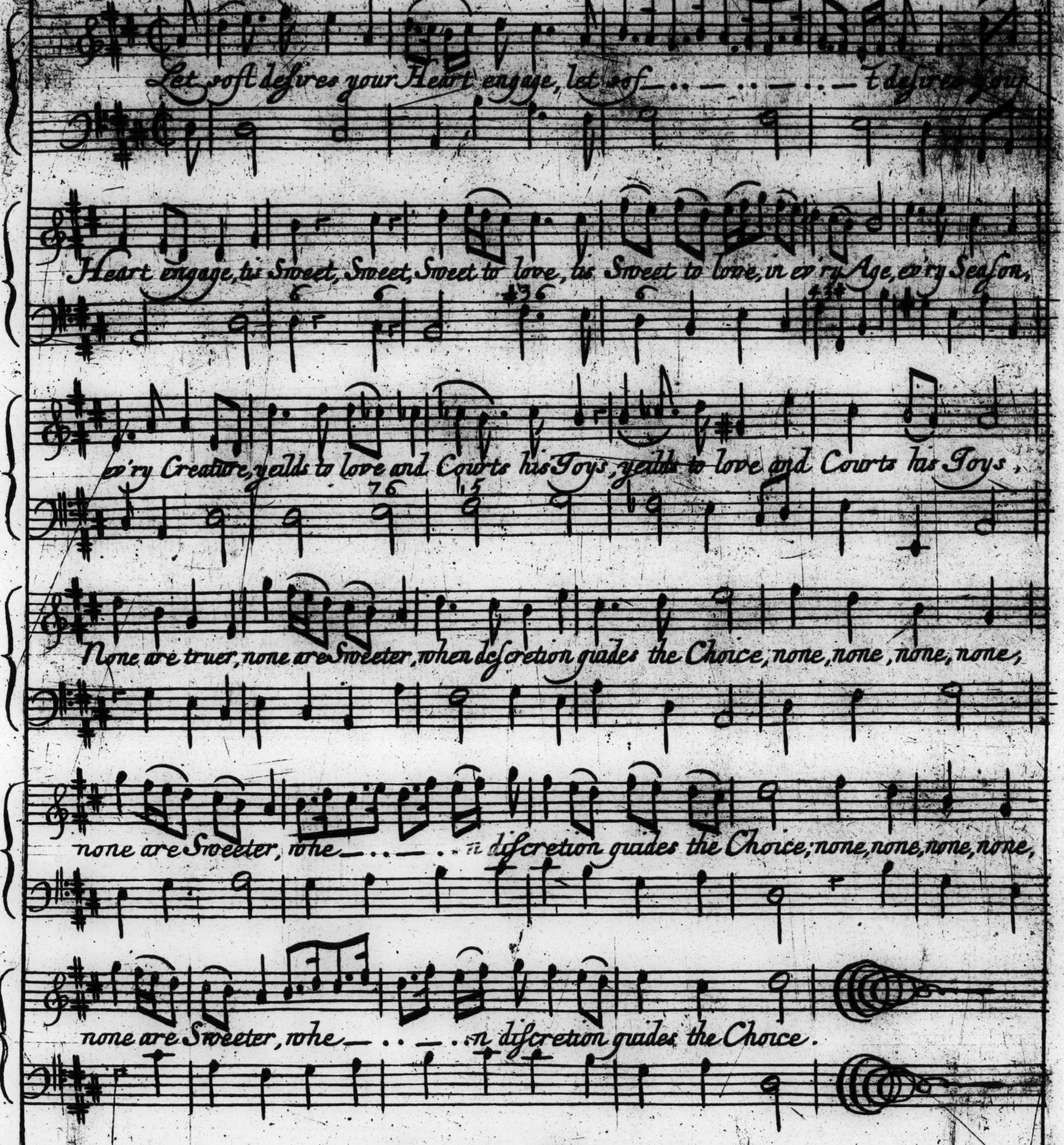
A SONG in the Comedy call'd THE WAY OF THE WORLD, the Words by Mr. Congreve, Set to Muſick by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hodgſon, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Love's but, Love's but the frai — . . — . . — . . — . . lty, the
faster
frai — . . — . . — . . — . . lty of the Mind: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When
'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd; 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not
with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Am-
-bition joyn'd, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd: When 'tis not, 'tis not with Ambition joyn'd.
A sickly, sickly, sickly Flame; a sickly, sickly, sickly Flame; which if not
fed, if not fed, expires; and feeding waſtes, and feeding waſtes in ſelf-conſuming, con-
-ſuming Fires: And feeding waſtes, and feeding waſtes in ſelf, in Self-conſuming Fires; in
ſelf, in Self-conſuming Fires. 'Tis not to wound a wa — . . — . . — nton, wanton

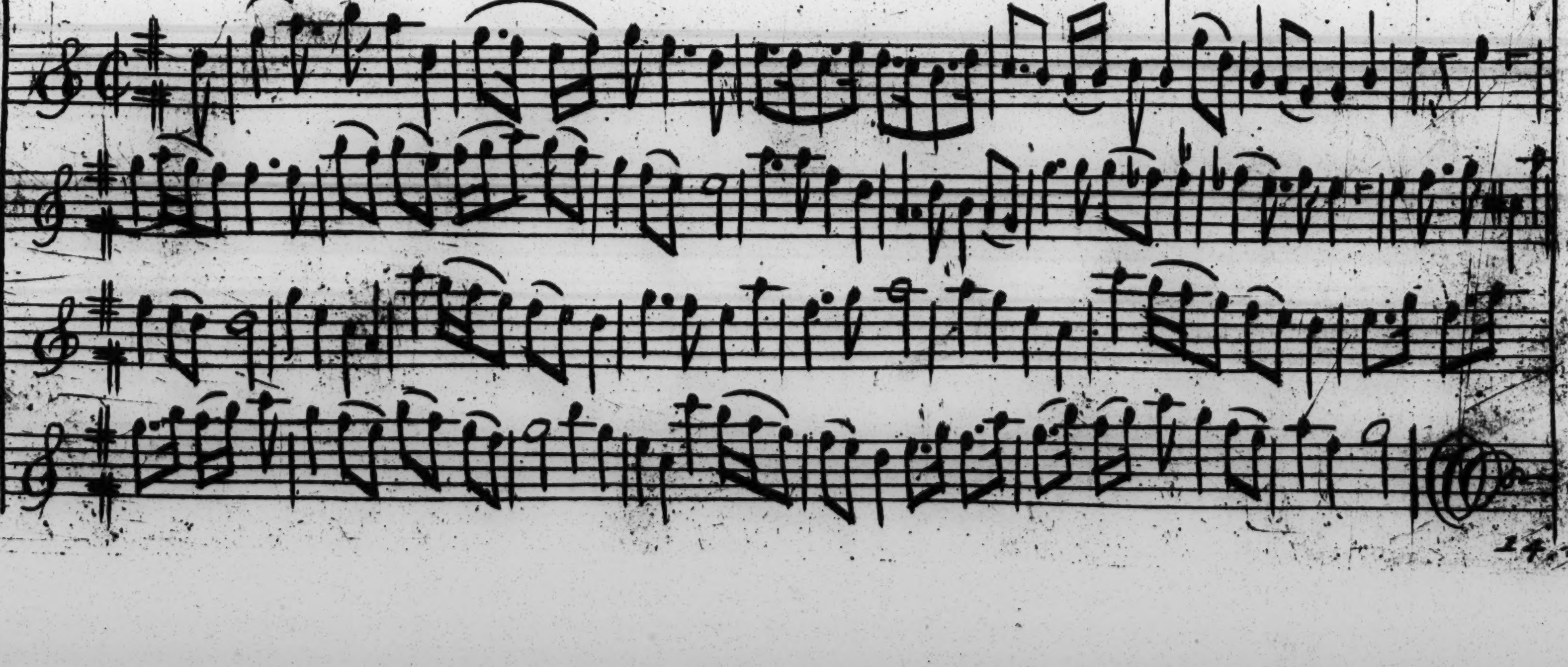

Boy; or Am'rous Youth, y gives the Joy: But 'tis the Glo — . — . — ry, 'tis the
Glo — . — ry the Glo — . — ry, to have pierc'd a Swain, for whom inferiour Beauties
Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain; for whom inferiour Beauties Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain; for whom inferiour Beauties
Sigh'd, Sigh'd in vain. Then I slow the Co — nquest the Co — . — .
— . — . — . — nquest prize; when I insult, when I insult, when I insult a Rival's
Eyes: When I insult, when I insult, when I insult a Rival's Eyes. If there's de=
=light, delight in Love; 'tis when I see, 'tis when I see that Heart, which Others
bleed for, bleed for me: 'Tis when I see, 'tis when I see that Heart, which Others
bleed for, bleed for me; that Heart which Others bleed for, bleed for me, me; that
Heart which Others bleed for, bleed, bleed for me.

K

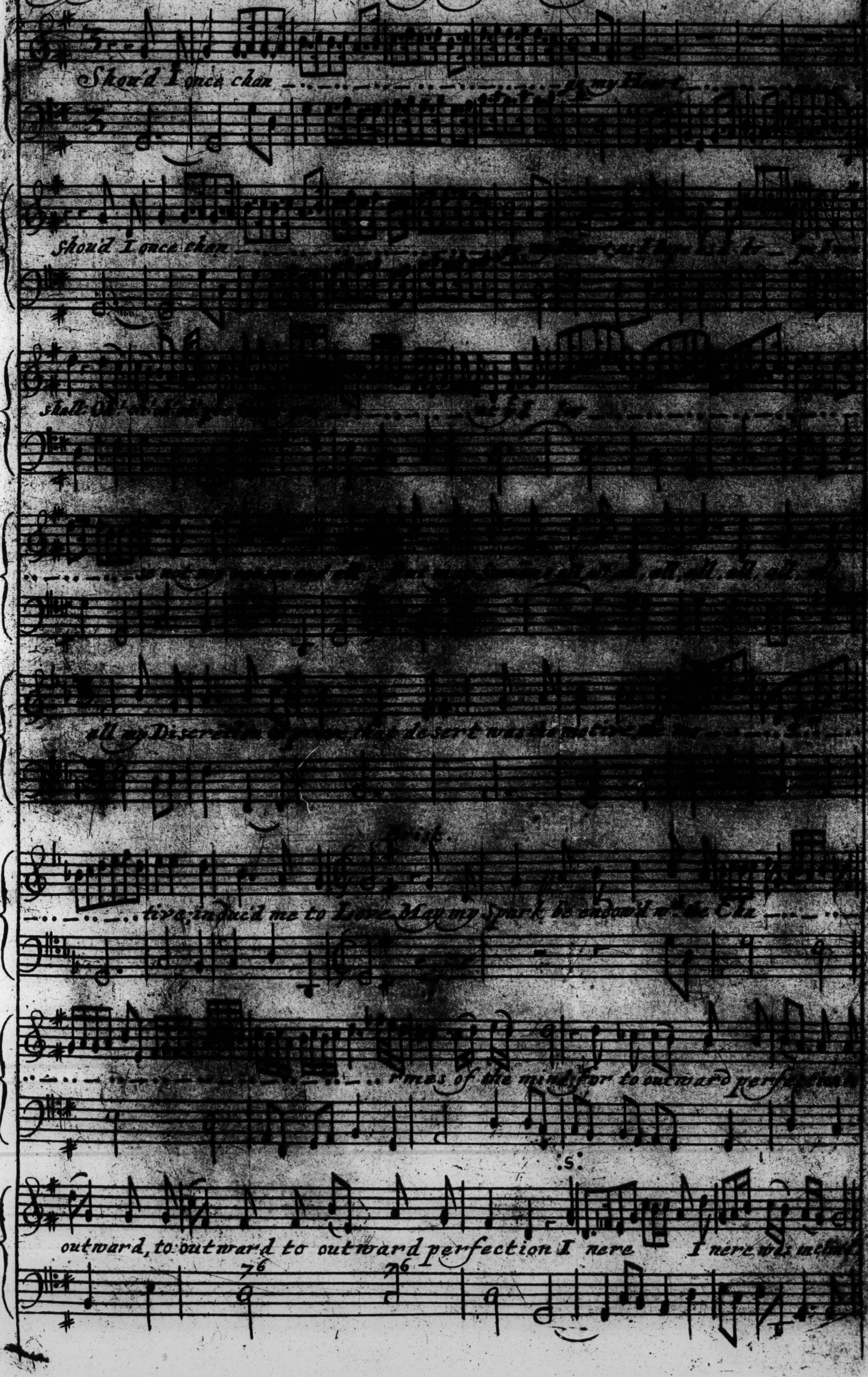
# A SONG, in the Opera call'd the Island-Princess, Set by Mr Leveridge, Sung by Mrs Campion, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

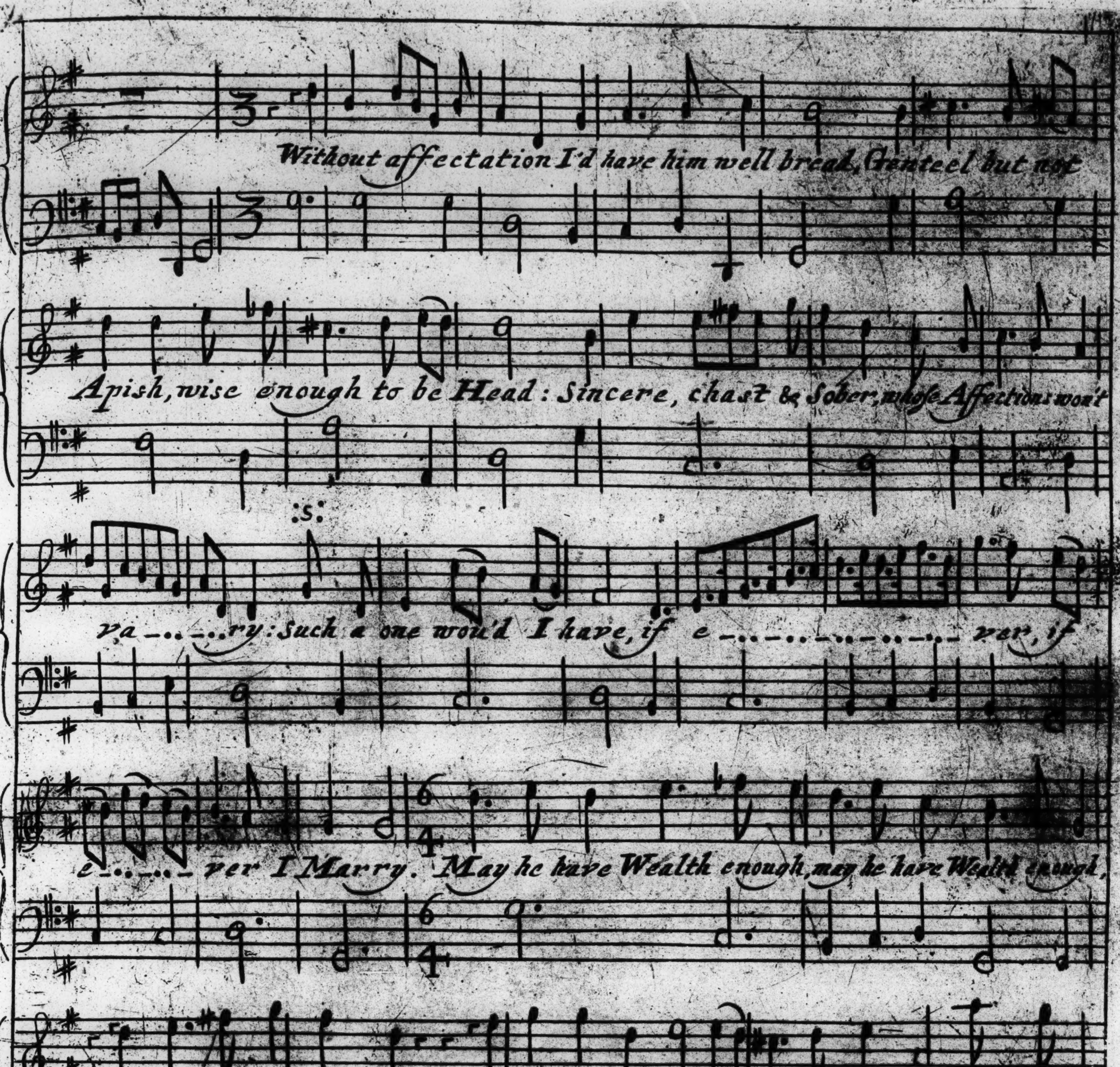

Let soft desires your Heart engage, let sof- - - - - - - - t desires your
Heart engage, tis Sweet, Sweet, Sweet to love, tis Sweet to love, in ev'ry Age, ev'ry Season,
ev'ry Creature, yeilds to love and Courts his Joys, yeilds to love and Courts his Joys,
None are truer, none are Sweeter, when descretion guides the Choice, none, none, none, none,
none are Sweeter, whe- - - - - n descretion guides the Choice; none, none, none, none,
none are Sweeter, whe- - - - - n descretion guides the Choice.
6
#3 6
6
4 #
7 6
6 5

## For the Flute.



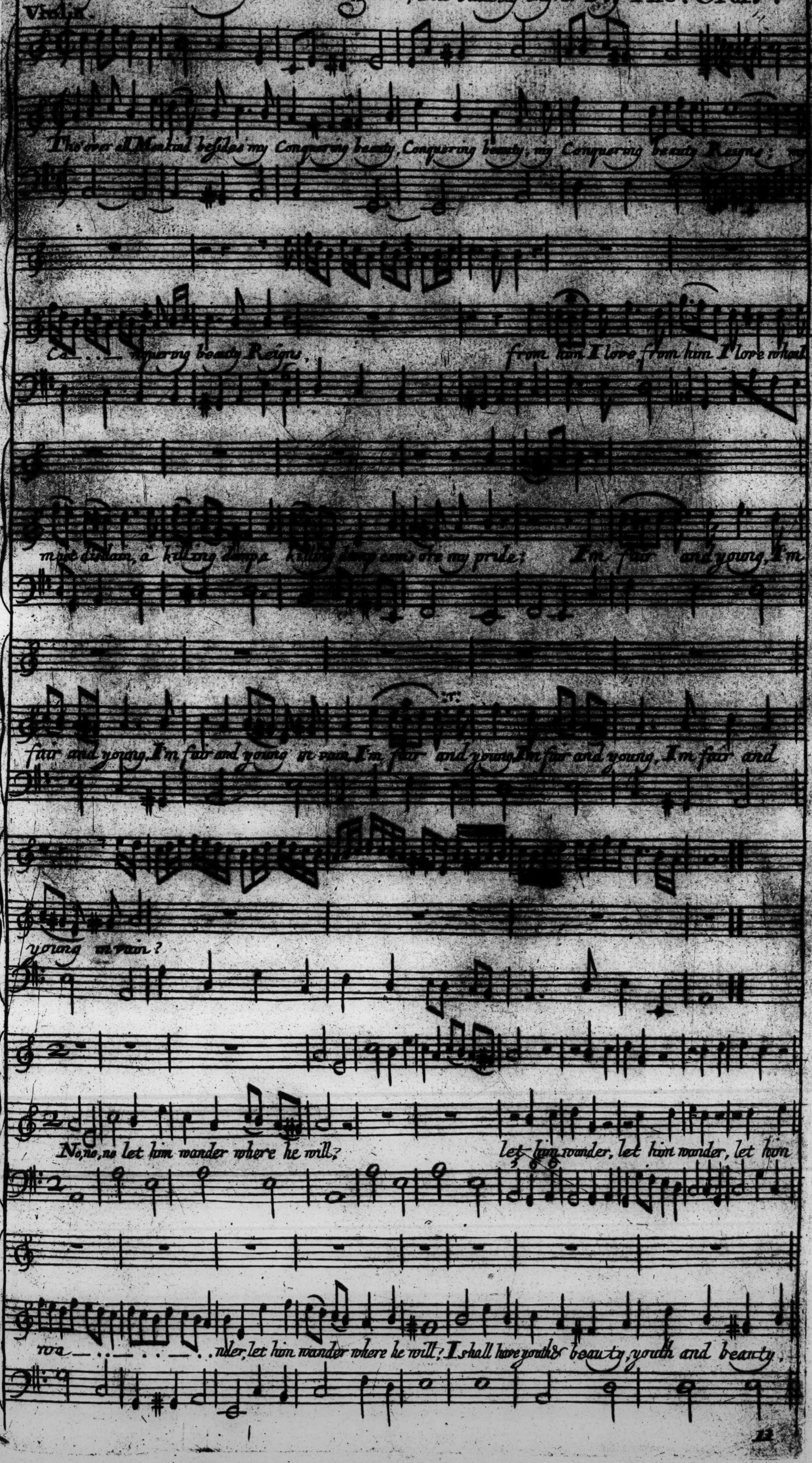
# A Song in the Comedy call'd ÆSOPE set by Mr. Leveridge.
Sung by Mrs. Croſs. and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

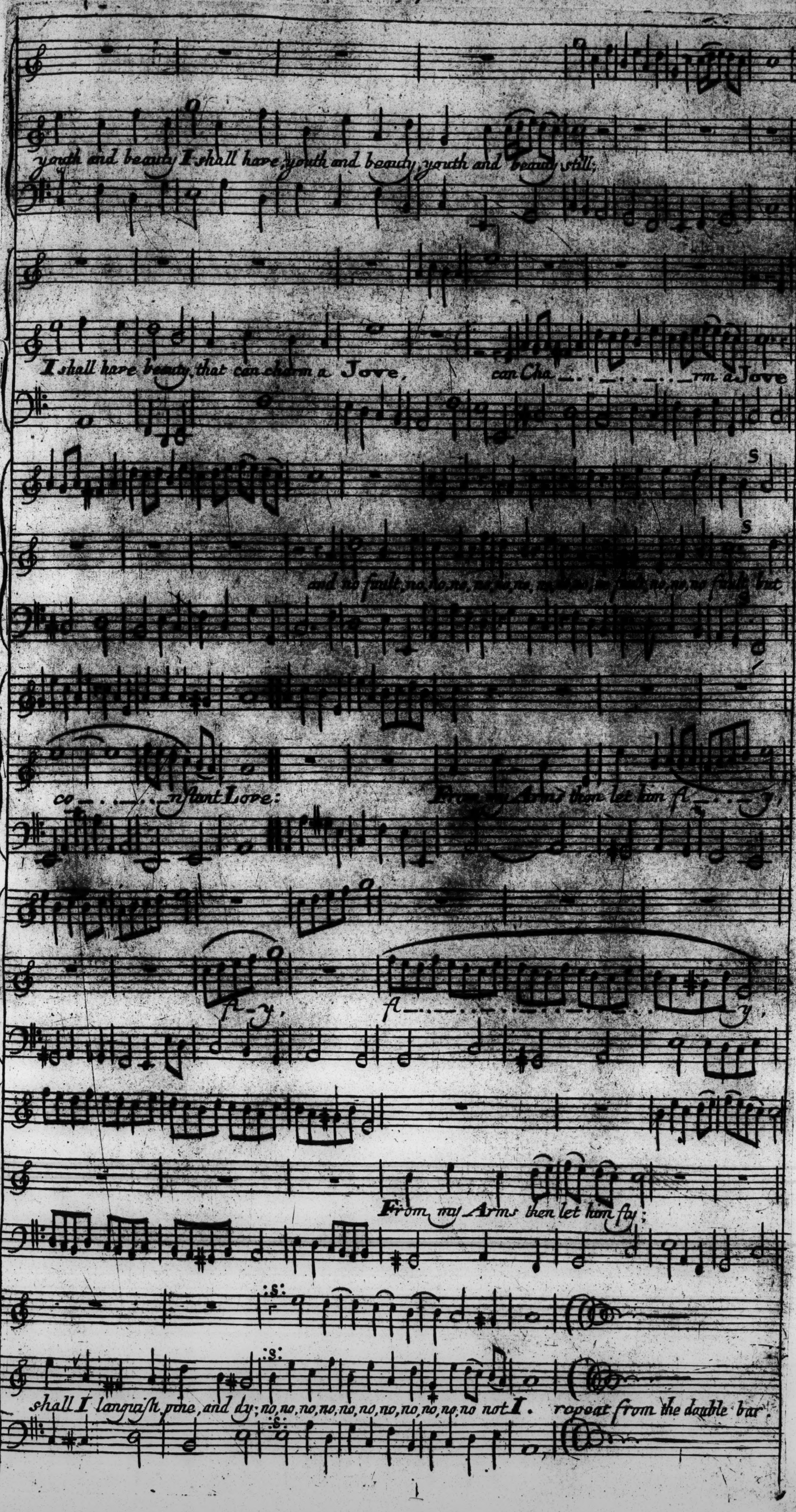

Shou'd I once chan ... ge my Heart
shou'd I once chan ...
shall ...
all my Discretion to prove, that desert was the motive ...
Brisk.
... tive induc'd me to Love May my Spark be endow'd wth. the Cha ...
... rmes of the mind for to outward perfection
outward, to outward to outward perfection I nere I nere was inclin'd
76
76
:S:


Without affectation I'd have him well bread, Genteel but not
Apish, wise enough to be Head: Sincere, chast & Sober, whose Affections won't
va...ry: Such a one wou'd I have, if e..........ver, if
e.....ver I Marry. May he have Wealth enough, may he have Wealth enough,
from want to preserve us; & that wth Content, and that with Content will Suf=
=fitiantly serve us; and that with Content, & that with Con..........
..........tent, will Suffitiantly Serve us.

Printed and Sold by Tho: Croſs. and are to be Sold at the Musick Shops.

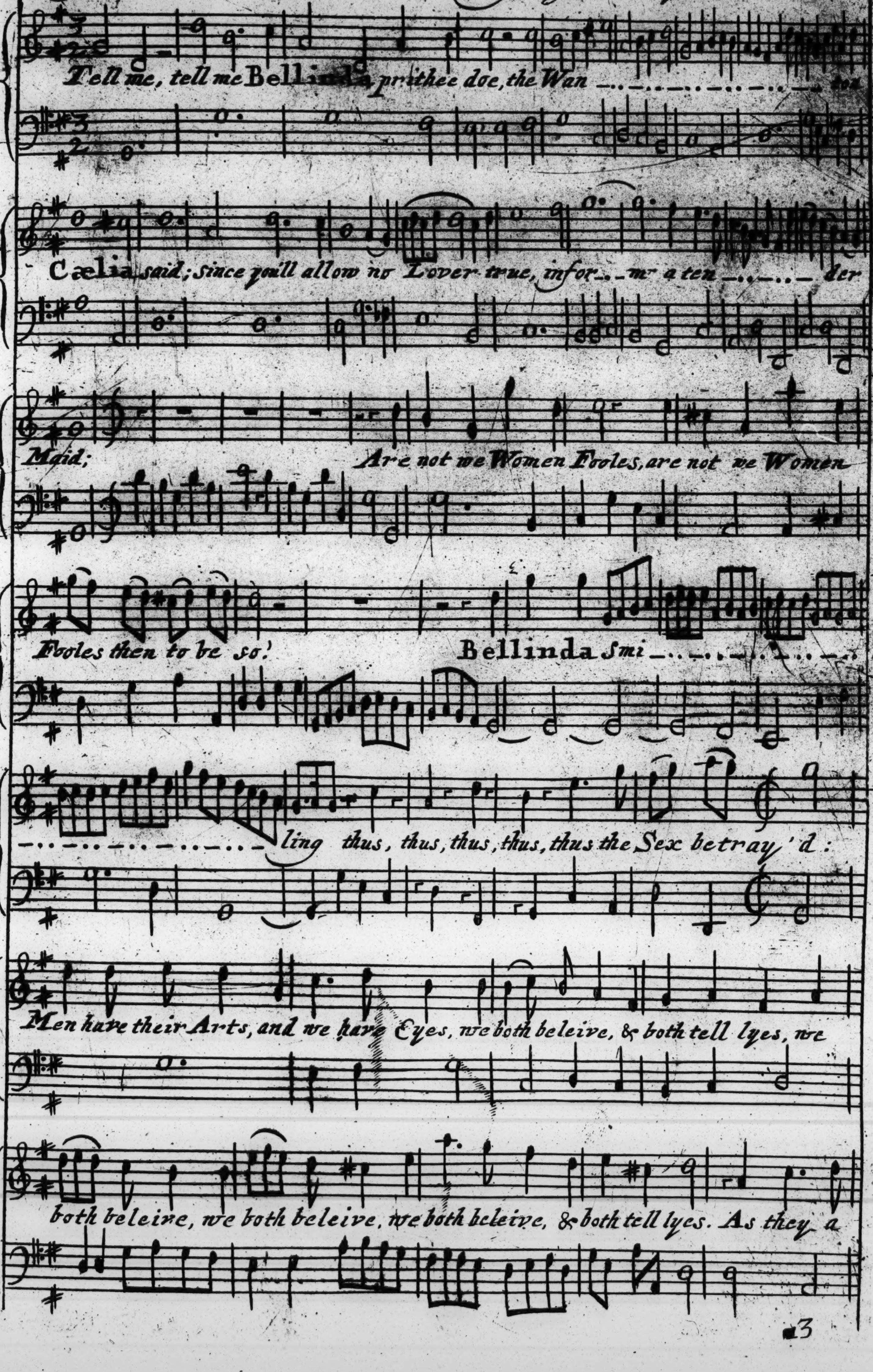
# A Song made for the Entertainment of her Royal Highneſs, Set by Mr. Leveridge, Sung by Mrs. Lindſey, in Caligula; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

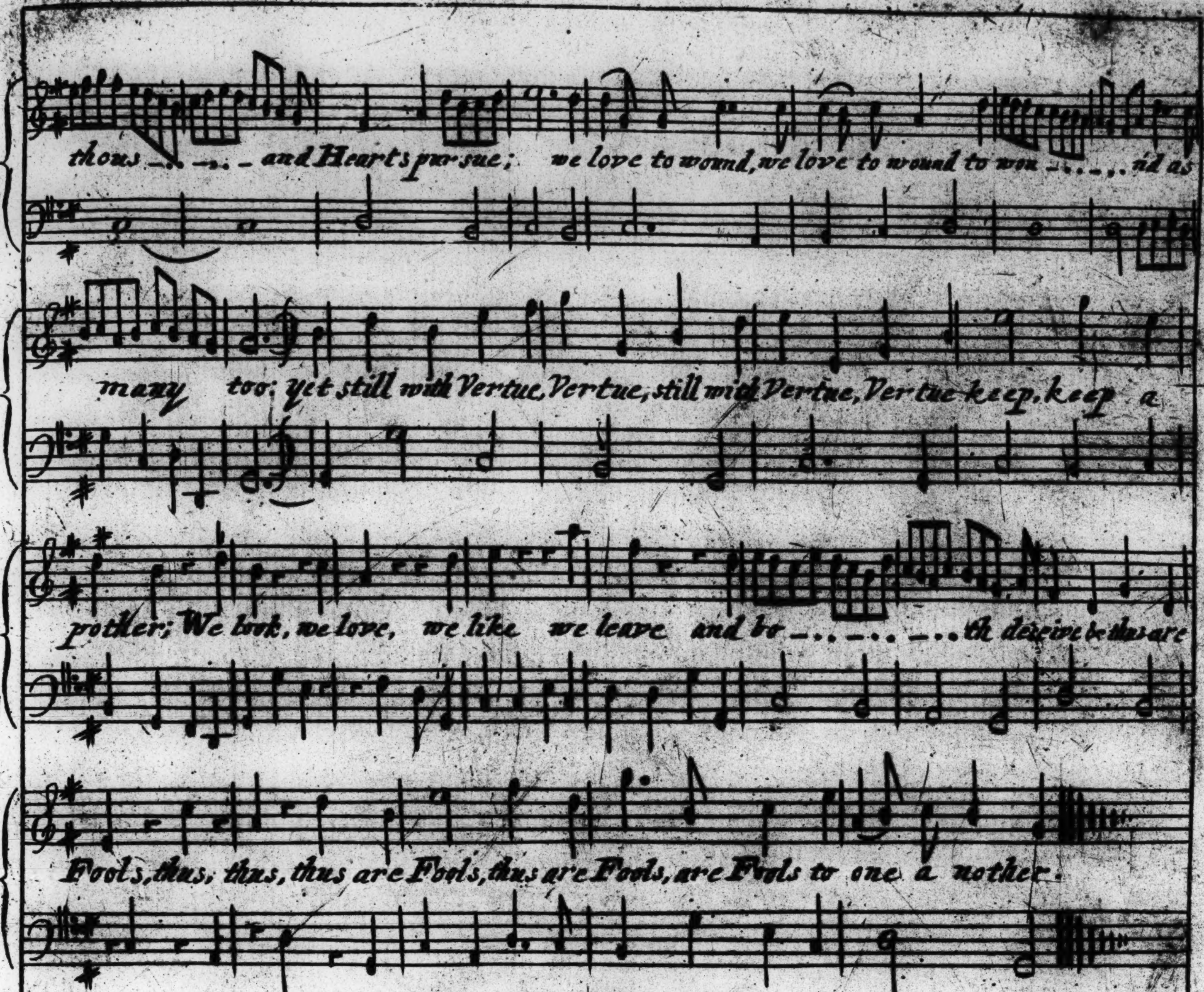

Violin.
Tho' over all Mankind beſides my Conquering beauty, Conquering beauty, my Conquering beauty Reigns; my
Co..._ nquering beauty Reigns, from him I love, from him I love what
meet disdain, a killing damp a killing damp comes ore my pride; I'm fair and young, I'm
fair and young, I'm fair and young in vain, I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young, I'm fair and
young in vain?
No, no, no let him wander where he will; let him wander, let him wander, let him
wa___..___..___..nder, let him wander where he will; I shall have youth & beauty, youth and beauty,
5 6 6


youth and beauty I shall have, youth and beauty, youth and beauty still;
I shall have beauty, that can charm a Jove, can Cha.........rm a Jove
and no fault, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no fault, no, no, no fault, but
co.........nstant Love:
From my Arms then let him fl.......y,
fl—y, fl..................y,
From my Arms then let him fly;
shall I languiſh, pine, and dy; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no not I. repeat from the double bar.

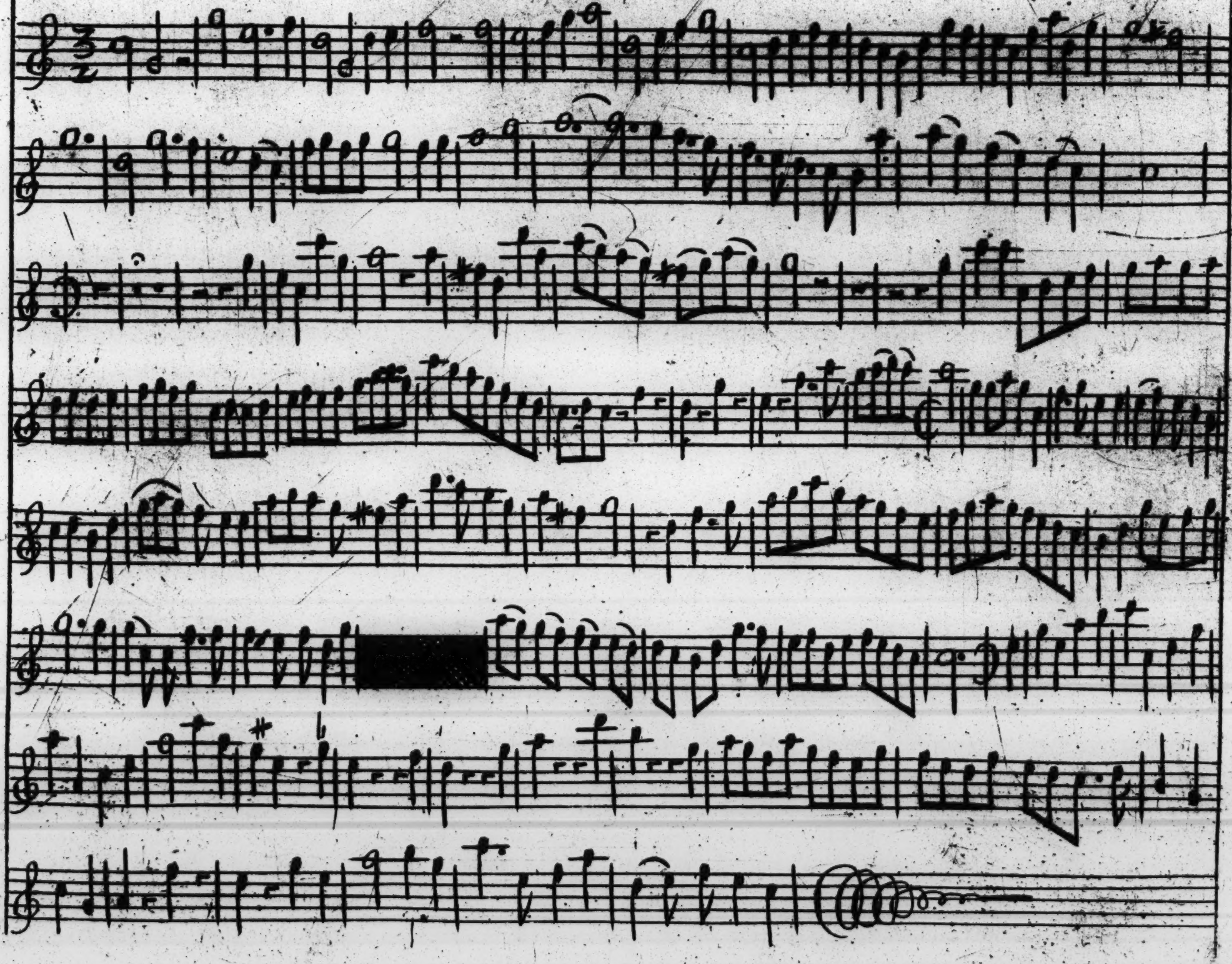
A Song in the Lady in faſhion set by Mr Leveridge
Sung by Mrs. Cibber and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs

k

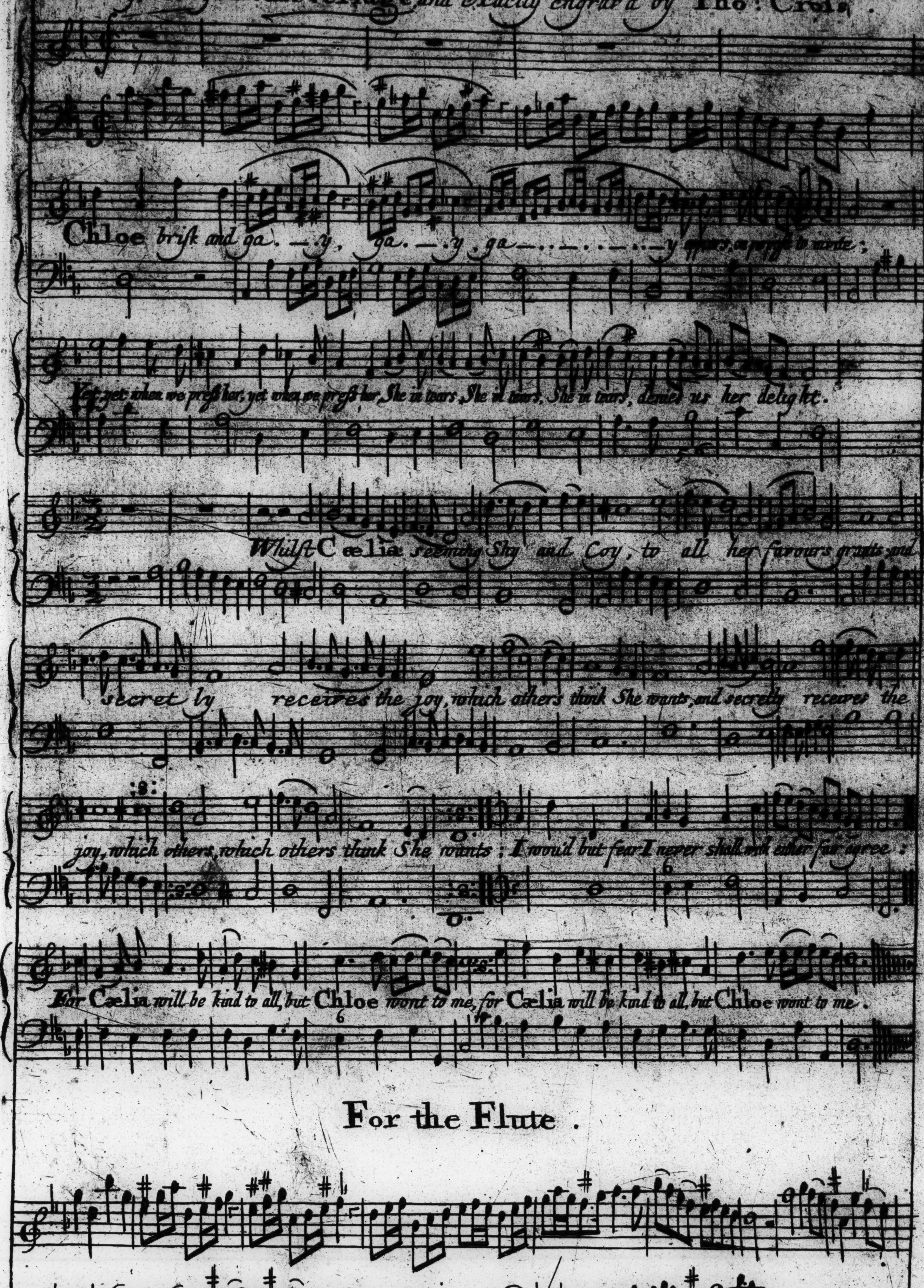

Tell me, tell me Bellinda prithee doe, the Wan - - - - - ton
Cælia said; since you'll allow no Lover true, infor - - m a ten - - - der
Maid; Are not we Women Fooles, are not we Women
Fooles then to be so! Bellinda Smi - - - - - -
- - - - - - ling thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the Sex betray'd:
Men have their Arts, and we have Eyes, we both beleive, & both tell lyes, we
both beleive, we both beleive, we both beleive, & both tell lyes. As they a


thous ........ and Hearts pursue; we love to wound, we love to wound to wou .......nd as
many too: yet still with Vertue, Vertue, still with Vertue, Vertue keep, keep a
pother; We look, we love, we like we leave and bo.........th deceive be thus are
Fools, thus, thus, thus are Fools, thus are Fools, are Fools to one a nother.

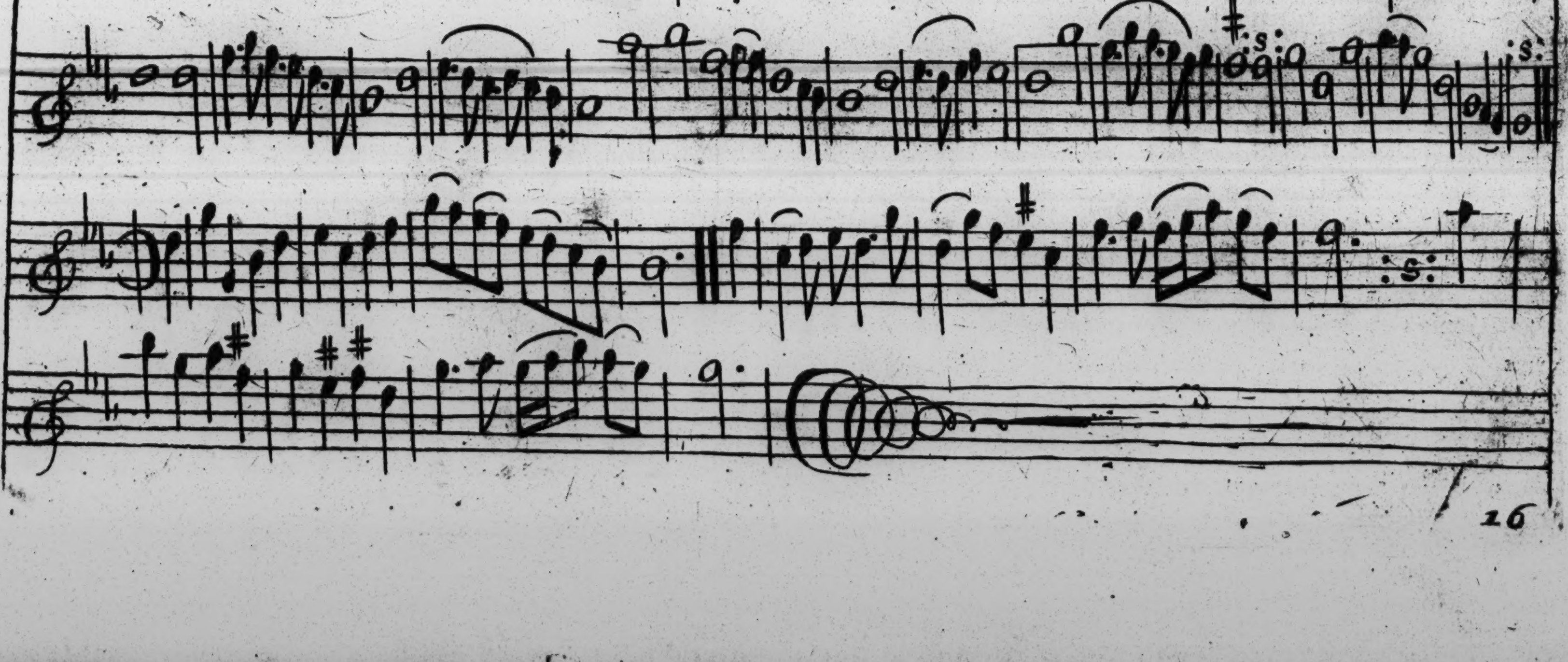
## For the Flute.



## A Song Set by Mr. Leveridge and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Chloe brisk and ga.—y, ga.—y, ga—.—.—.—.—.—y appears, as purpose to invite;
Yet, yet when we press her, yet when we press her, She in tears, She in tears, She in tears, denies us her delight.
Whilst Cælia seeming Shy and Coy, to all her favours grants, and
secretly receives the joy, which others think She wants, and secretly receives the
joy, which others, which others think She wants; I would but fear I never shall with either fair agree:
For Cælia will be kind to all, but Chloe wont to me, for Cælia will be kind to all, but Chloe wont to me.
6
6

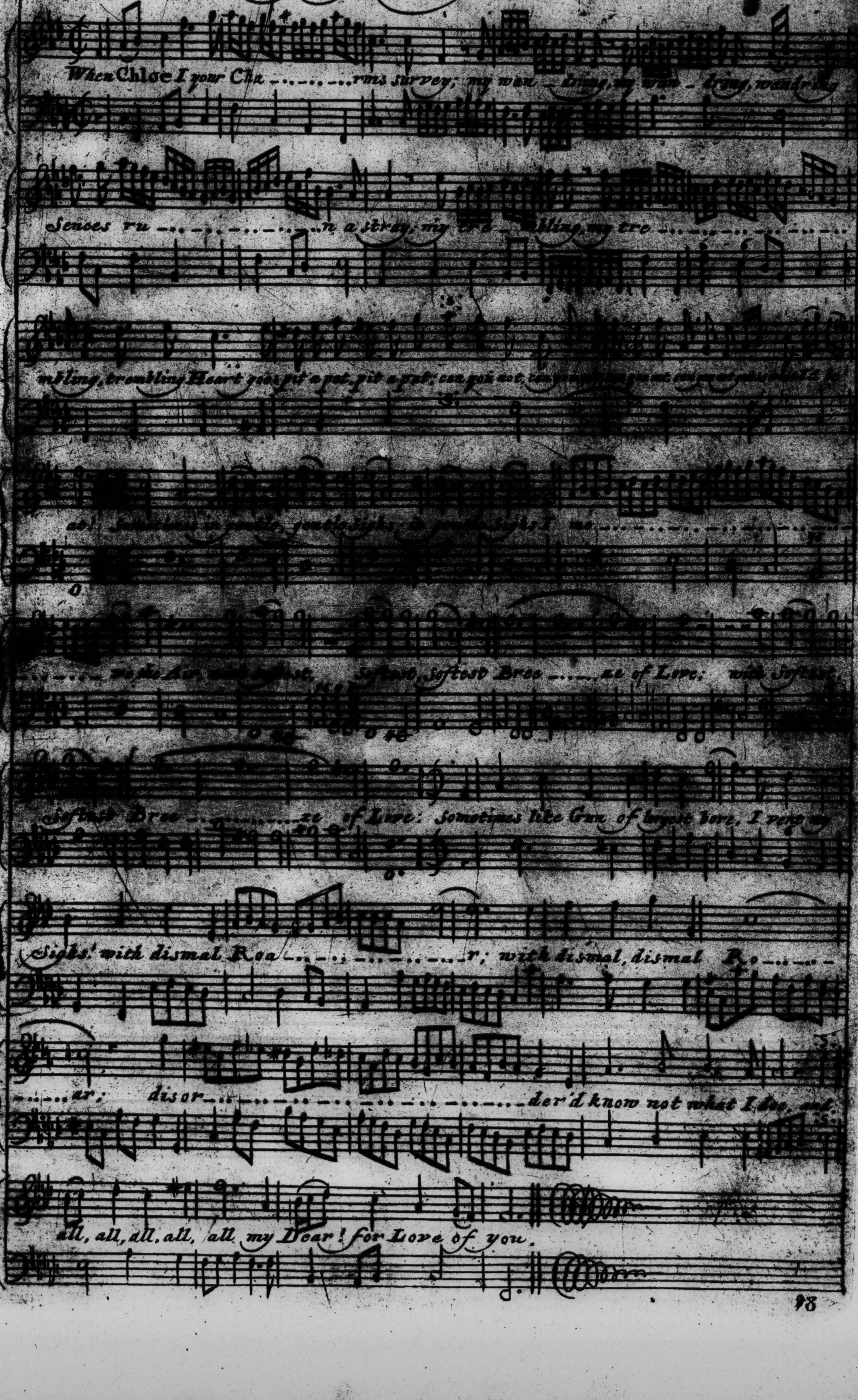
## For the Flute .



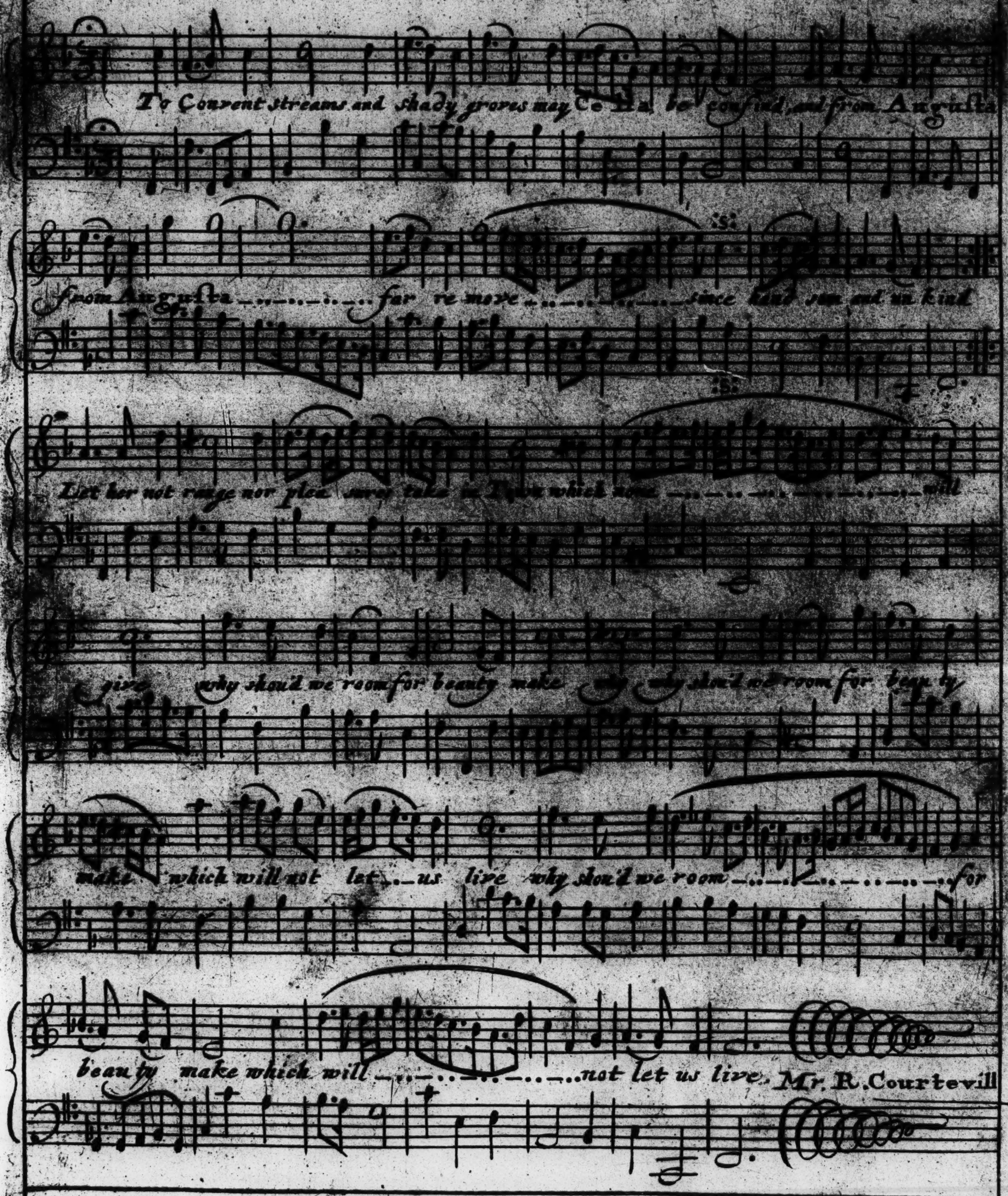
69

K

# A Song in the Plot and no Plot, set and Sung by Mr Leveridge and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


When Chloe I your Cha...rms survey; my wan - dring, my wan - dring, wandring
Senses ru...n a stray, my tre - mbling, my tre...
mbling, trembling Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat; can you not,
at: Sometimes in gentle, gentle Sighs, in gentle Sighs I mo...
...ve the Air, with softest, Softest, Softest Bree...ze of Love; with Softest,
Softest Bree...ze of Love: Sometimes like Gun of largest bore, I vent my
Sighs with dismal Roa...r; with dismal, dismal Ro...
...ar; disor...der'd know not what I doe, and
all, all, all, all, all my Dear! for Love of you.

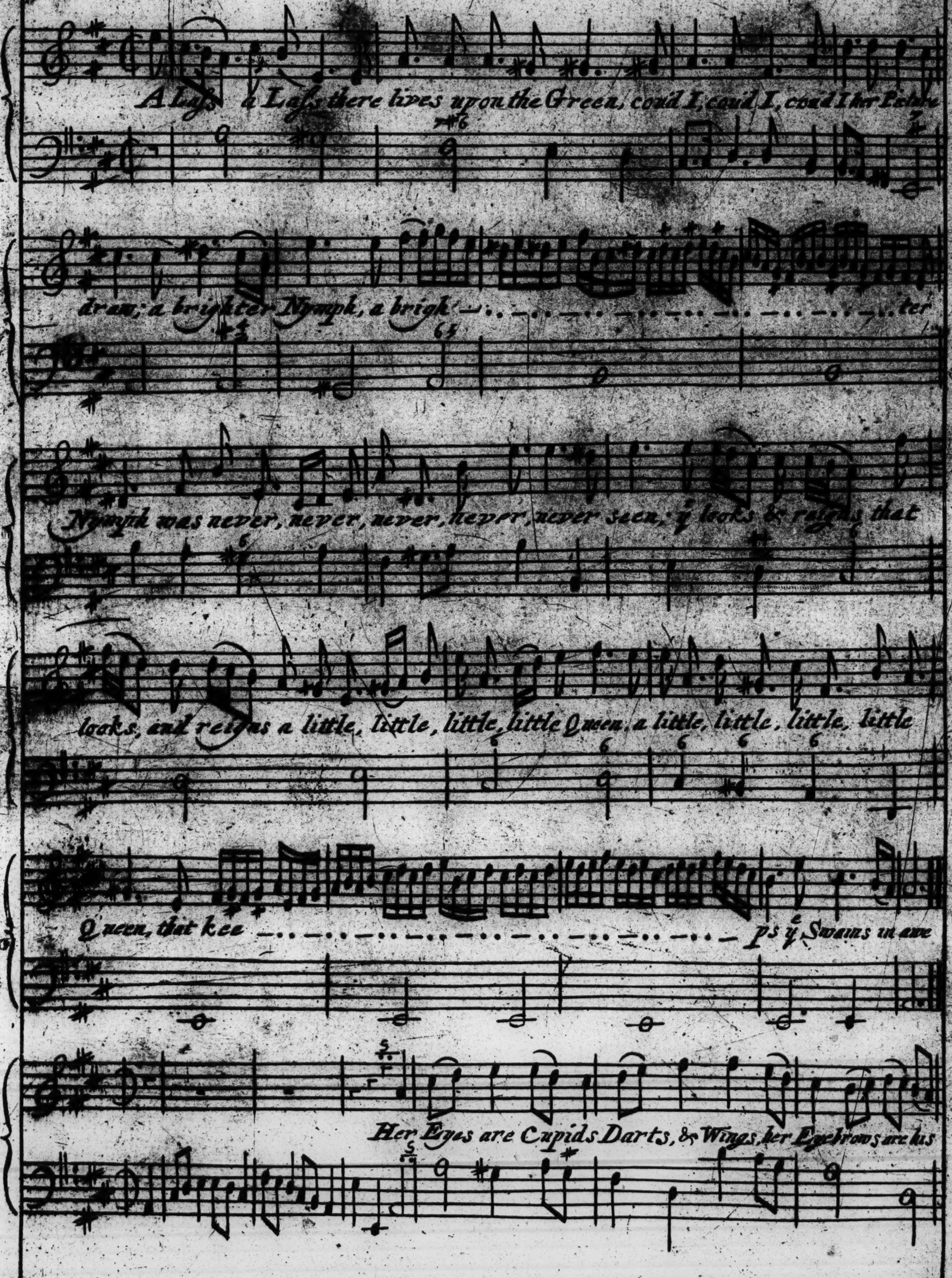
# A Song ſung by Mrs Aliff in ye Play call'd Duke & no Duk

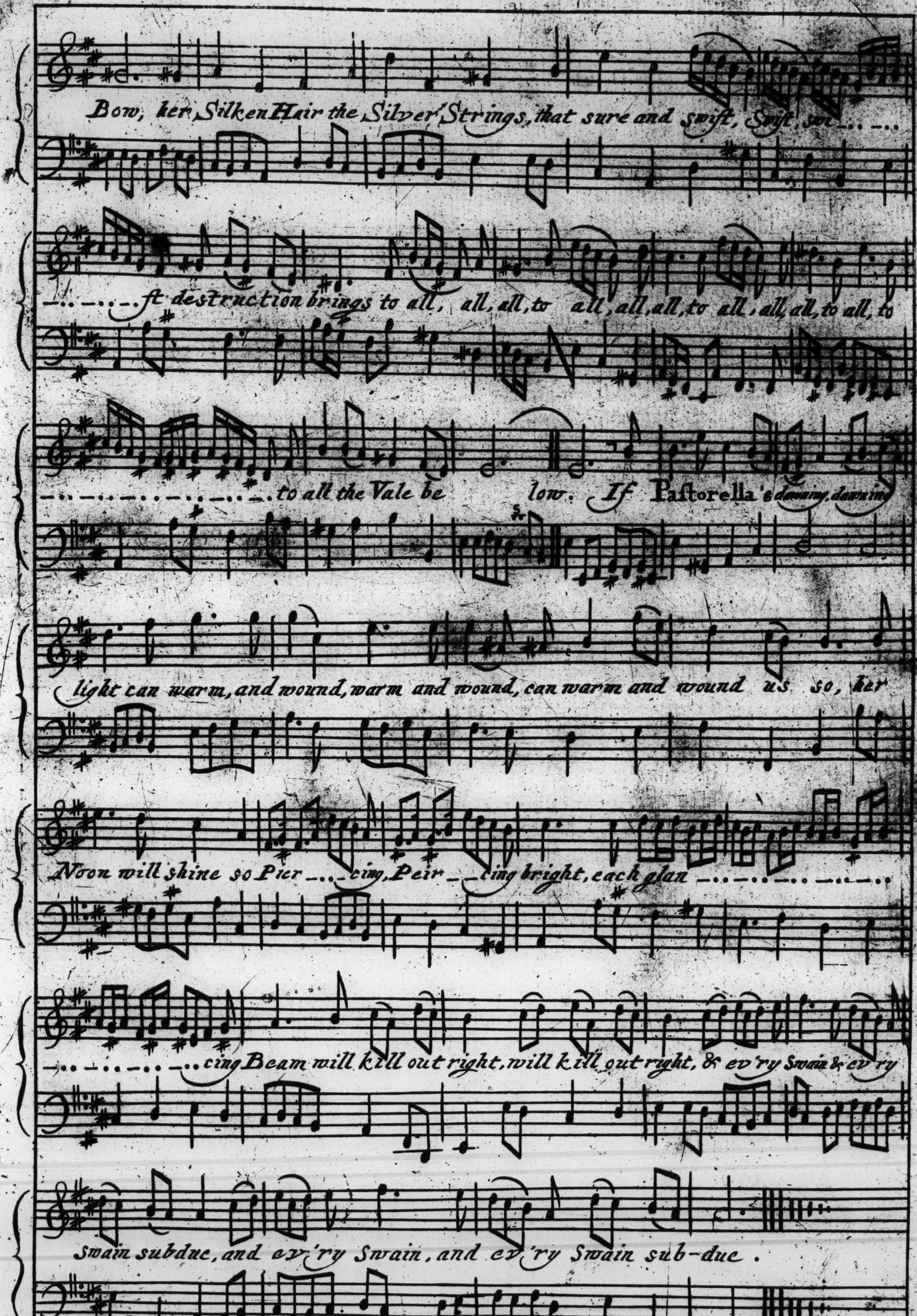

To Convent streams and shady groves may Celia be confin'd, and from Augusta
from Augusta far re-move since hard [illegible] and un kind
Let her not range nor plea-sures take in Town which now will
give why shou'd we room for beauty make why why shou'd we room for beau ty
make which will not let us live why shou'd we room for
beauty make which will not let us live.
Mr. R. Courtevill

Eternal pains like those of hell
Who her admire endure
She all ways knows to wound to well
Yet never works a cure
How wou'd the State the burthen bare
If in the Throne were seen
As in Loves Empire we do fear
A Tyrant for a Queen.

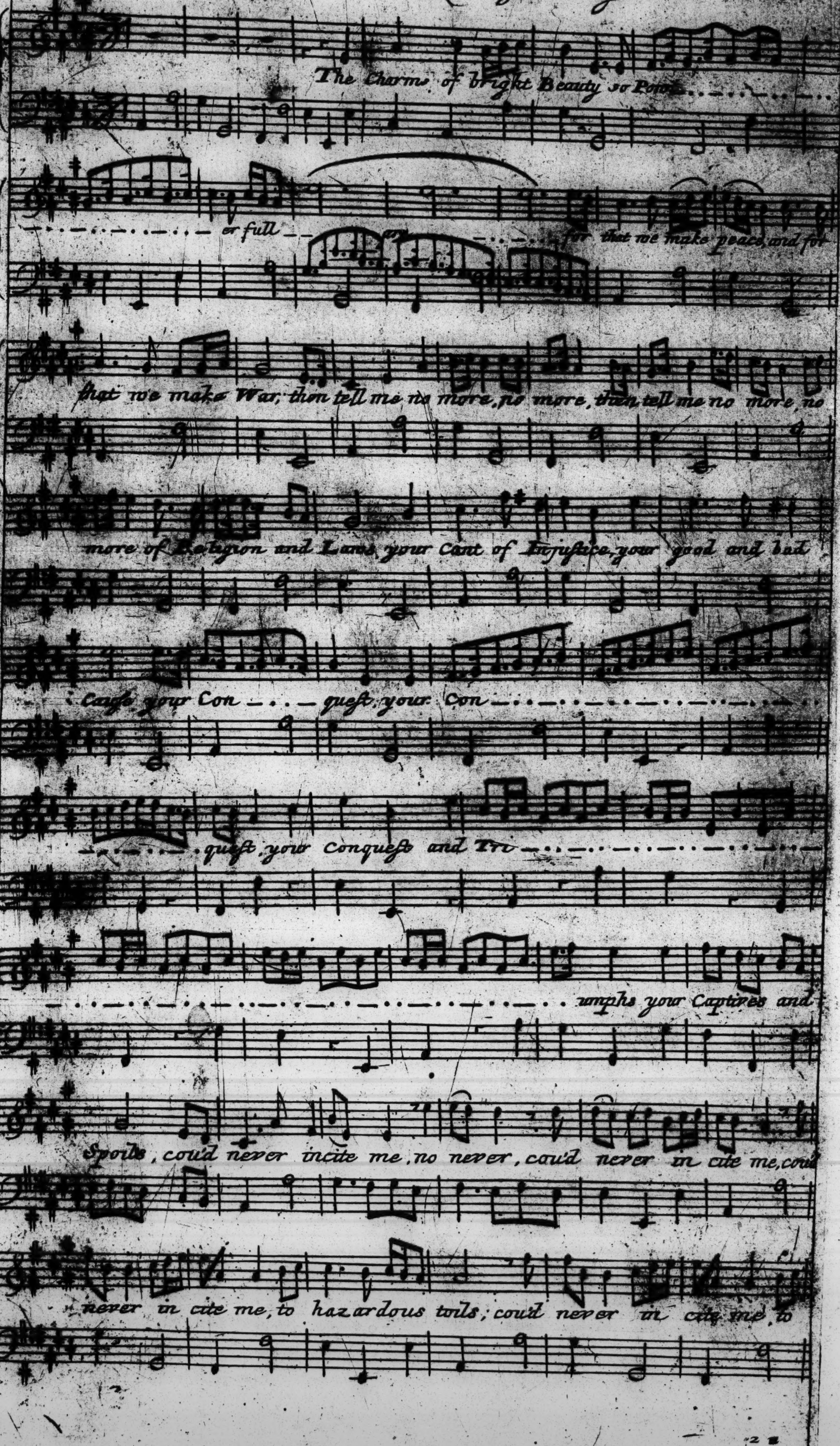
# A Song in the Play call'd *Oroonoko* Set by Mr. *Courtevill* Sung by the Boy and exactly engrav'd by *Tho: Croſs.*

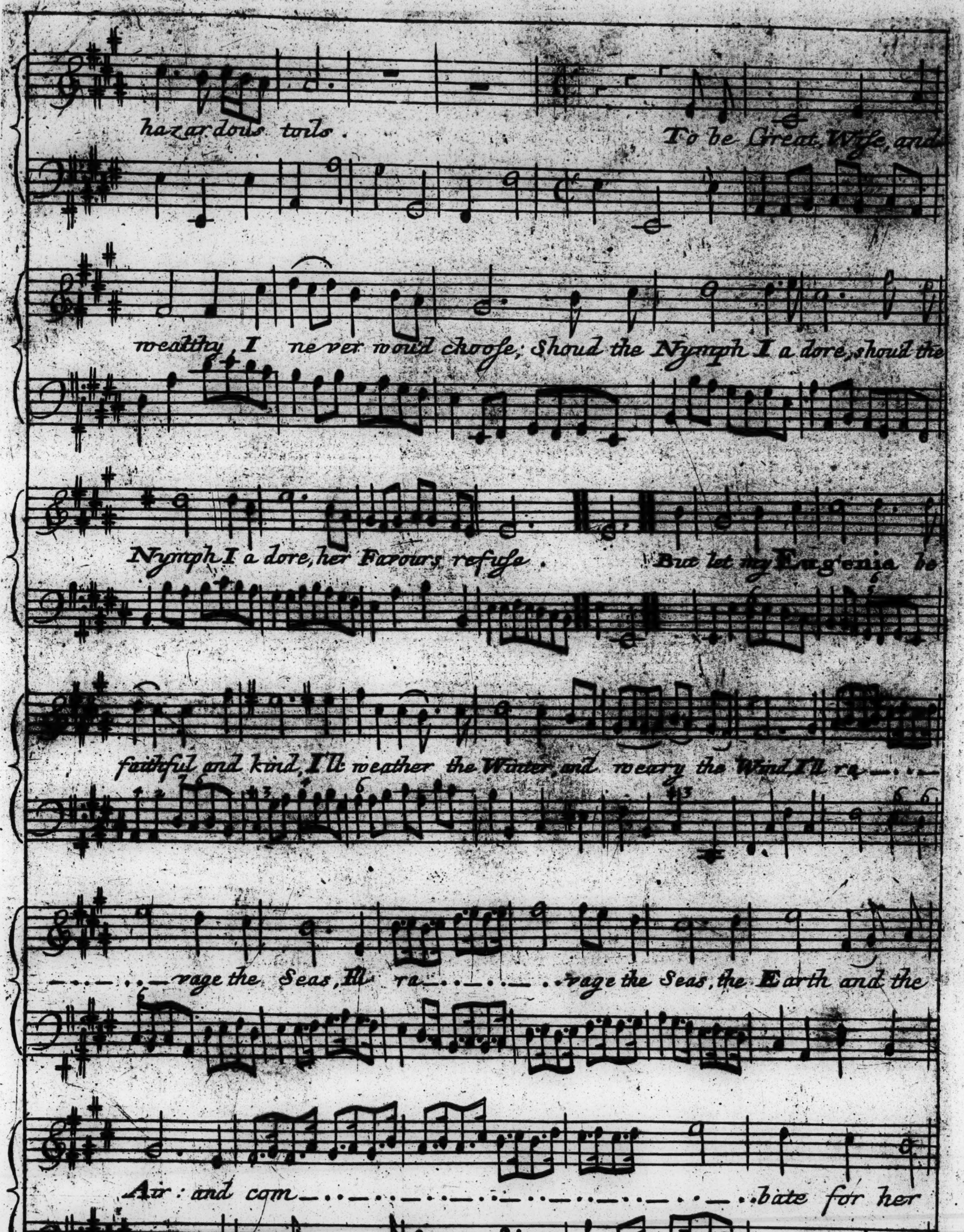
1/C


A Laſs a Laſs there lives upon the Green, coud I, coud I, coud I her Picture
draw; a brighter Nymph, a brigh—ter
Nymph was never, never, never, never, never seen; ye looks & reigns that
looks, and reigns a little, little, little, little Queen, a little, little, little, little
Queen, that kee—ps ye Swains in awe
Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, & Wings, her Eyebrows are his


Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and swift, Swift, swi....—...
—...—...—...ft destruction brings to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to
—...—...—...—...—...—...to all the Vale be low. If Pastorella's dawning, dawning
light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us so, her
Noon will shine so Pier—...cing, Peir—cing bright, each glan—...—...—...—...
—...—...—...—...cing Beam will kill out right, will kill out right, & ev'ry Swain & ev'ry
Swain subdue, and ev'ry Swain, and ev'ry Swain sub-due.

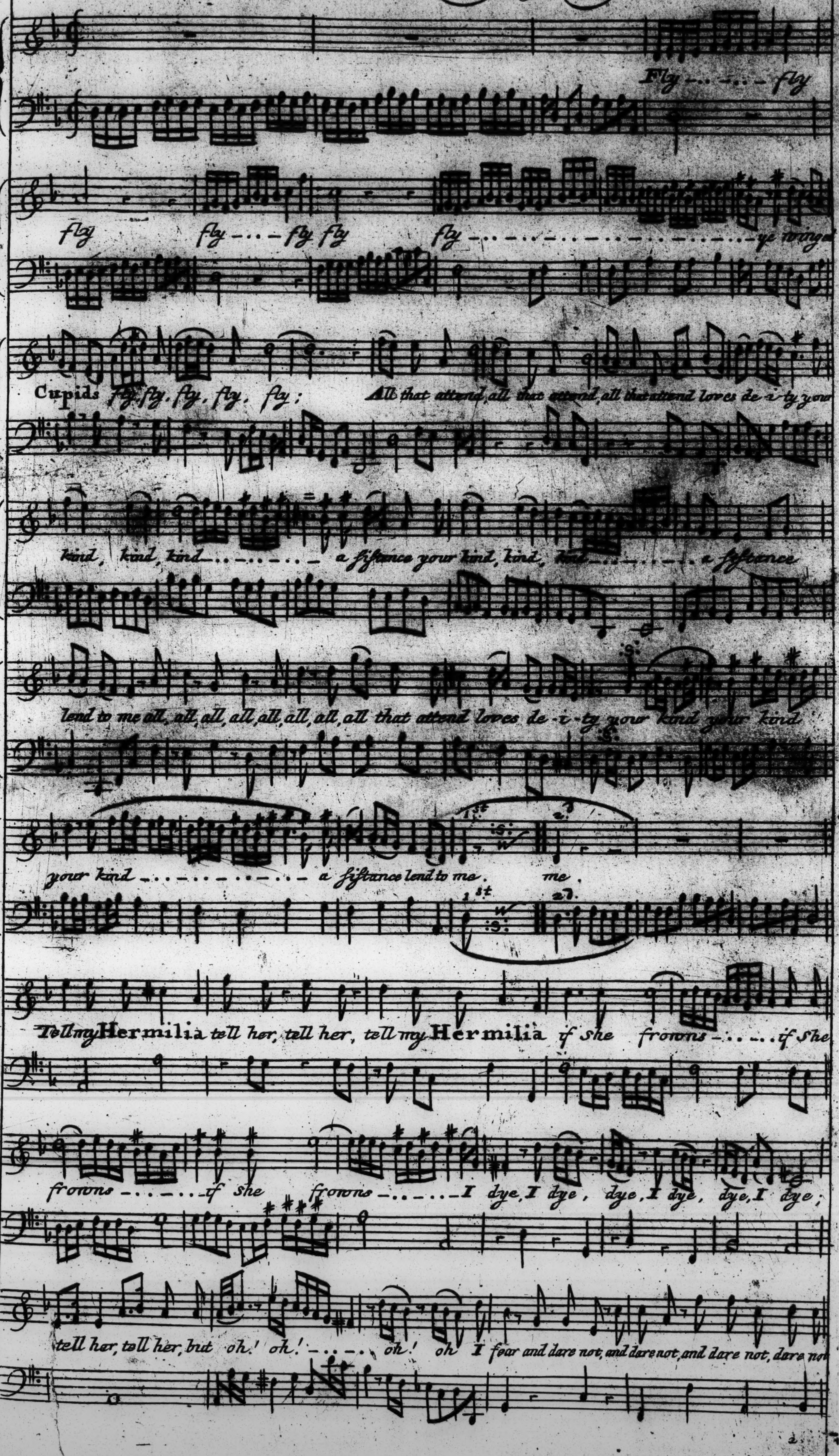
A Song the words by Capt. **Walker**, Sung in **Orenſebe** by Mrs **Hodgſon** Set to Muſick by Mr **Courtivill**, and exactly K engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs**

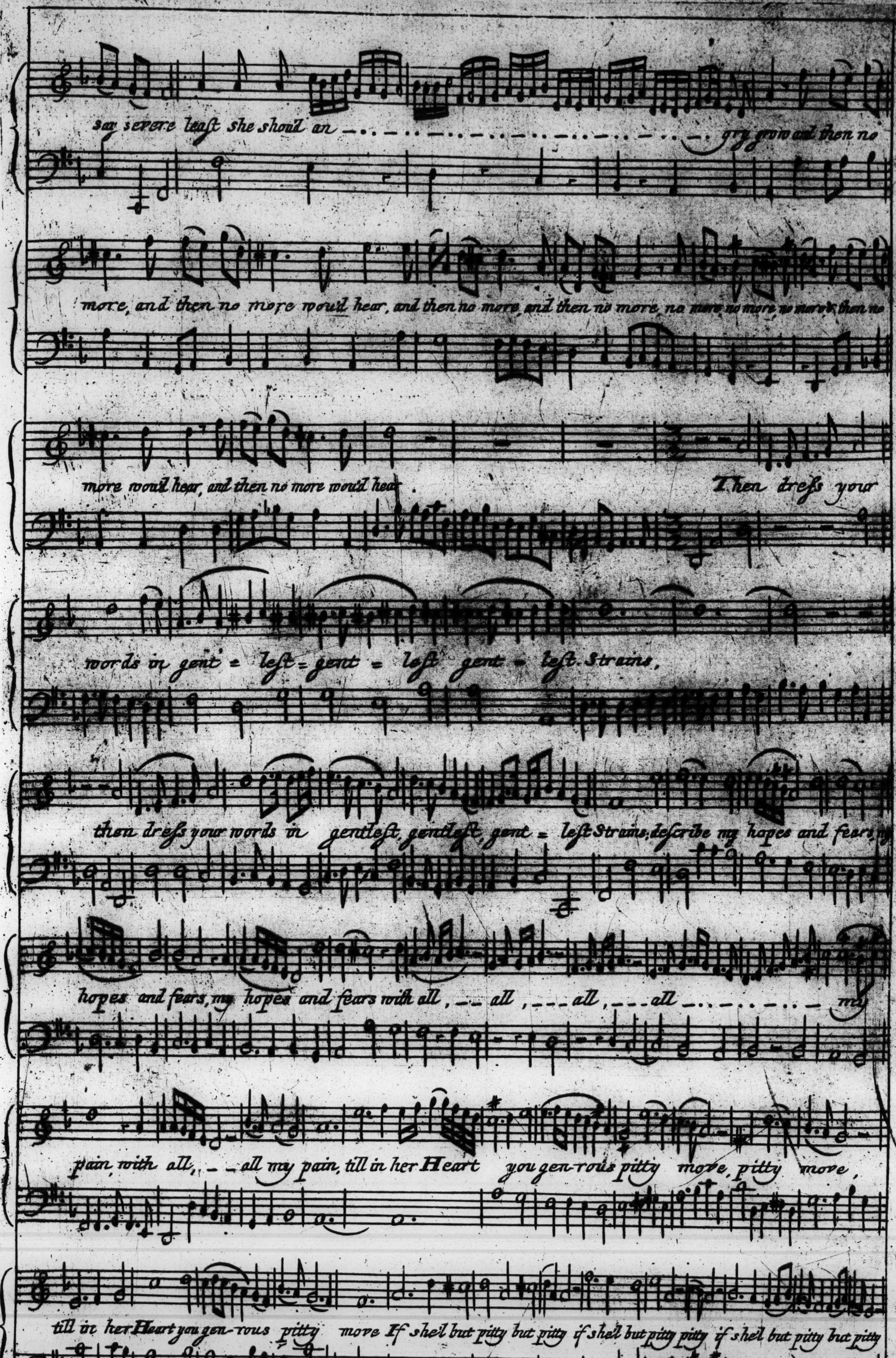

The Charms of bright Beauty so Pow- - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - er full - - - - - - - - for that we make peace, and for
that we make War, then tell me no more, no more, then tell me no more, no
more of Religion and Laws your Cant of Injustice, your good and bad
Cause your Con - - - quest your Con - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - quest, your Conquests and Tri - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - umphs your Captives and
Spoils, cou'd never incite me, no never, cou'd never in cite me, cou'd
never in cite me, to hazardous toils, cou'd never in cite me, to


hazardous toils . To be Great, Wiſe, and
wealthy, I never would chooſe; Shoud the Nymph I a dore, shoud the
Nymph I a dore, her Favours refuſe . But let my Eugenia be
faithful and kind, I'll weather the Winter and weary the Wind, I'll ra.....
.......vage the Seas, I'll ra........vage the Seas, the Earth and the
Air: and com..................bate for her
even Death; even Death, Death and Deſpair .

73

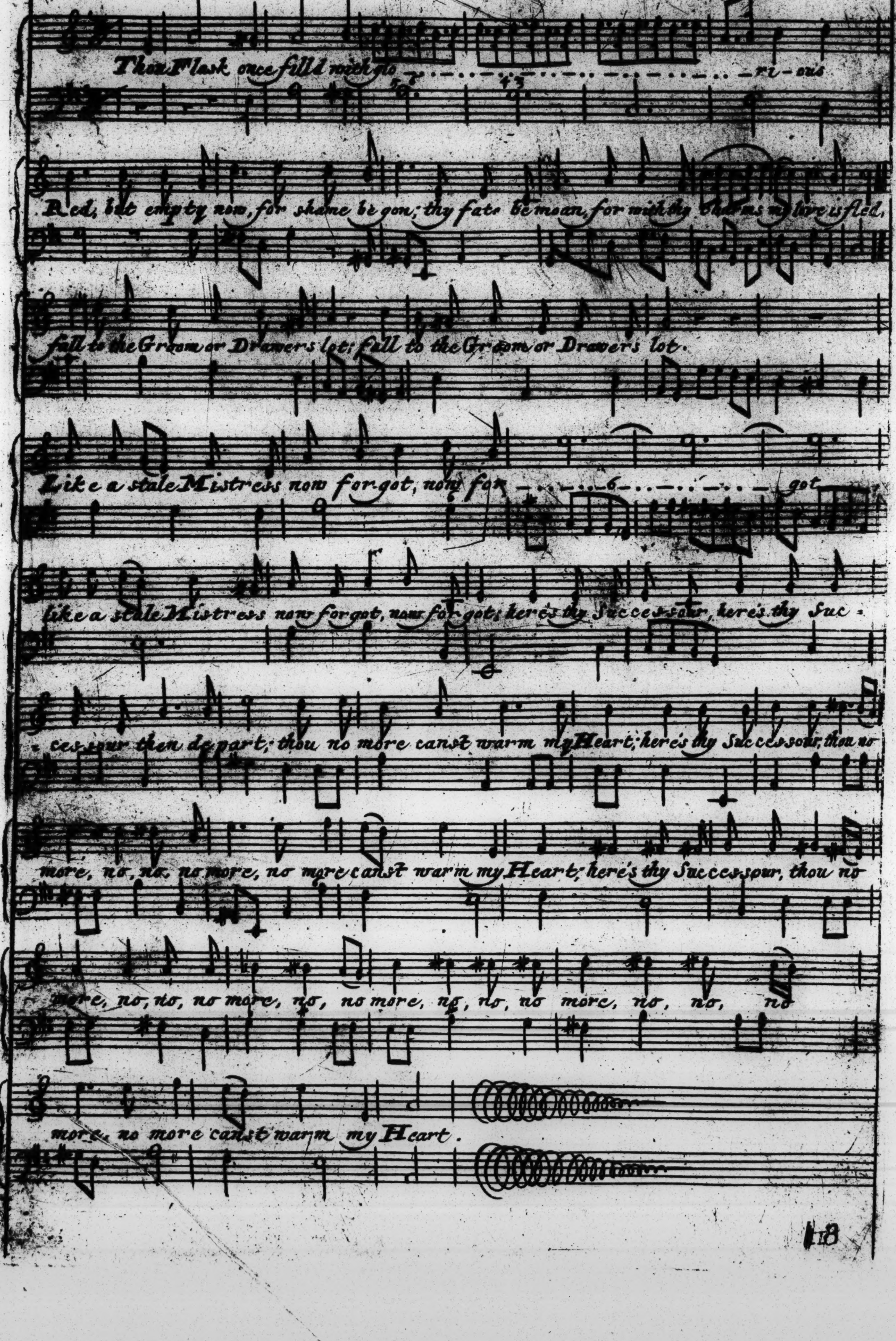
A *Song Set by* M^r^ **Courtivill**, *and exactly engrav'd by* **Tho: Croſs**


Fly ... fly
fly fly ... fly fly fly ... ye winged
Cupids fly, fly, fly, fly, fly; All that attend, all that attend, all that attend loves de-i-ty your
kind, kind, kind ... a ſiſtance your kind, kind, kind ... a ſiſtance
lend to me all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all that attend loves de-i-ty your kind your kind
your kind ... a ſiſtance lend to me. me.
1st
2d
Tell my Hermilia tell her, tell her, tell my Hermilia if she frowns ... if she
frowns ... if she frowns ... I dye, I dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye;
tell her, tell her, but oh! oh! ... oh! oh I fear and dare not, and dare not, and dare not, dare not

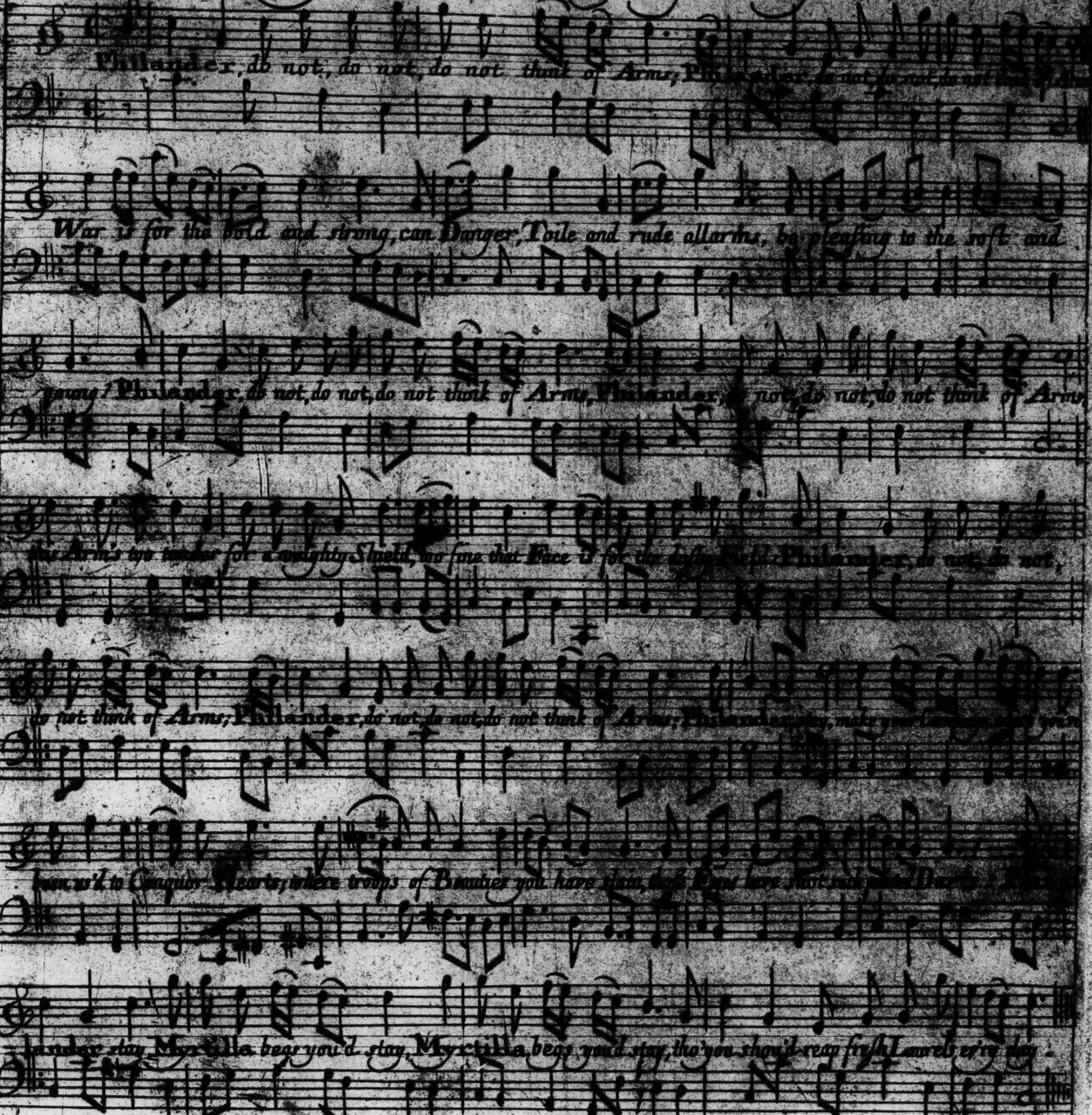

say severe leaſt she shoud an - - - - - - - - - - - - gry grow and then no
more, and then no more would hear, and then no more, and then no more, no more no more, no more, then no
more would hear, and then no more would hear Then dreſs your
words in gent = leſt = gent = leſt gent = leſt Strains,
then dreſs your words in gentleſt, gentleſt, gent = leſt Strains, deſcribe my hopes and fears, my
hopes and fears, my hopes and fears with all, - - all, - - - all, - - - all - - - - - - - - my
pain, with all, - - all my pain, till in her Heart you gen-rous pitty move, pitty move,
till in her Heart you gen-rous pitty move If she'l but pitty but pitty if she'l but pitty pitty if she'l but pitty but pitty
I'le for ever for ever i'le for ever for ever for ever for e - - - - - - ver Love.

## A Song in the COMMITTEE Set by Dr. John Blow

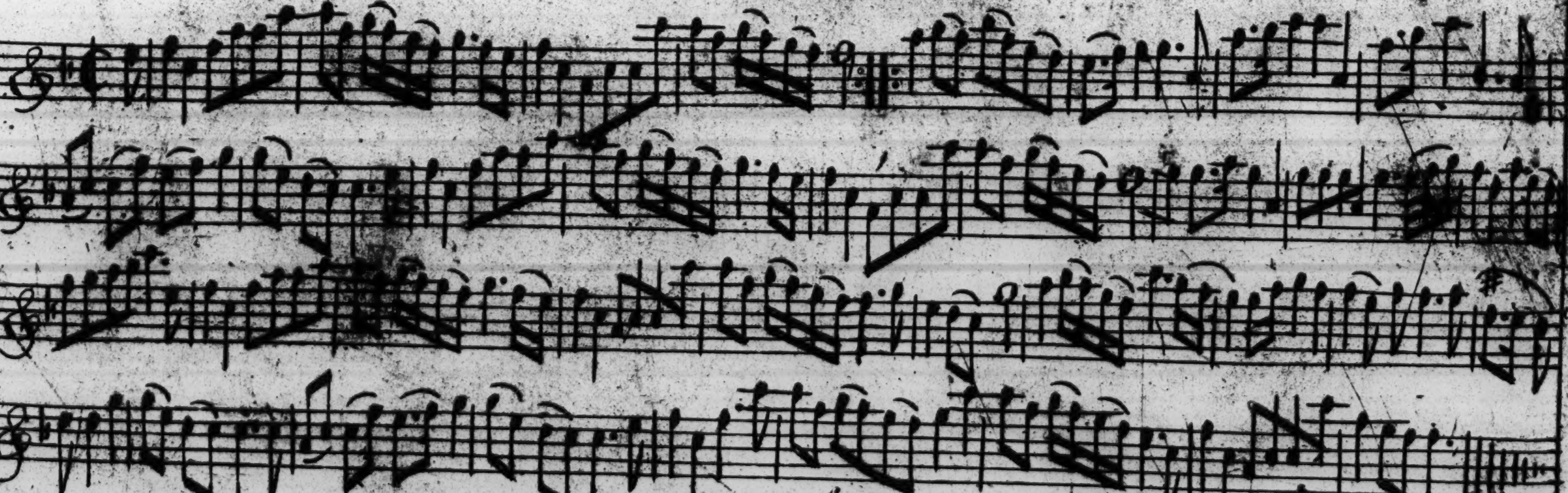
Sung by Mr. Leveridge & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Thou Flask once fill'd with glo-------ri-ous
Red, but empty now, for shame be gon; thy fate bemoan, for with thy charms my love is fled,
fall to the Groom or Drawers lot; fall to the Groom or Drawer's lot.
Like a stale Mistress now forgot, now for------got
like a stale Mistress now forgot, now forgot; here's thy Successour, here's thy Suc-
-cessour then depart; thou no more canst warm my Heart; here's thy Successour, thou no
more, no, no, no more, no more canst warm my Heart; here's thy Successour, thou no
more, no, no, no more, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no
more, no more canst warm my Heart.

# A Song Set by Dr. John Blow; Sung by the Boy at the Theatre in Drury Lane and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

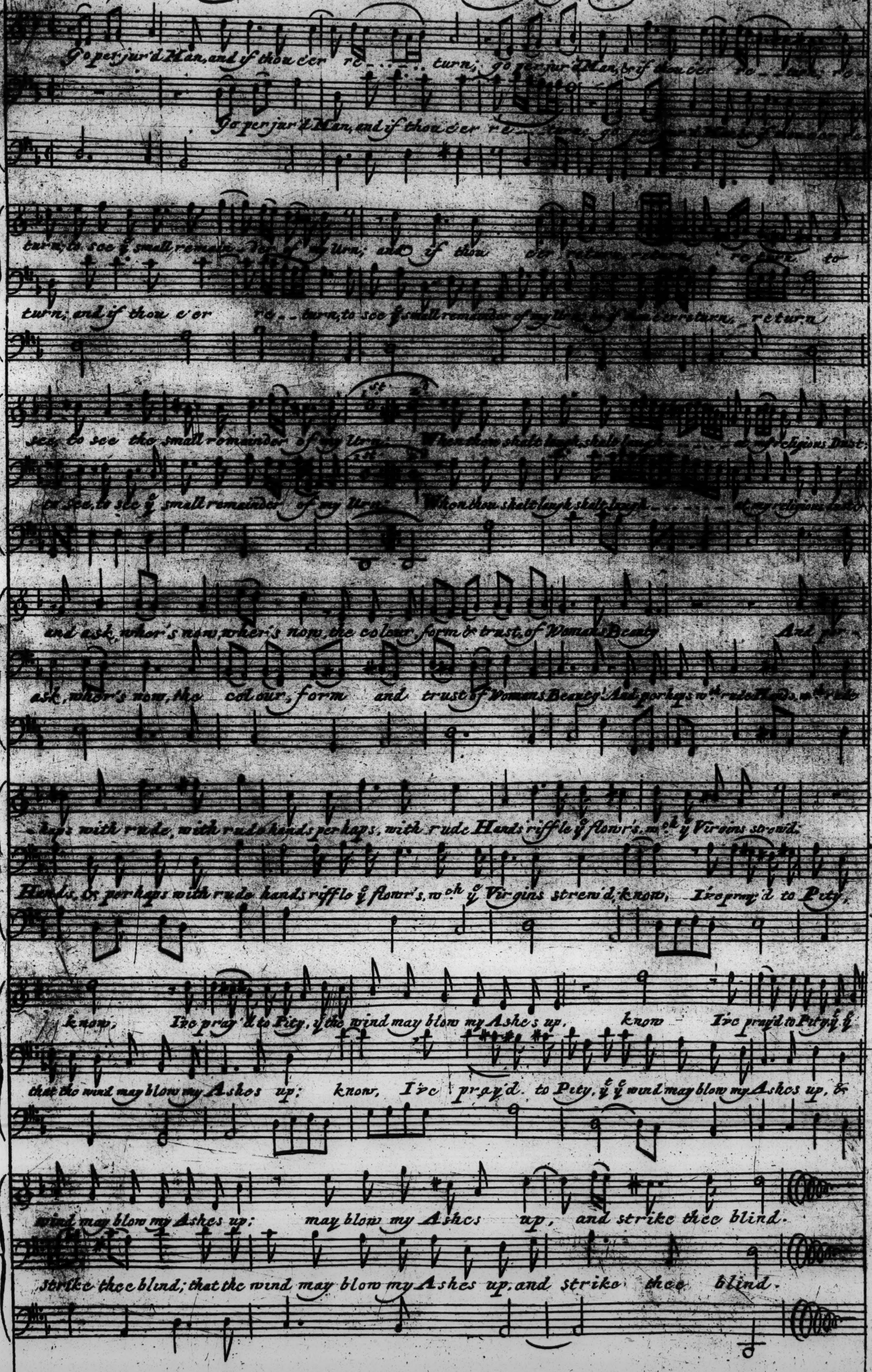

Philander, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Philander do not, do not, do not think of Arms,
War is for the bold and strong, can Danger, Toile and rude allarms, be pleasing to the soft and
young? Philander, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Philander, do not, do not, do not think of Arms,
those Arms too tender for a weighty Shield, too fine that Face is for the dusty Field: Philander, do not, do not,
do not think of Arms, Philander, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Philander stay, make your
were wil to Conquer Hearts, where troops of Beauties you have slain, those Eyes have shot Darts
lander stay Myrtilla begs you'd stay, Myrtilla begs you'd stay, tho' you shou'd reap fresh Laurels ev'ry day.

## For the Flute

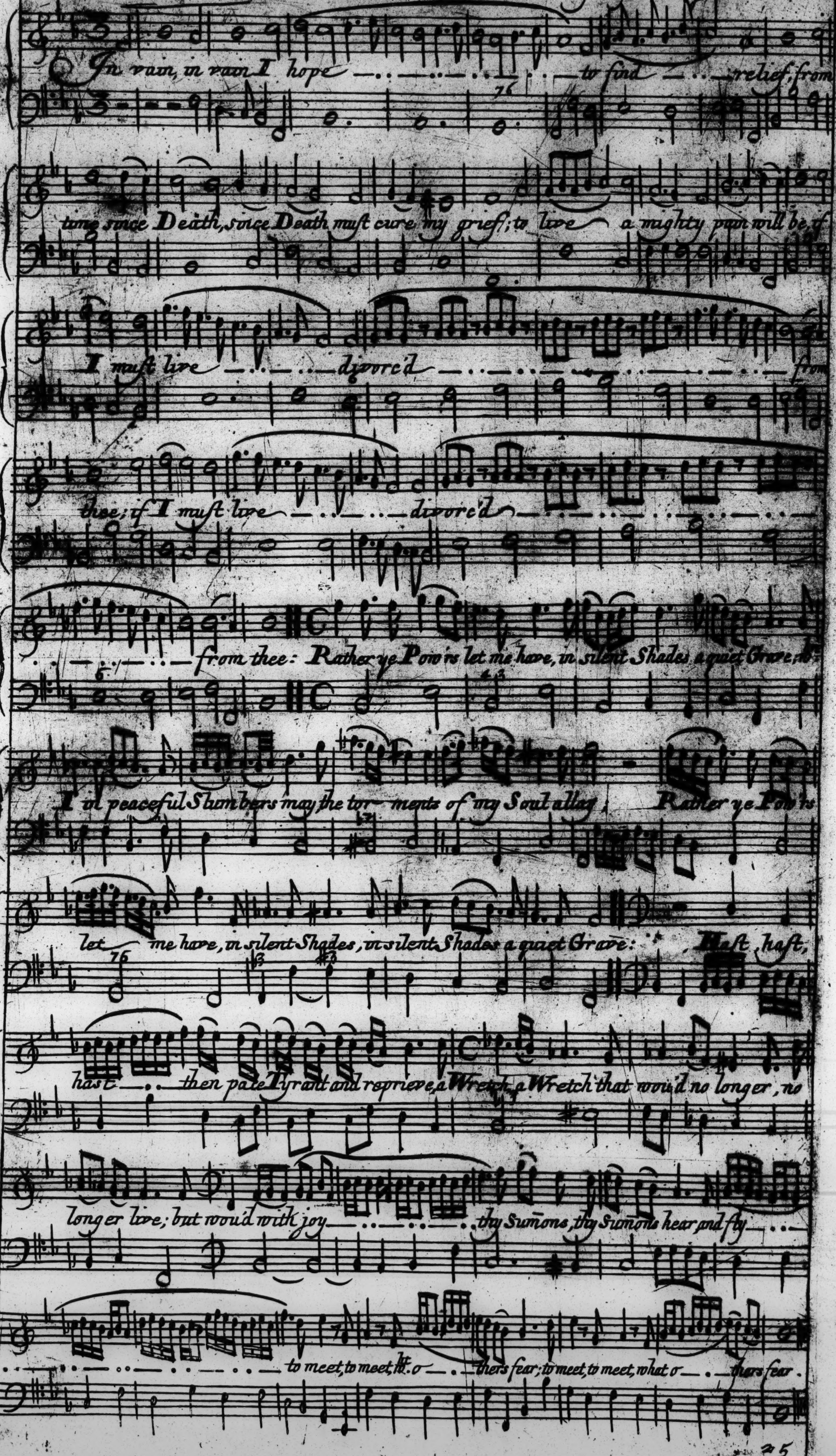


k

A Song for two Voices Set by Dr. John Blow. and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

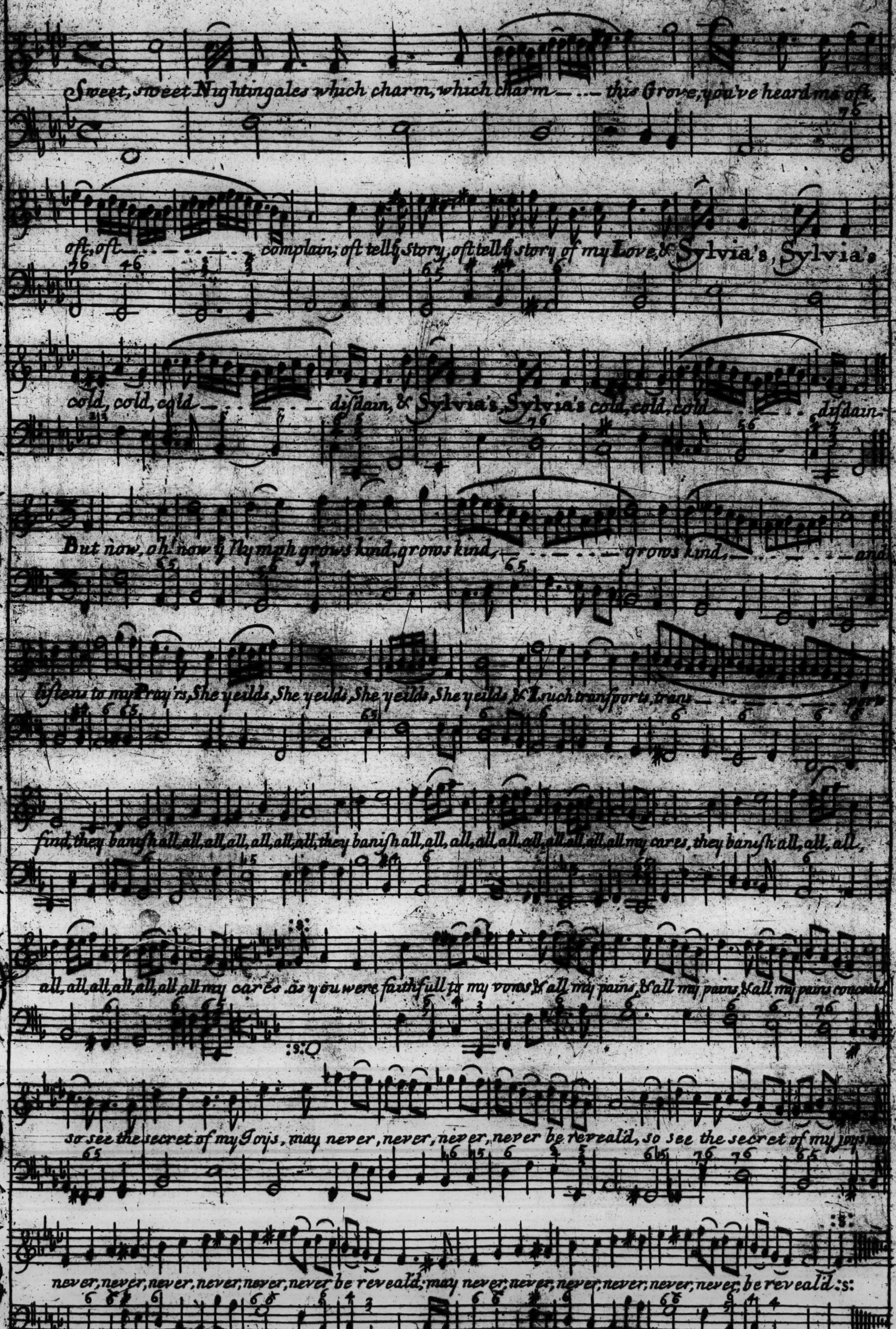

Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e'er re - - - turn; go perjur'd Man, if thou e'er re - - turn, re-
Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e'er re - turn, go perjur'd Man, if thou e'er re-
turn, to see yᵉ small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e'er return, return, return to
turn; and if thou e'er re - turn, to see yᵉ small remainder of my Urn, if thou e'er return, return
see, to see the small remainder of my Urn. When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh - - - at my religious Dust;
to see, to see yᵉ small remainder of my Urn. When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh - - - at my religious Dust;
and ask, where's now, where's now, the colour, form & trust, of Woman's Beauty And per-
ask, where's now, the colour, form and trust of Womans Beauty And perhaps wᵗʰ rude Hands, wᵗʰ rude
-haps with rude, with rude hands perhaps, with rude Hands riffle yᵉ flow'r's, wᶜʰ yᵉ Virgins strew'd;
Hands, or perhaps with rude hands riffle yᵉ flow'r's, wᶜʰ yᵉ Virgins strew'd, know, I've pray'd to Pity,
know; I've pray'd to Pity, yᵗ the wind may blow my Ashes up. know I've pray'd to Pity, yᵗ yᵉ
that the wind may blow my Ashes up; know, I've pray'd to Pity, yᵗ yᵉ wind may blow my Ashes up, &
wind may blow my Ashes up; may blow my Ashes up, and strike thee blind.
strike thee blind; that the wind may blow my Ashes up, and strike thee blind.

A SONG, the Words by a Lady, Set and Sung by Mr. John Wilford, in the Libertine; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


In vain, in vain I hope —..—..—..— to find —..— relief, from
time since Death, since Death must cure my grief; to live a mighty pain will be, if
I must live —..—.. divorc'd —..—..—..—..— from
thee; if I must live —..—.. divorc'd —..—..—
..—..— from thee: Rather ye Pow'rs let me have, in silent Shades a quiet Grave; to
in peaceful Slumbers may the tor- ments of my Soul allay; Rather ye Pow'rs
let me have, in silent Shades, in silent Shades a quiet Grave: Hast, hast,
hast —..— then pale Tyrant and reprieve, a Wretch, a Wretch that wou'd no longer, no
longer live; but wou'd with joy —.. thy Sumons, thy Sumons hear and fly —
..—..—..— to meet, to meet, wt. o— thers fear; to meet, to meet, what o— thers fear.

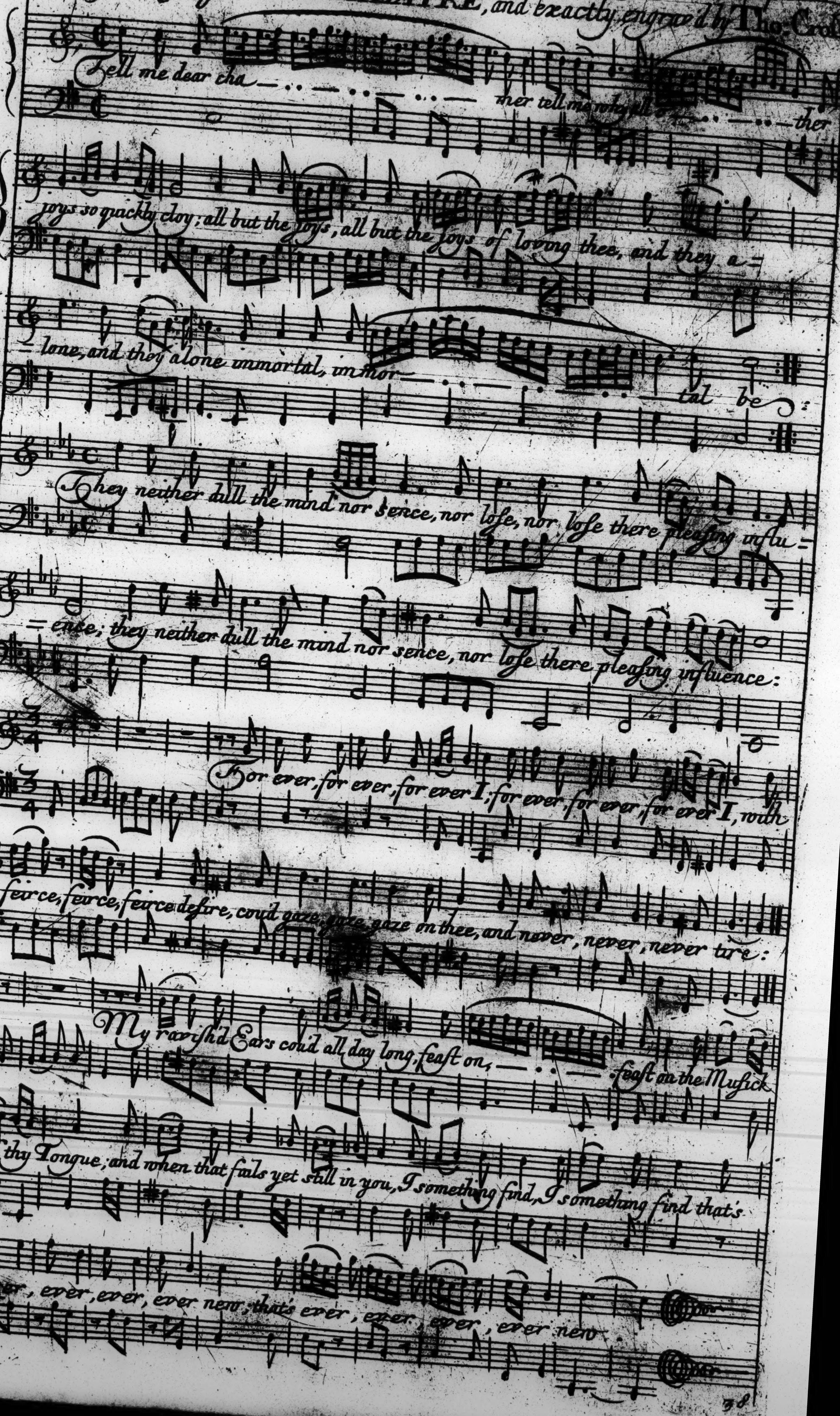
K

## A Song done out of French, Set by Mr. John Willford & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


Sweet, sweet Nightingales which charm, which charm — — this Grove, you've heard me oft,
oft, oft — — complain; oft tell yͤ story, oft tell yͤ story of my Love, & Sylvia's, Sylvia's
cold, cold, cold — — diſdain, & Sylvia's, Sylvia's cold, cold, cold — — diſdain.
But now, oh! now yͤ Nymph grows kind, grows kind, — — grows kind, — — and
liſtens to my Pray'rs, She yeilds, She yeilds, She yeilds, She yeilds & I such tranſports, trans — — ports
find, they baniſh all, all, all, all, all, all, all, they baniſh all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all my cares, they baniſh all, all, all,
all, all, all, all, all, all, all my cares. as you were faithfull to my vows & all my pains, & all my pains, & all my pains conceald
so see the secret of my Joys, may never, never, never, never be reveal'd, so see the secret of my joys may
never, never, never, never, never, never be reveal'd; may never, never, never, never, never, never, be reveal'd :S:

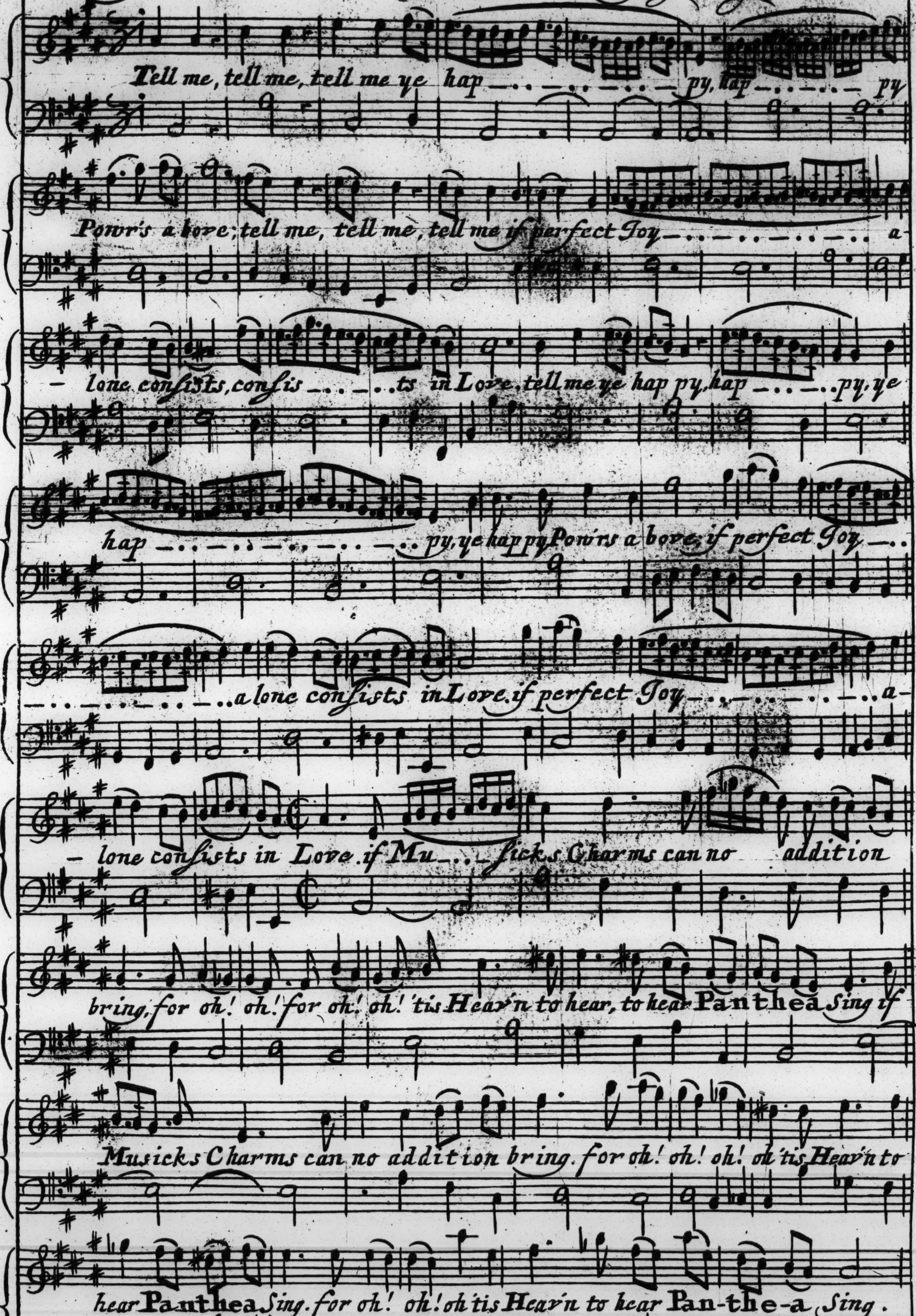
19

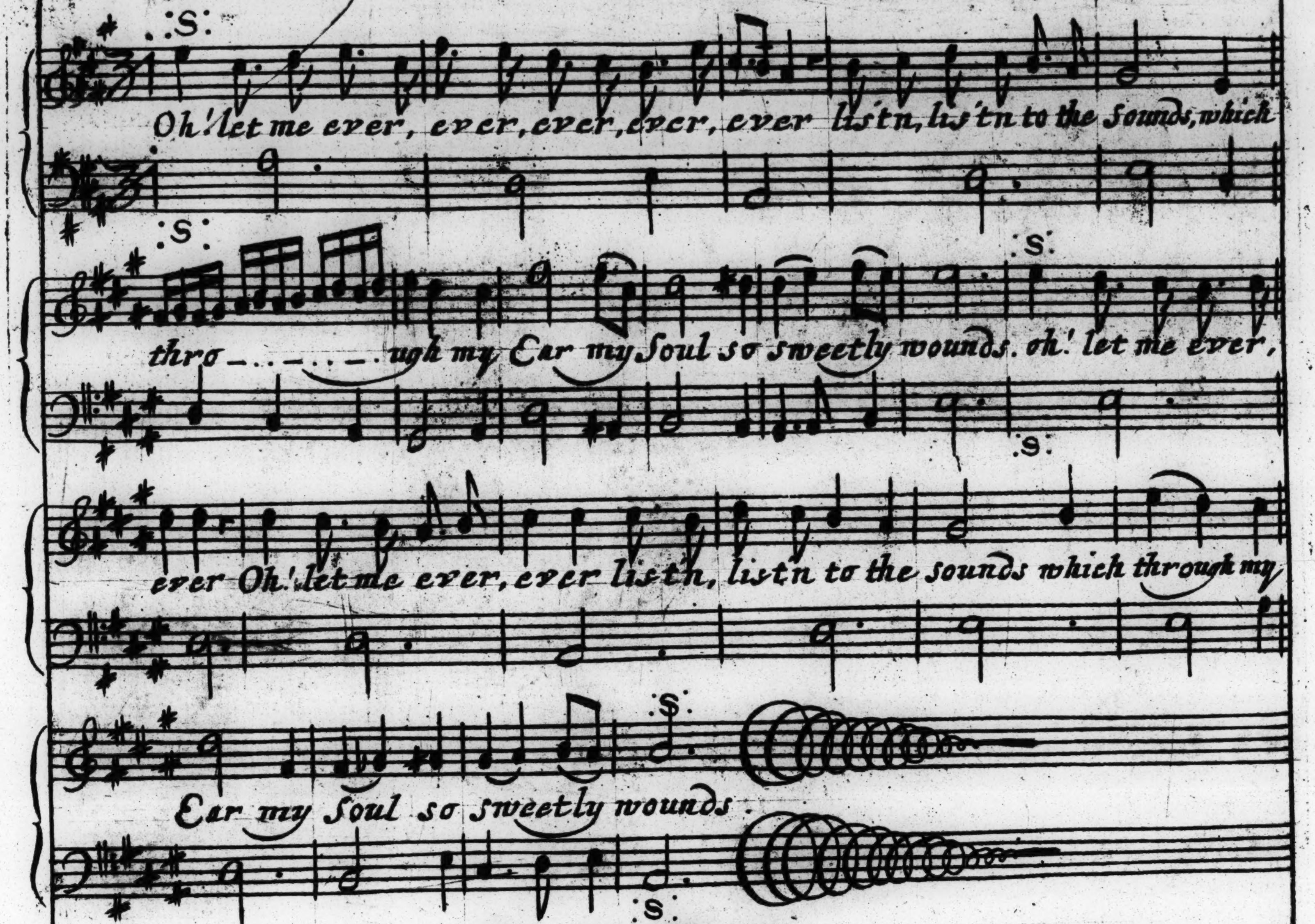
# A SONG, the Words by Mrs. Mary Child, Set by Mr. Jn. Wilford
## Sung by Mr. Gouge at the new THEATRE, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cro


Tell me dear cha———ther tell me why all————ther
joys so quickly cloy, all but the joys, all but the joys of loving thee, and they a=
=lone, and they alone immortal, immor——————tal be:
They neither dull the mind nor sence, nor lose, nor lose there pleasing influ=
=ence; they neither dull the mind nor sence, nor lose there pleasing influence:
For ever, for ever, for ever I; for ever, for ever, for ever I, with
feirce, feirce, feirce desire, coud gaze, gaze gaze on thee, and never, never, never tire:
My ravish'd Ears coud all day long, feast on,——feast on the Musick
of thy Tongue; and when that fails yet still in you, I something find, I something find that's
ever, ever, ever, ever new, that's ever, ever, ever, ever new.

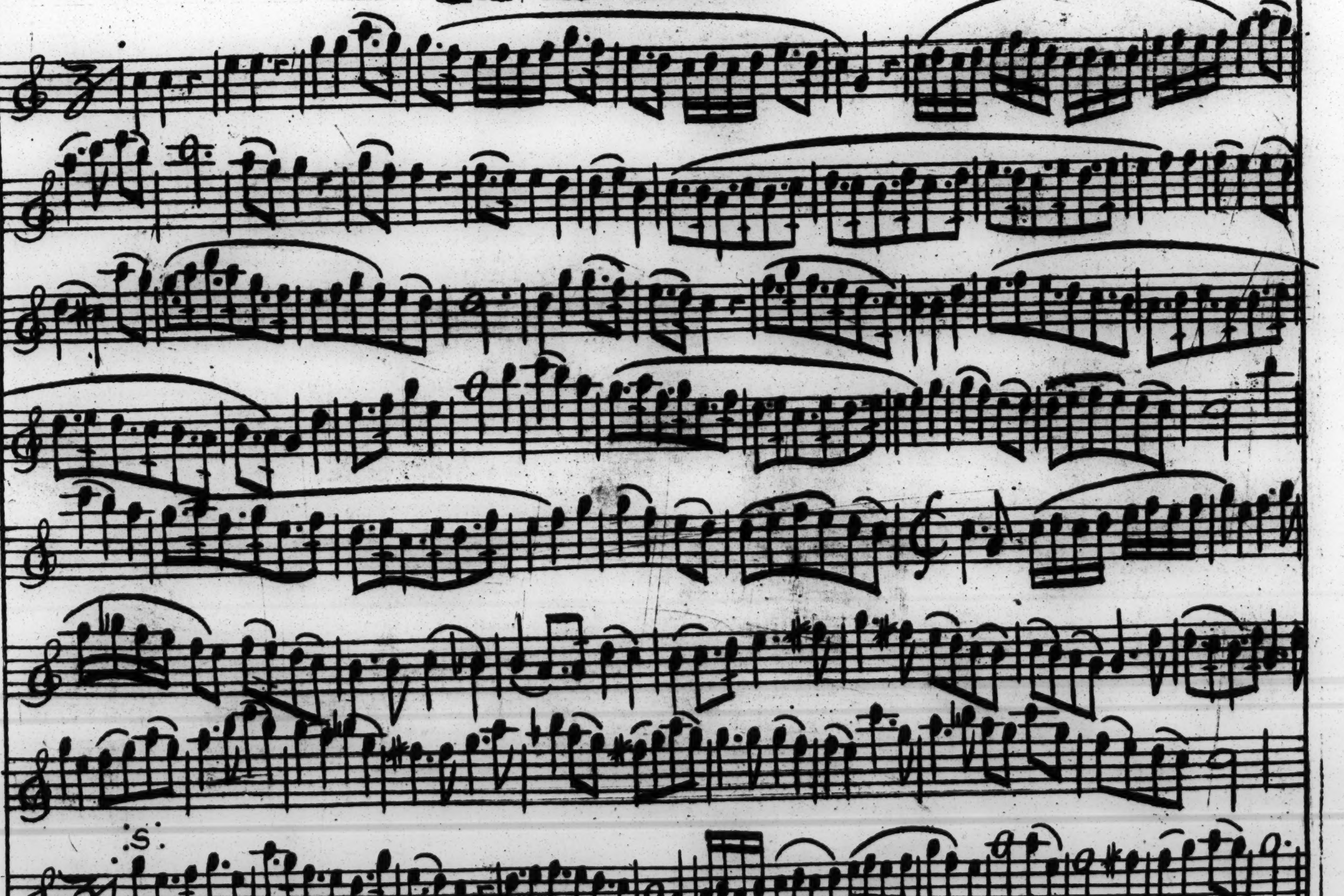
K

## A Song set by Mr John Wilford, & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

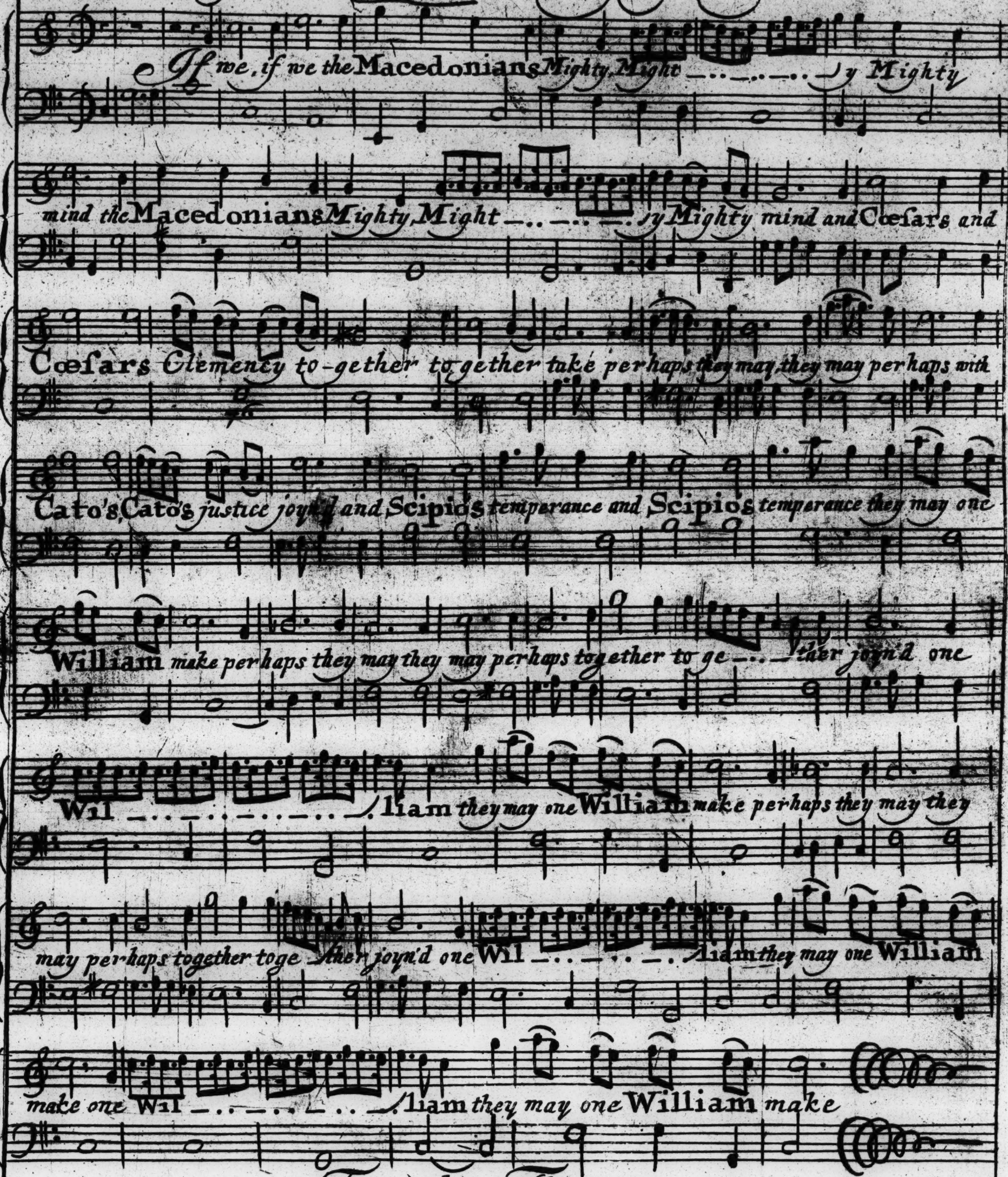

Tell me, tell me, tell me ye hap . . . . . . . . py, hap . . . . . . py
Pow'rs a bove; tell me, tell me, tell me if perfect Joy . . . . . . . . . . a-
- lone conſists, conſis . . . . . ts in Love, tell me ye hap py, hap . . . . . py, ye
hap . . . . . . . . . . . py, ye hap py Pow'rs a bove, if perfect Joy . . .
. . . . . . . . . . a lone conſists in Love, if perfect Joy . . . . . . . . a-
- lone conſists in Love, if Mu . . . ſick's Charms can no addition
bring, for oh! oh! for oh! oh! 'tis Heav'n to hear, to hear Panthea Sing, if
Musick's Charms can no addition bring, for oh! oh! oh! oh 'tis Heav'n to
hear Panthea Sing, for oh! oh! oh 'tis Heav'n to hear Pan-the-a Sing.


Oh! let me ever, ever, ever, ever, ever listn, lis'tn to the Sounds, which
thro_ _ _ _ _ugh my Ear my Soul so sweetly wounds. oh! let me ever,
ever Oh! let me ever, ever listn, listn to the sounds which through my
Ear my Soul so sweetly wounds.

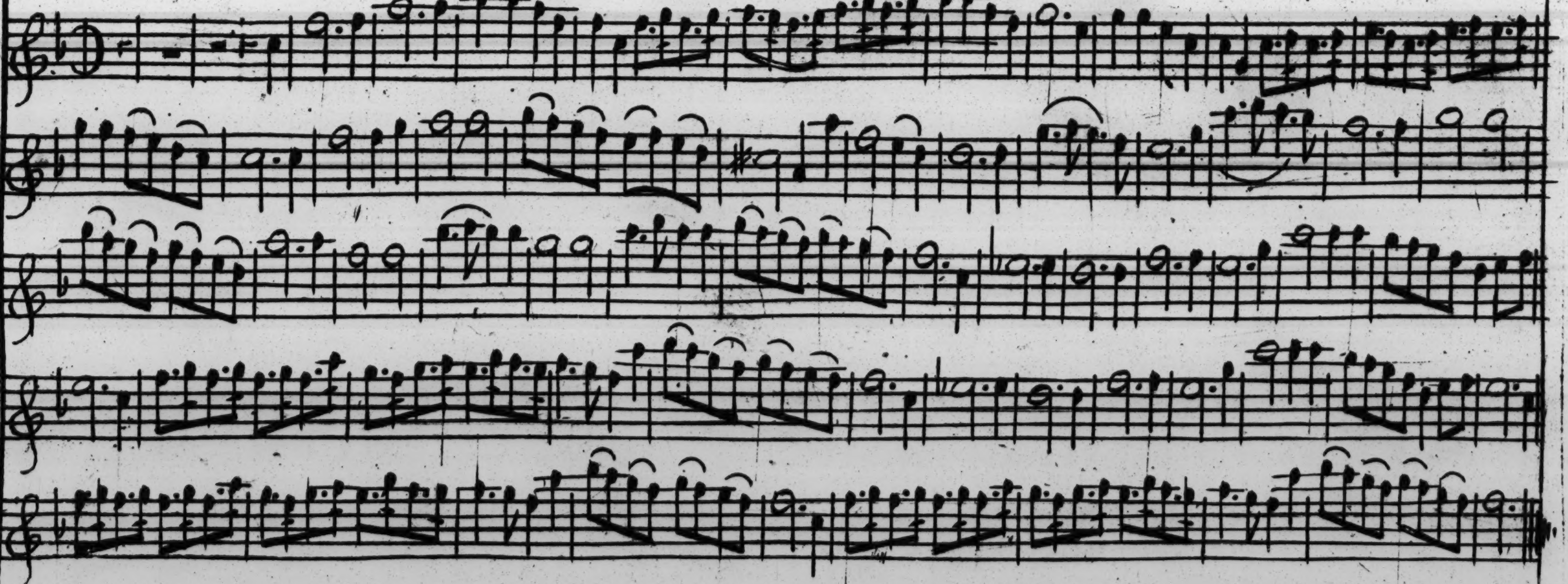
## For the Flute.



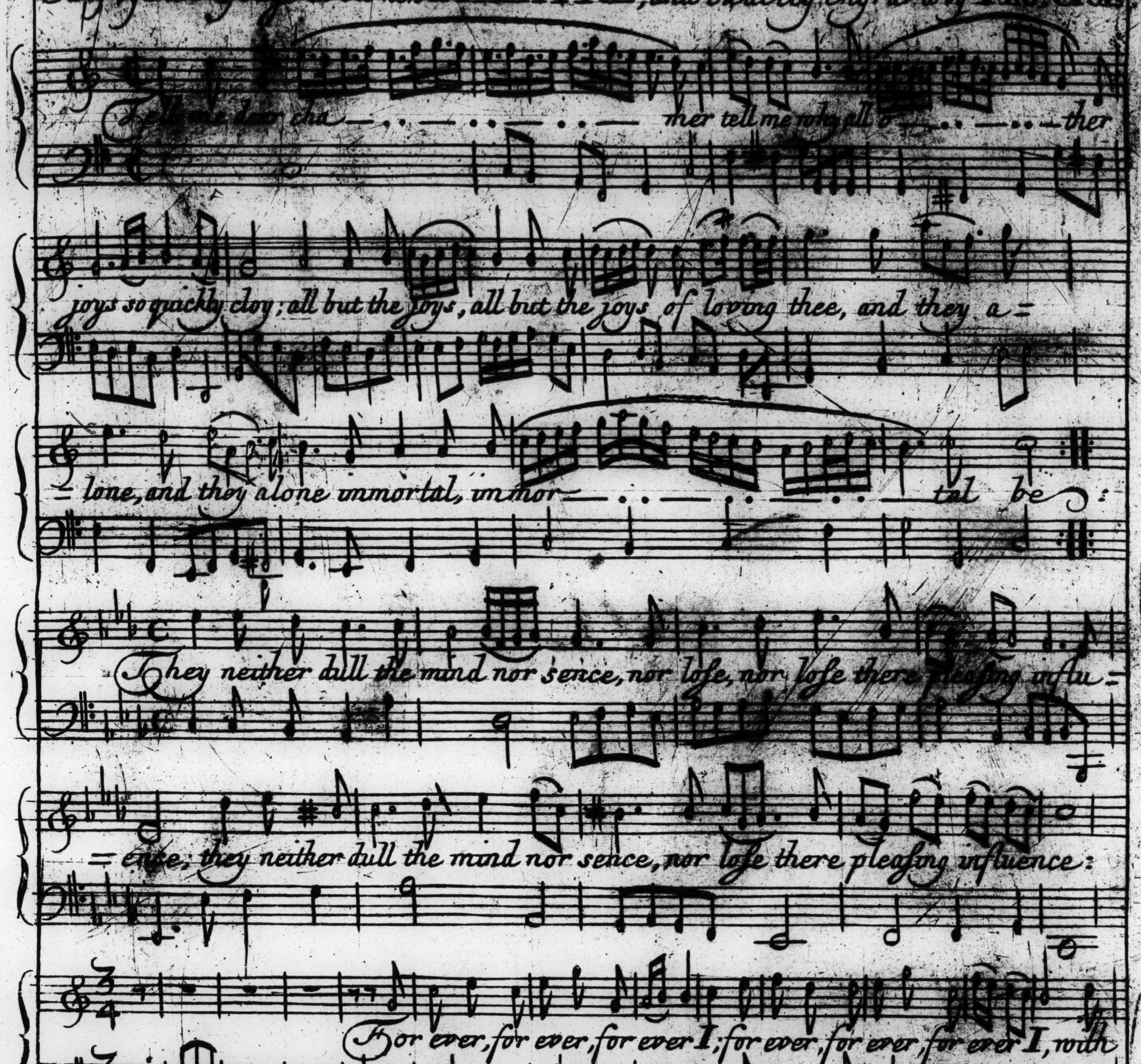
A Song, the Words Written under his Majeſties Picture preſented to the Corporation of Maidſtone, Set by Mr. John Wilford, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


If we, if we the Macedonians Mighty, Might - - - - y Mighty
mind the Macedonians Mighty, Might - - - - y Mighty mind and Cœſars and
Cœſars Clemency to-gether together take perhaps they may, they may perhaps with
Cato's, Cato's justice joyn'd and Scipio's temperance and Scipio's temperance they may one
William make perhaps they may they may perhaps together to ge - - ther joyn'd one
Wil - - - - liam they may one William make perhaps they may they
may perhaps together toge - ther joyn'd one Wil - - - liam they may one William
make one Wil - - - - liam they may one William make

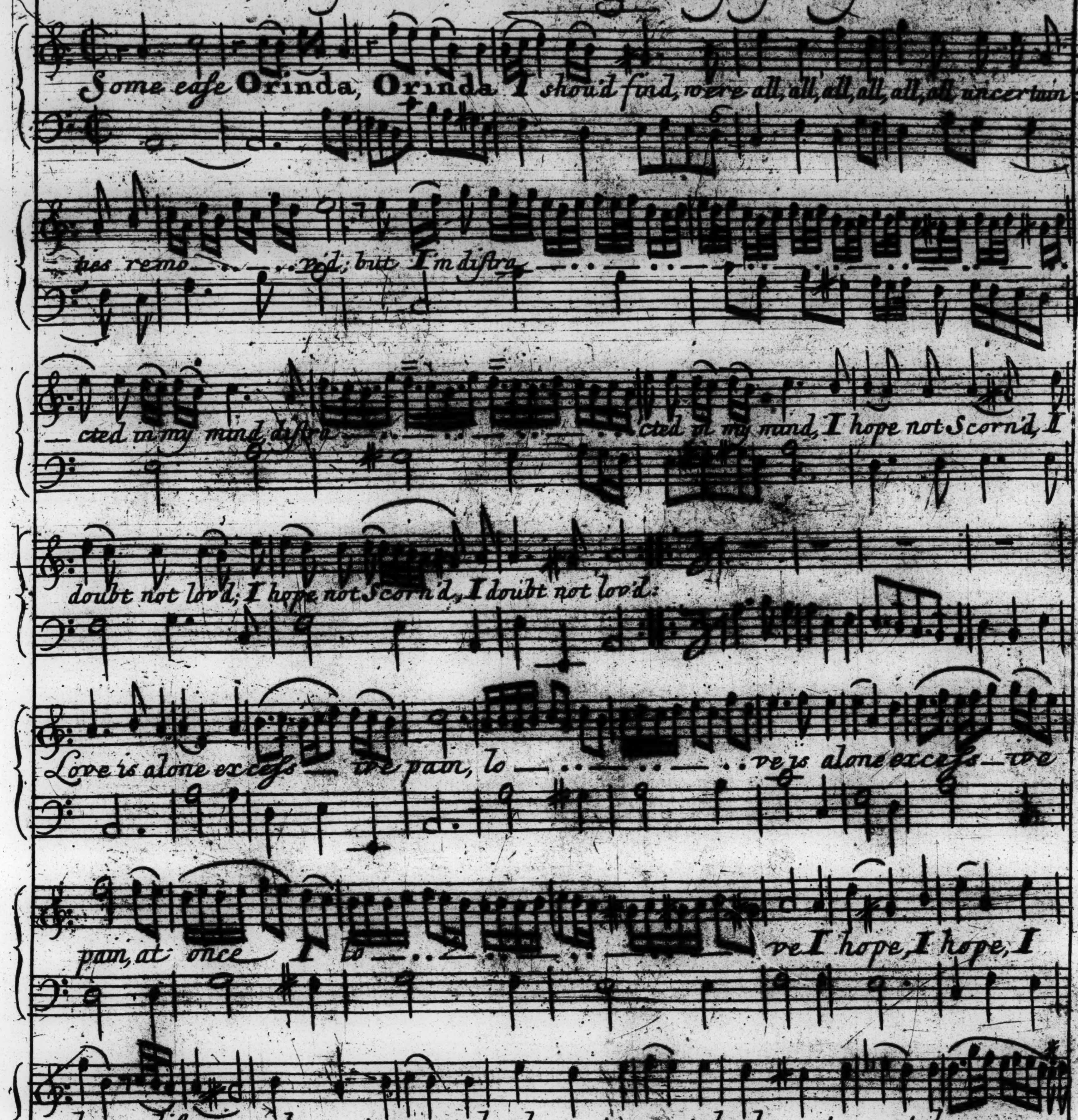
## For the Flute



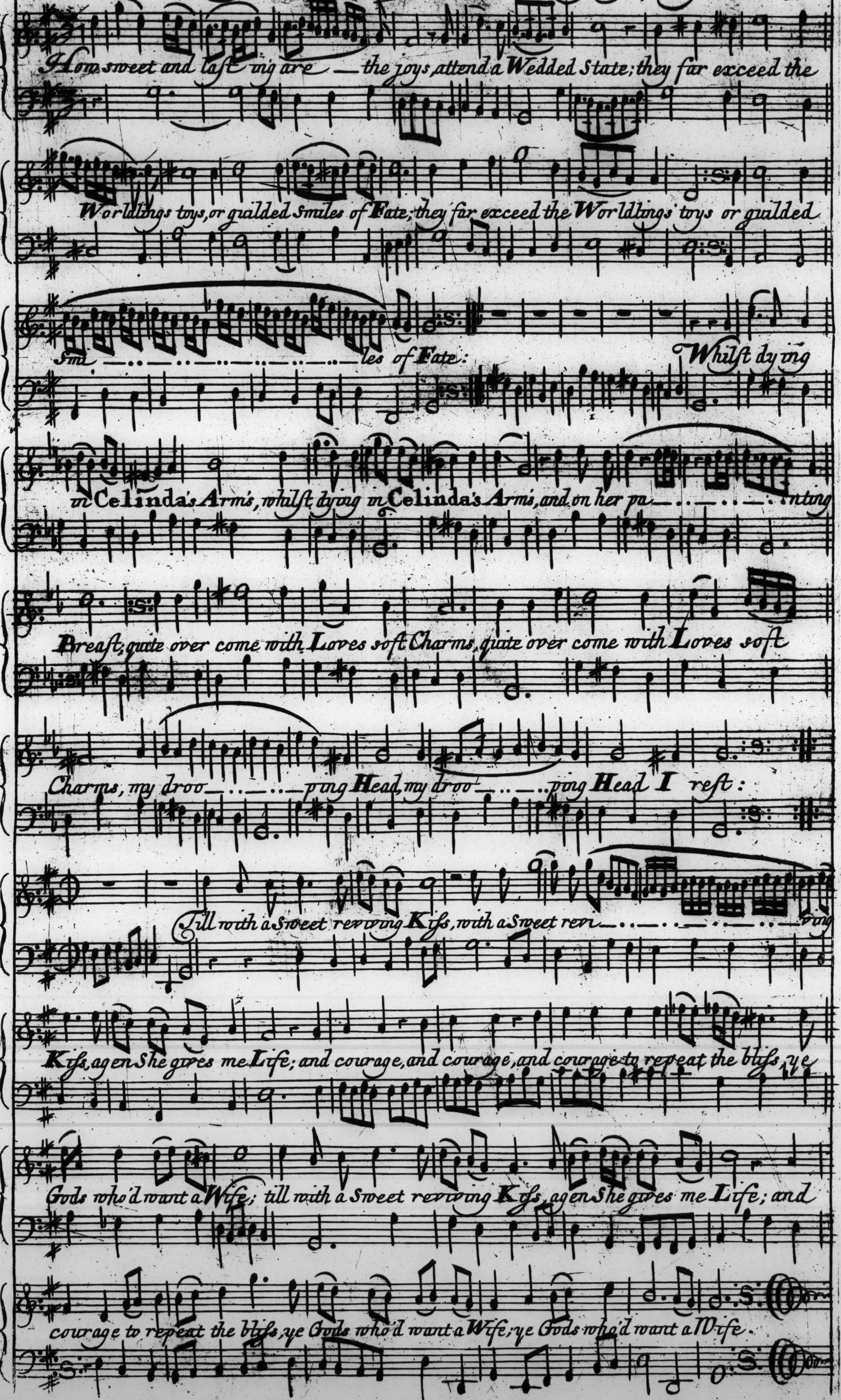
# A SONG, the Words by Mrs. Mary Child, Set by Mr. Jn. Wilford Sung by Mr. Gouge at the new THEATRE, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross


Tell me dear cha — . . — . . — ther tell me why all o — . . — . . — ther
joys so quickly cloy; all but the joys, all but the joys of loving thee, and they a=
=lone, and they alone immortal, immor — . . — . . — tal be:
They neither dull the mind nor sence, nor lose, nor lose there pleasing influ=
=ence; they neither dull the mind nor sence, nor lose there pleasing influence:
For ever, for ever, for ever I; for ever, for ever, for ever I, with
feirce, feirce, feirce desire, could gaze, gaze, gaze on thee, and never, never, never tire:
My ravish'd Ears could all day long, feast on, — . . — feast on the Musick
of thy Tongue; and when that fails yet still in you, I something find, I something find that's
ever, ever, ever, ever new; that's ever, ever, ever, ever new

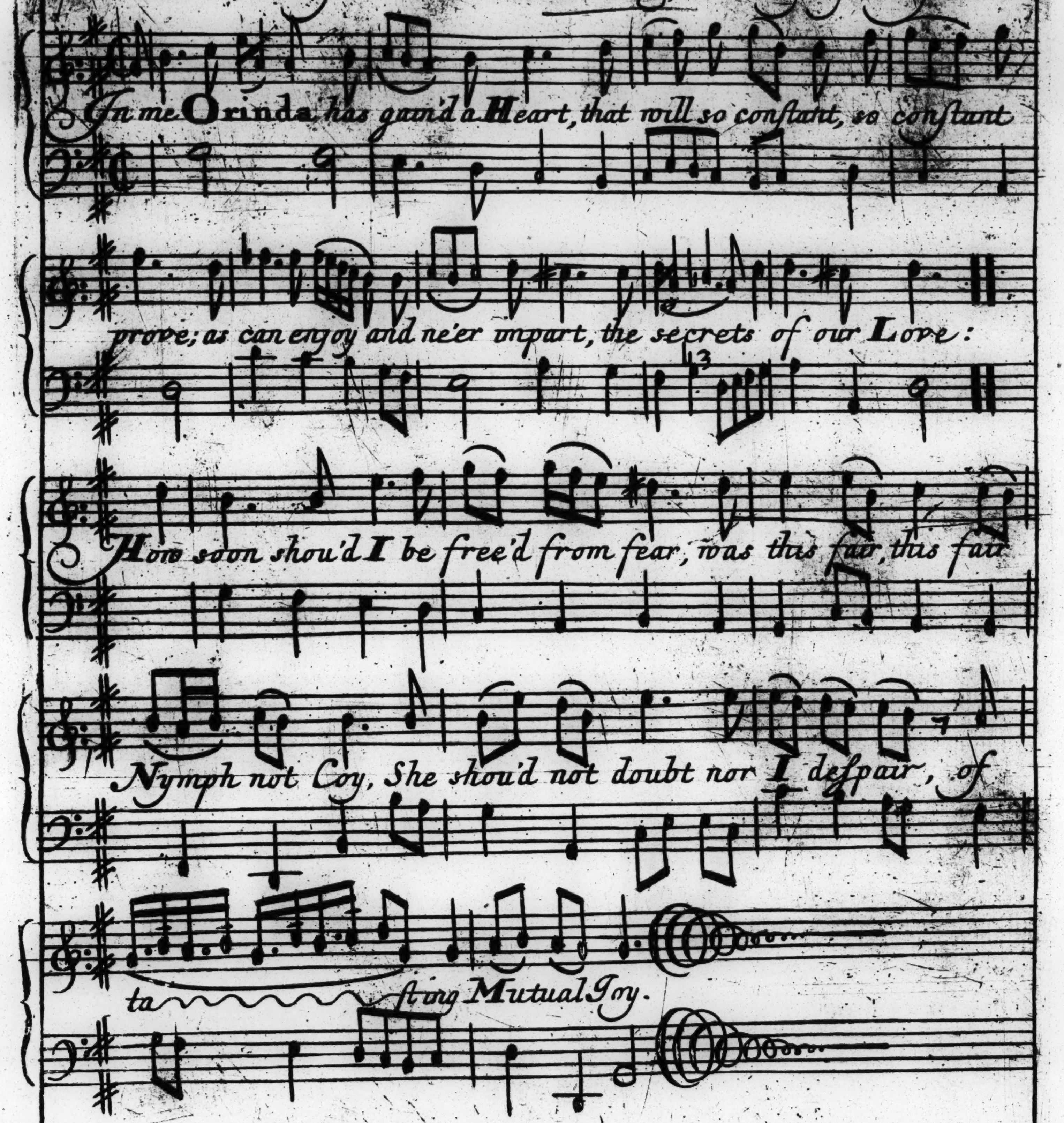
# A SONG, Set by Mr. Richd Elridge & exactly engrav'd by Thos Cross.


Some ease Orinda, Orinda I shou'd find, were all, all, all, all, all, all uncertain-
-ties remo- - - - -v'd; but I'm distra- - - -
-cted in my mind, distra- - - - - -cted in my mind, I hope not Scorn'd, I
doubt not lov'd; I hope not Scorn'd, I doubt not lov'd:
Love is alone excess- -ive pain, lo- - - - - -ve is alone excess- -ive
pain, at once I lo- - - - -ve I hope, I hope, I
hope, despair, who so tormented, who so tormented, who so tormented, can re-
-main, such diff'rent passions, such diff'rent passions, who, who can bear; such
diff'rent passions, who, who can bear; such diff'rent pa- - - - - -
-ssions who can bear.

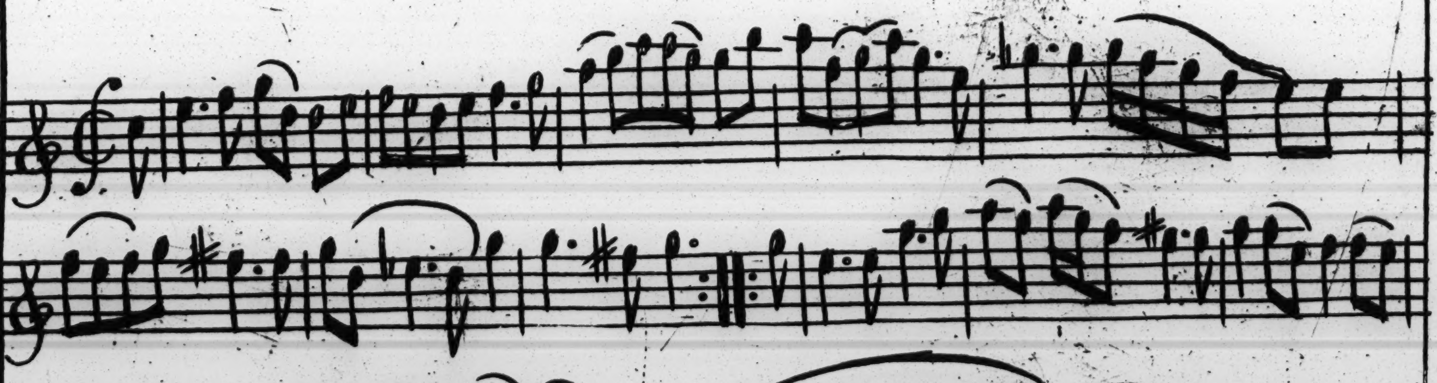
# A SONG, Set by Mr. Richd. Elridg, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


How sweet and laſt ing are — the joys, attend a Wedded State; they far exceed the
Worldlings toys, or guilded Smiles of Fate, they far exceed the Worldlings toys or guilded
Smi ——————— les of Fate: Whilſt dying
in Celinda's Arms, whilſt dying in Celinda's Arms, and on her pa——————nting
Breaſt, quite over come with Loves soft Charms, quite over come with Loves soft
Charms, my droo———ping Head, my droo———ping Head I reſt:
Till with a Sweet reviving Kiſs, with a Sweet revi————ving
Kiſs, agen She gives me Life; and courage, and courage, and courage to repeat the bliſs, ye
Gods who'd want a Wife; till with a Sweet reviving Kiſs, agen She gives me Life; and
courage to repeat the bliſs; ye Gods who'd want a Wife; ye Gods who'd want a Wife.

# A SONG, *Set by Mr. Richard Elridg, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs*

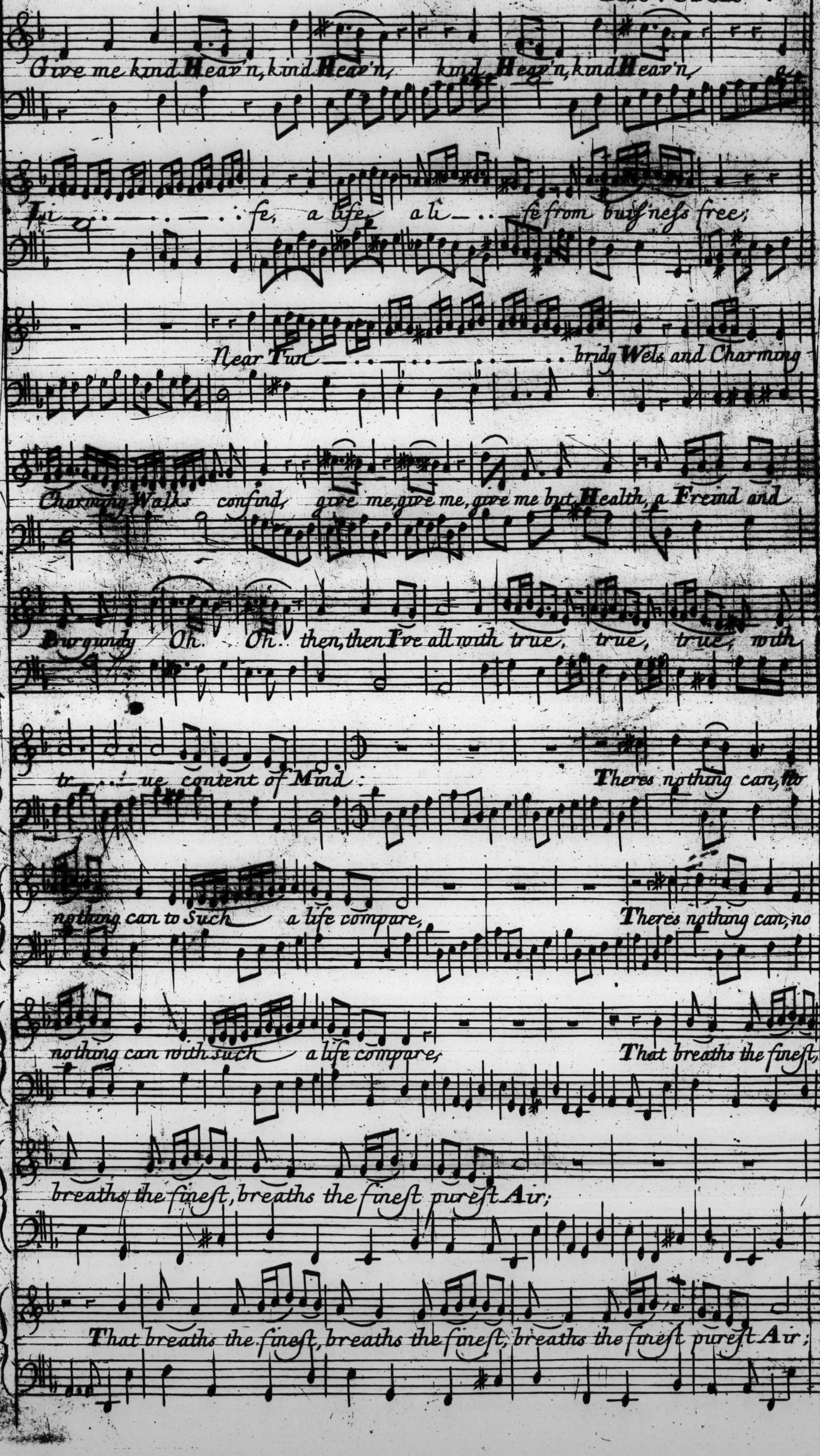

In me Orinda, has gain'd a Heart, that will so conſtant, so conſtant
prove; as can enjoy and ne'er impart, the secrets of our Love:
6
How soon shou'd I be free'd from fear, was this fair, this fair
Nymph not Coy, She shou'd not doubt nor I deſpair, of
ta ſting Mutual Joy.

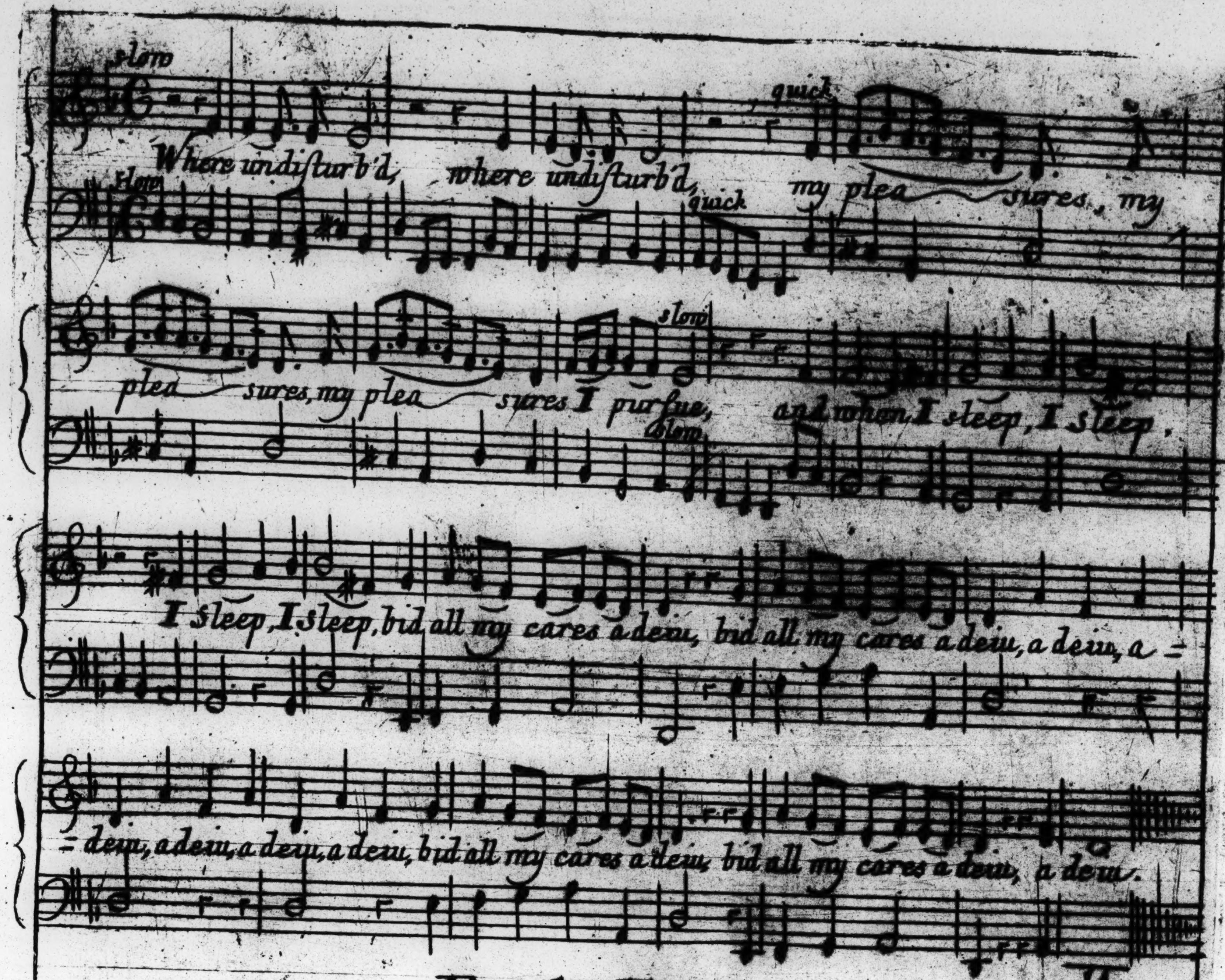
## For the Flute



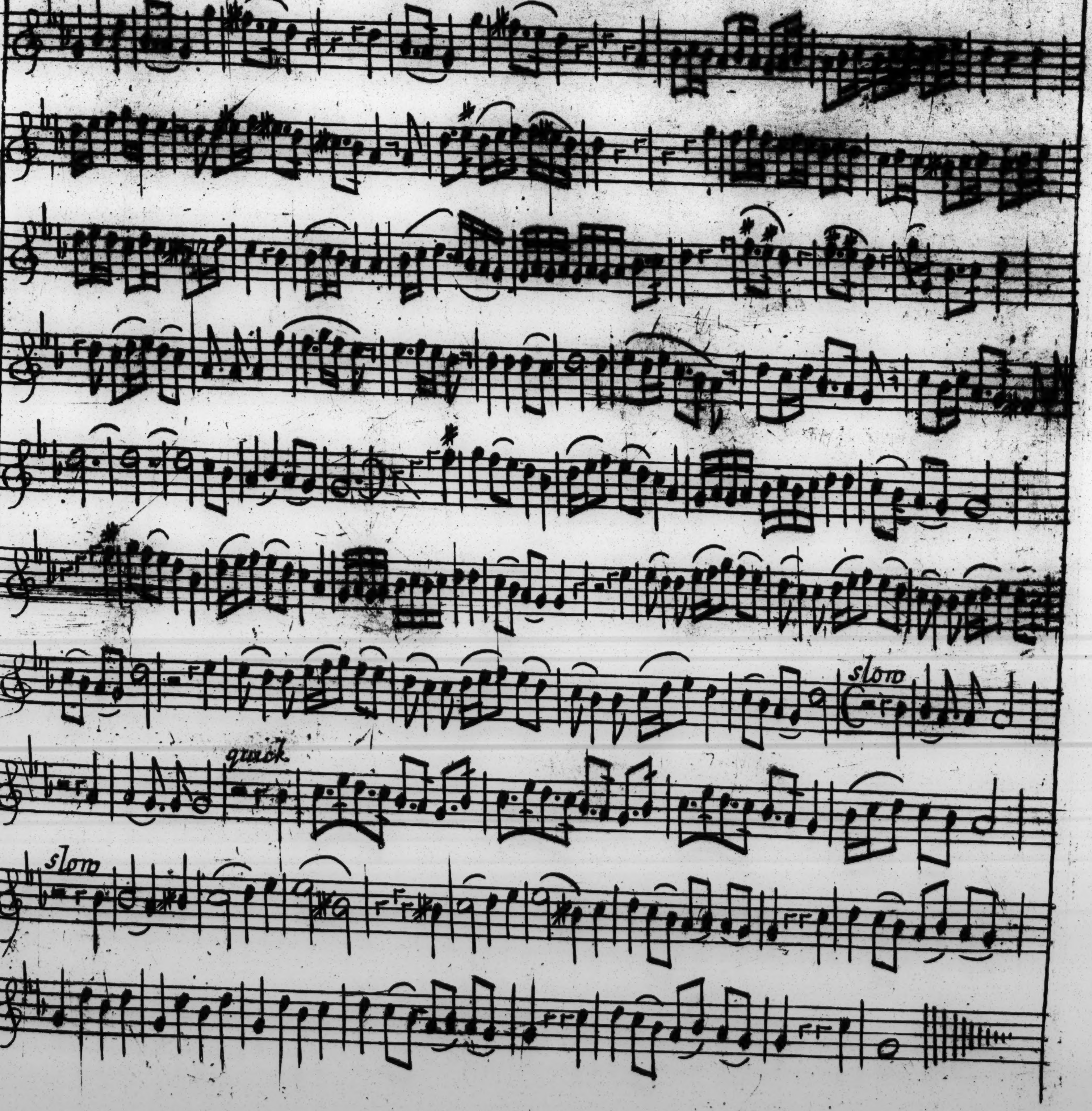
K

A Song, the words by Sr. Tho I'anson, set by Mr. Sam Akeroyde
Sung by Mr. James Bowen at Tunbridge-Wells; and exactly engrav'd by
Tho: Croſs.


Give me kind Heav'n, kind Heav'n, kind Heav'n, kind Heav'n, a
Li——fe, a life, a li———fe from buſ'neſs free;
Near Tun—————bridg Wels and Charming
Charming Walks confind, give me, give me, give me but Health, a Freind and
Burgundy Oh. Oh. then, then I've all with true, true, true, with
tr——ue content of Mind: Theres nothing can, no
nothing can to Such a life compare, Theres nothing can, no
nothing can with such a life compare, That breaths the fineſt,
breaths the fineſt, breaths the fineſt pureſt Air;
That breaths the fineſt, breaths the fineſt, breaths the fineſt pureſt Air;

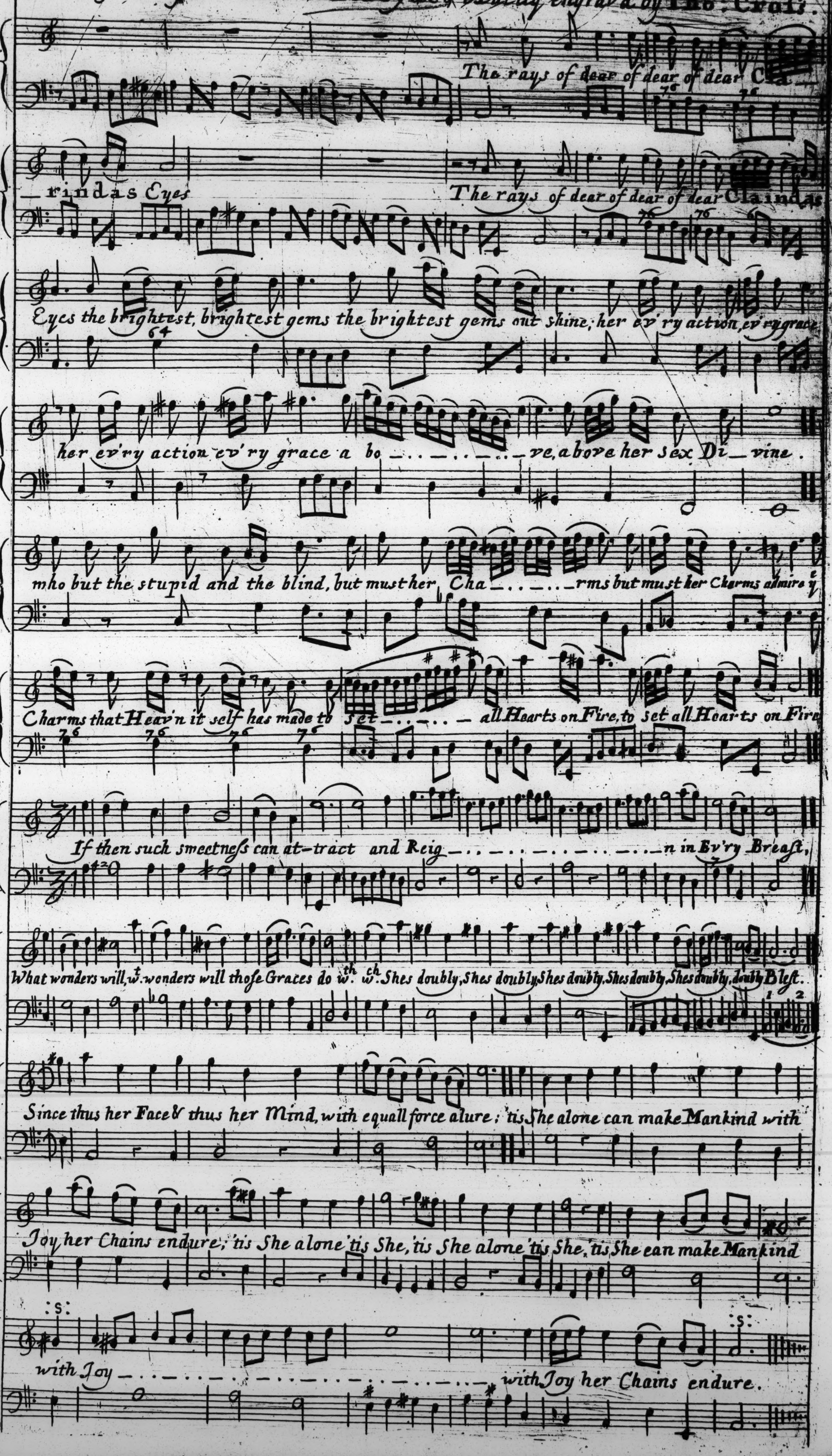

slow
quick
Where undisturb'd, where undisturb'd, my plea- sures, my
slow
quick
plea- sures, my plea- sures I pursue, and when I sleep, I sleep,
slow
slow
I sleep, I sleep, bid all my cares adieu, bid all my cares adieu, adieu, a-
-dieu, adieu, adieu, adieu, bid all my cares adieu, bid all my cares adieu, adieu.

## For the Flute.

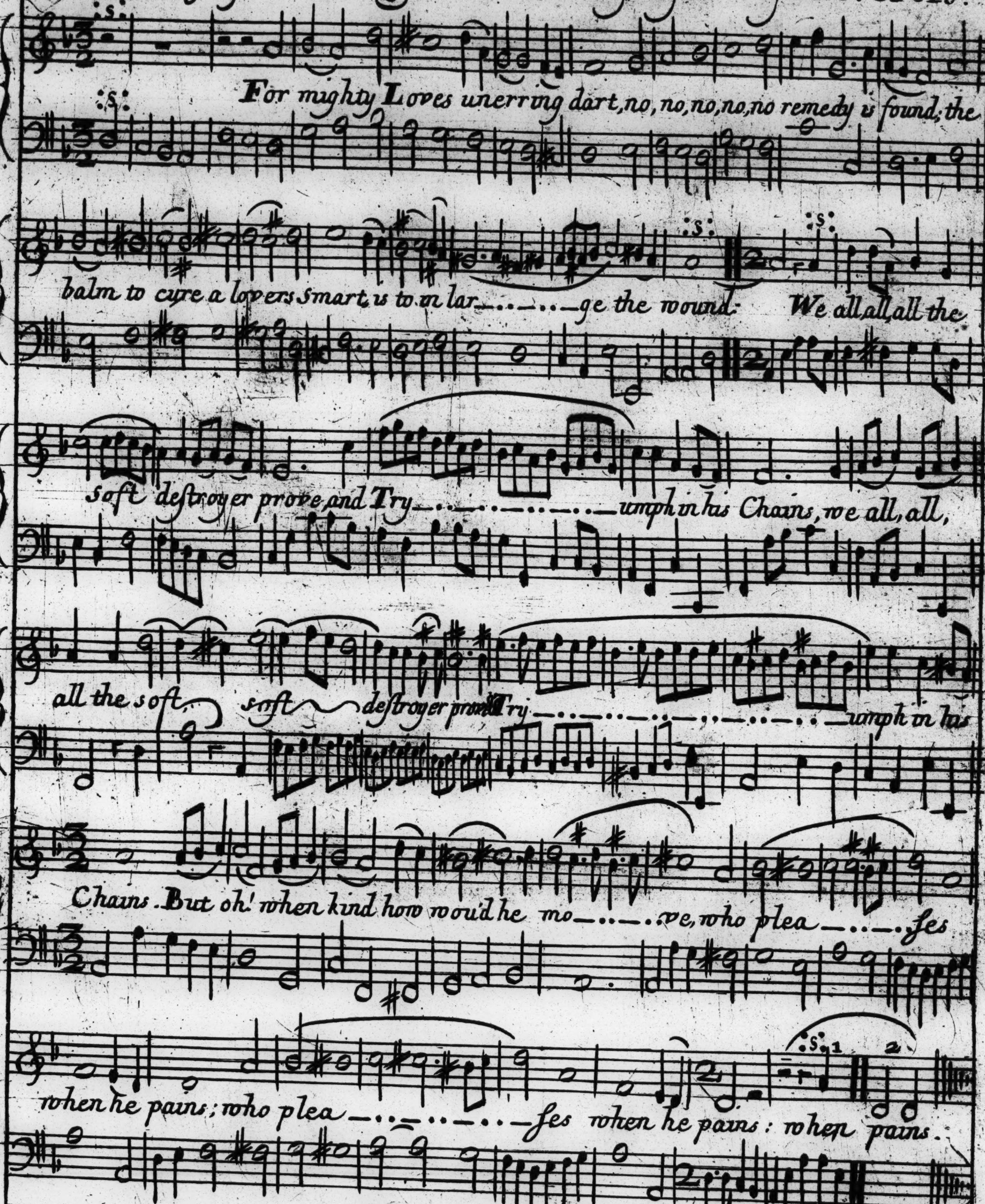

slow
quick
slow

K

## A Song Set by Mr. Sam: Akeroyde & exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.

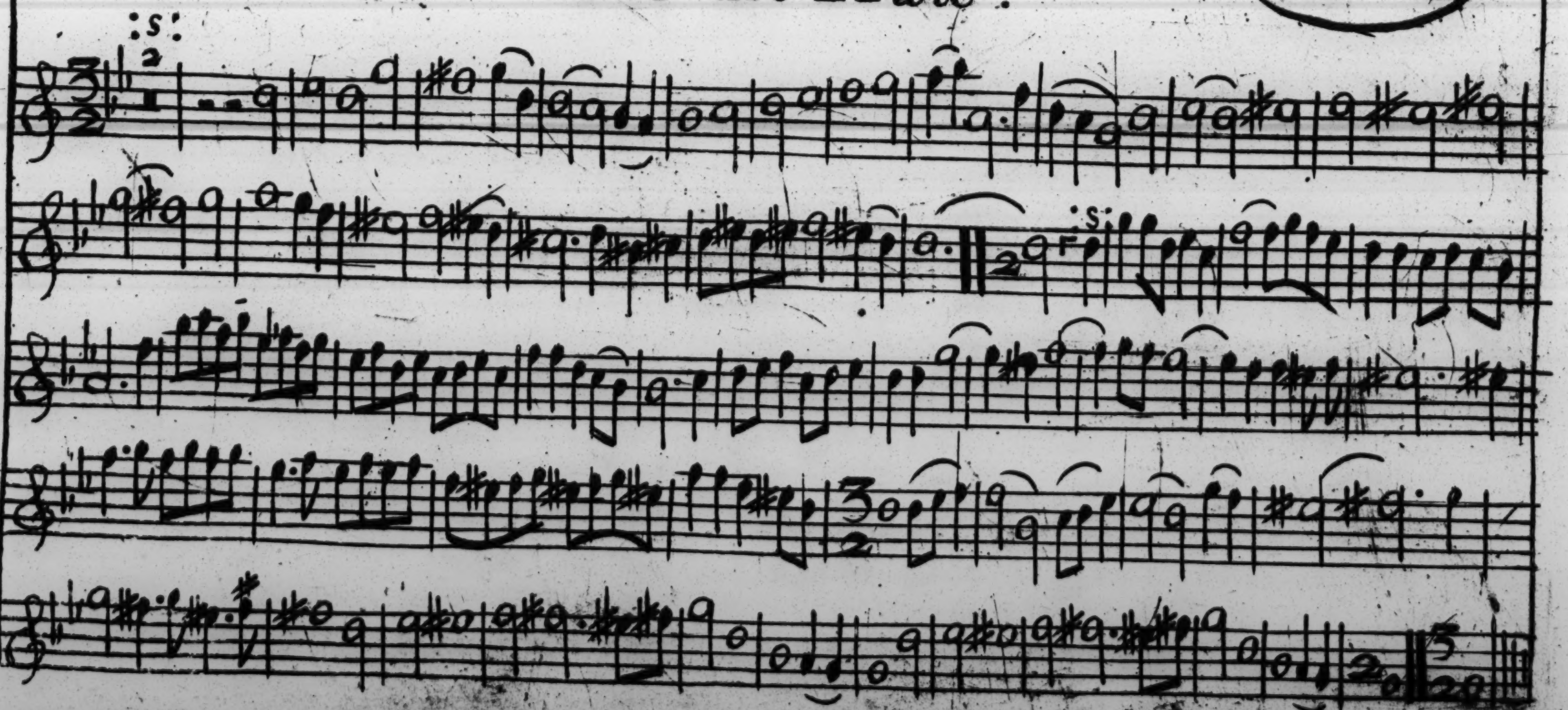

The rays of dear of dear of dear Cla_
_rindas Eyes The rays of dear of dear of dear Claindas
Eyes the brightest, brightest gems the brightest gems out shine; her ev'ry action, ev'ry grace
her ev'ry action ev'ry grace a bo_ _ _ _ _ve, above her Sex Di_vine.
who but the stupid and the blind, but must her Cha_ _ _ _rms but must her Charms admire
Charms that Heav'n it self has made to set_ _ _ _ all Hearts on Fire, to set all Hearts on Fire
If then such sweetness can at-tract and Reig_ _ _ _ _ _n in Ev'ry Breast,
What wonders will, wt. wonders will those Graces do wth. wch. Shes doubly, Shes doubly, Shes doubly, Shes doubly, Shes doubly, doubly Blest.
Since thus her Face & thus her Mind, with equall force alure; tis She alone can make Mankind with
Joy her Chains endure; tis She alone tis She, tis She alone tis She, tis She can make Mankind
with Joy_ _ _ _ _ _ _ with Joy her Chains endure.

## A Song in the Comedy call'd the Ladies Viſiting Day, Set by Mr. Gillier, Sung by Mrs. Hodgſon; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.



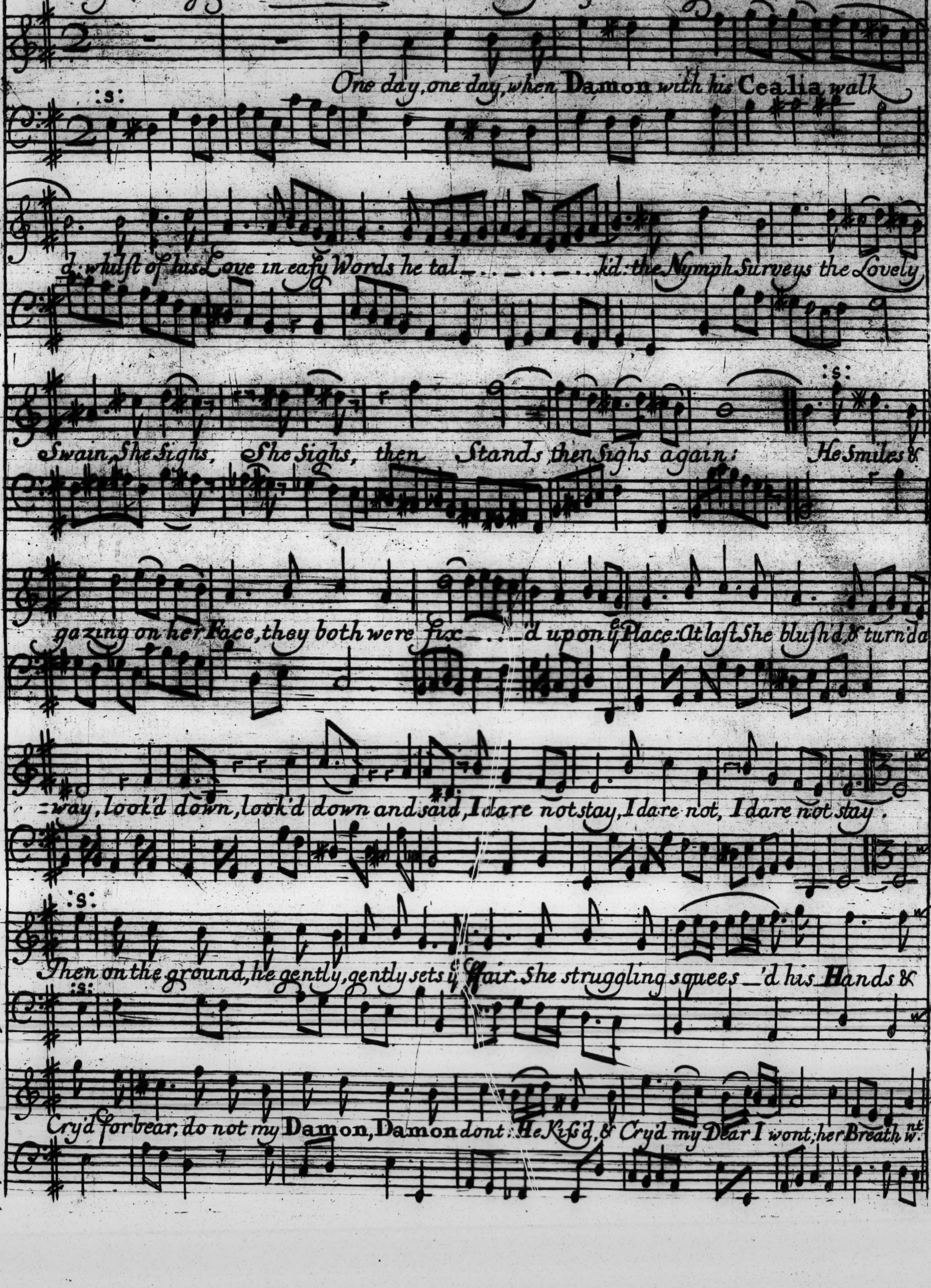
S:
For mighty Loves unerring dart, no, no, no, no, no remedy is found; the
balm to cure a lovers Smart, is to in lar——ge the wound. We all, all, all the
ſoft deſtroyer prove and Try——umph in his Chains, we all, all,
all the ſoft, ſoft deſtroyer prove Try——umph in his
Chains. But oh! when kind how wou'd he mo——ve, who plea——ſes
when he pains; who plea——ſes when he pains: when pains.
S: 1
2

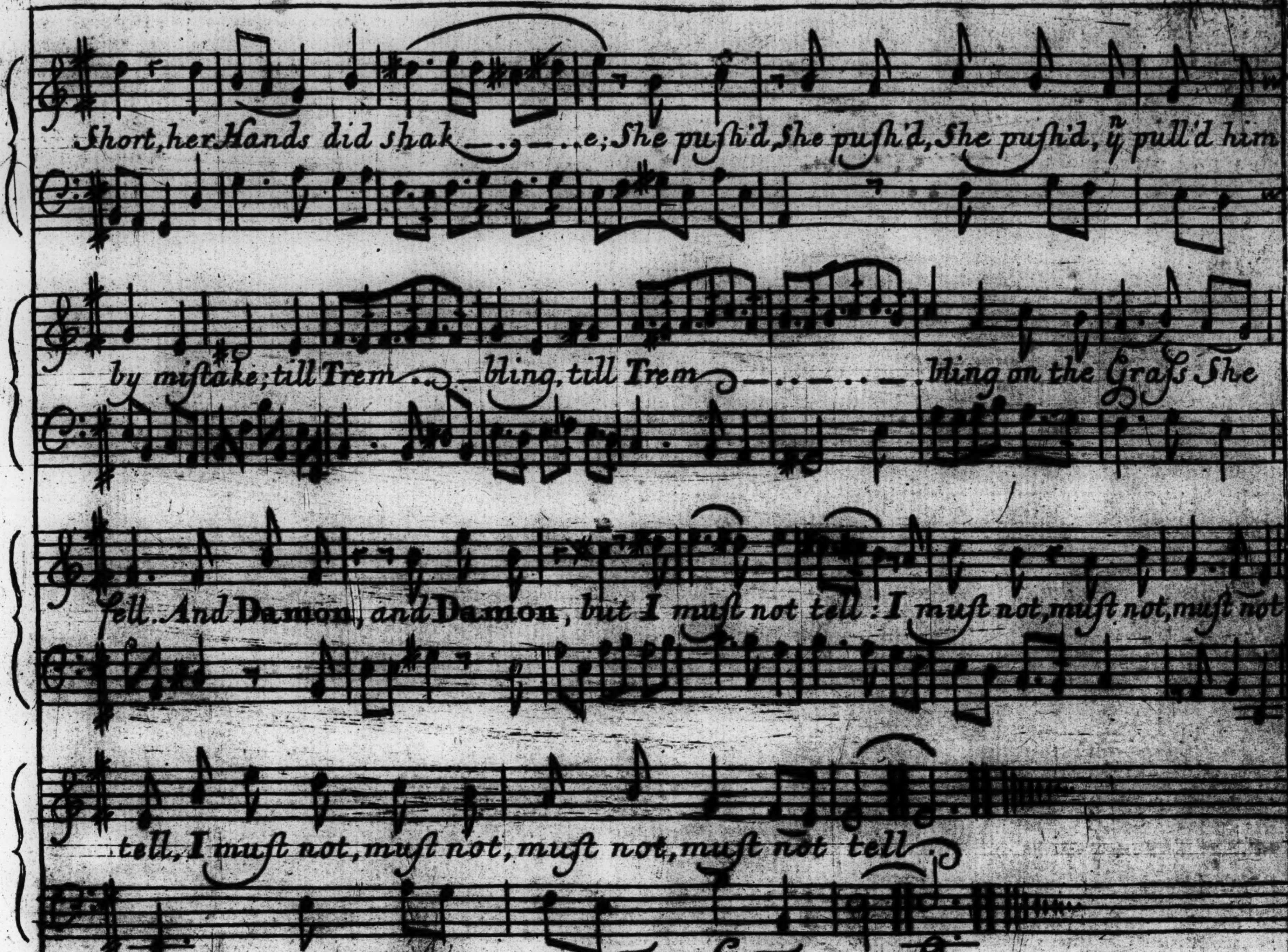
## For the Flute.



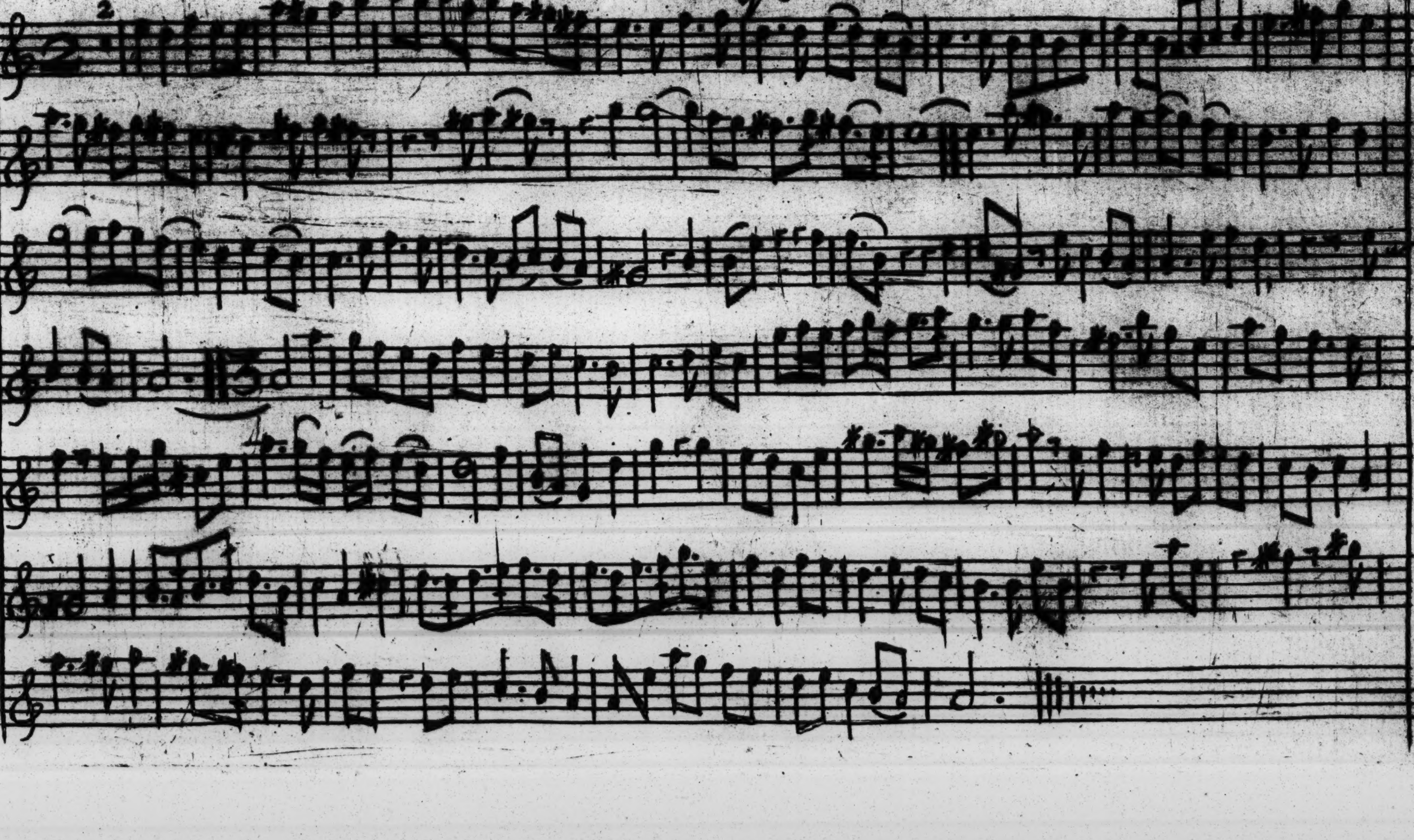
K

A Song Set by Mr. Gillier, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

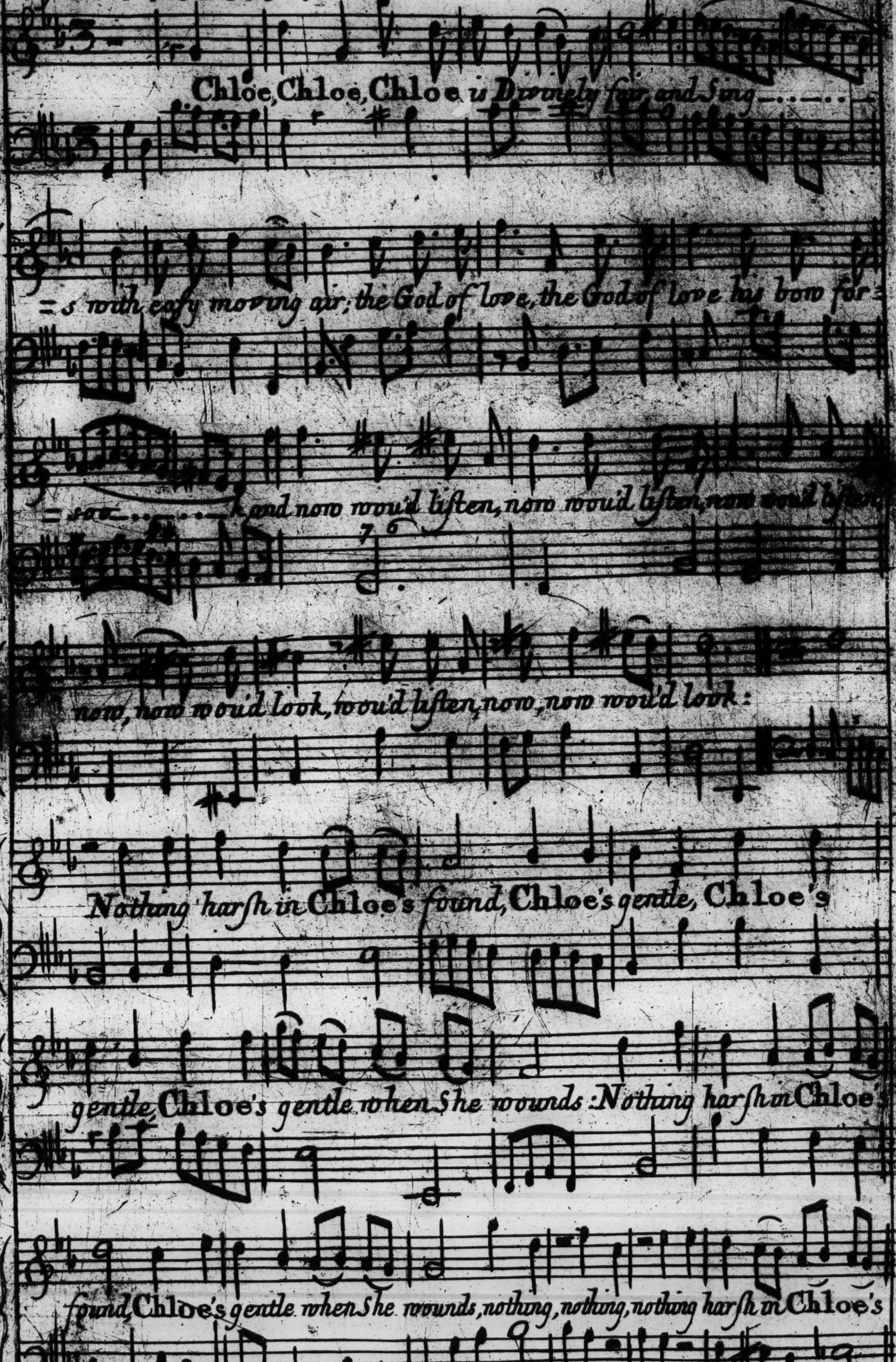

One day, one day, when Damon with his Cealia walk
d: whilſt of his Love in eaſy Words he tal.........k'd: the Nymph Surveys the Lovely
Swain, She Sighs, She Sighs, then Stands, then Sighs again: He Smiles &
gazing on her Face, they both were fix...'d upon ye Place: At laſt She bluſh'd & turn'd a-
way, look'd down, look'd down and said, I dare not stay, I dare not, I dare not stay.
Then on the ground, he gently, gently sets ye Fair: She struggling squees_'d his Hands &
Cry'd forbear, do not my Damon, Damon dont: He Kiſs'd, & Cry'd my Dear I wont; her Breath wnt.

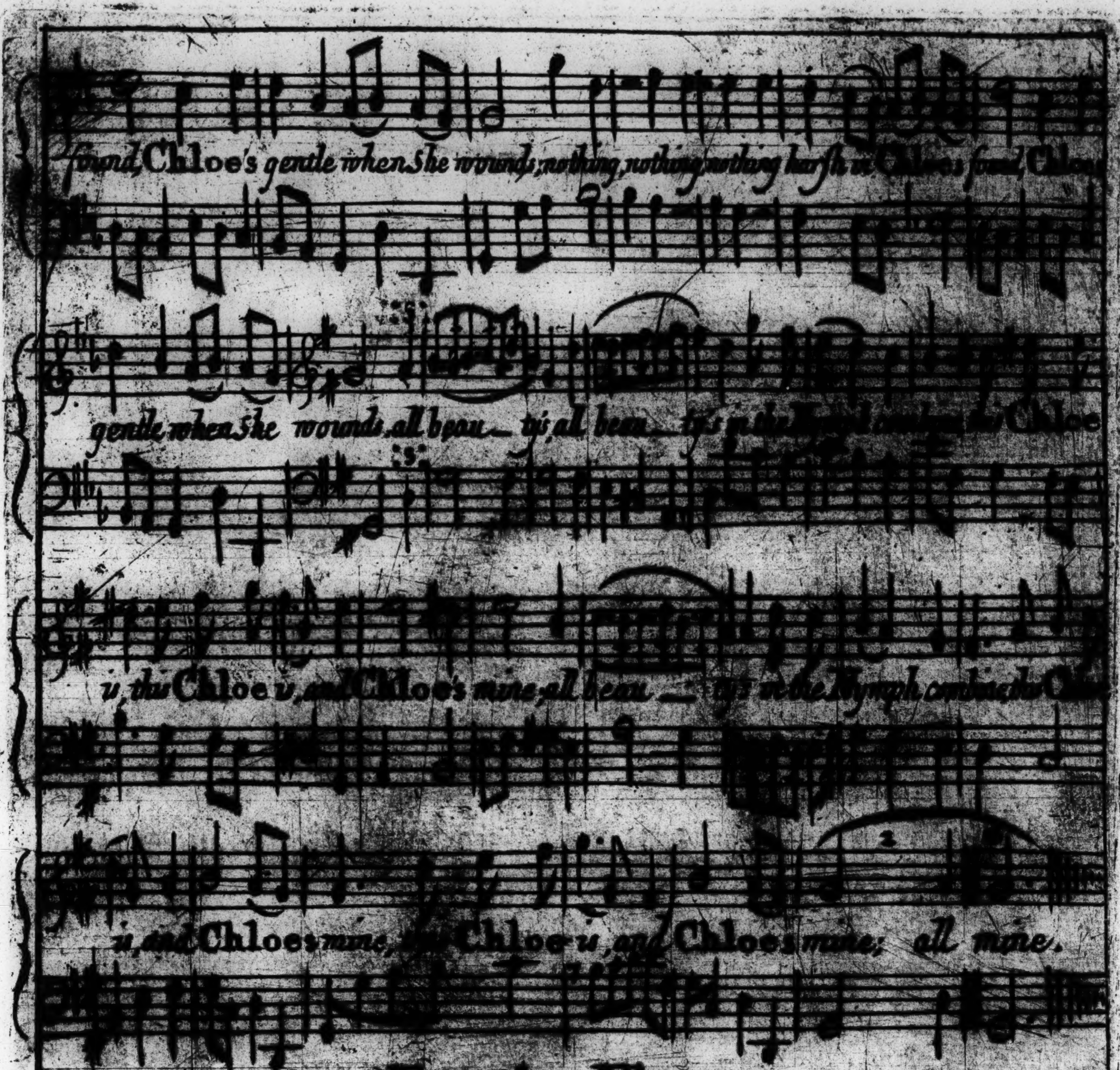

Short, her Hands did shak — e; She puſh'd, She puſh'd, She puſh'd, yn pull'd him
by miſtake; till Trem — bling, till Trem — bling on the Graſs She
fell. And Damon, and Damon, but I muſt not tell: I muſt not, muſt not, muſt not
tell, I muſt not, muſt not, muſt not, muſt not tell.

## For ye Flute.

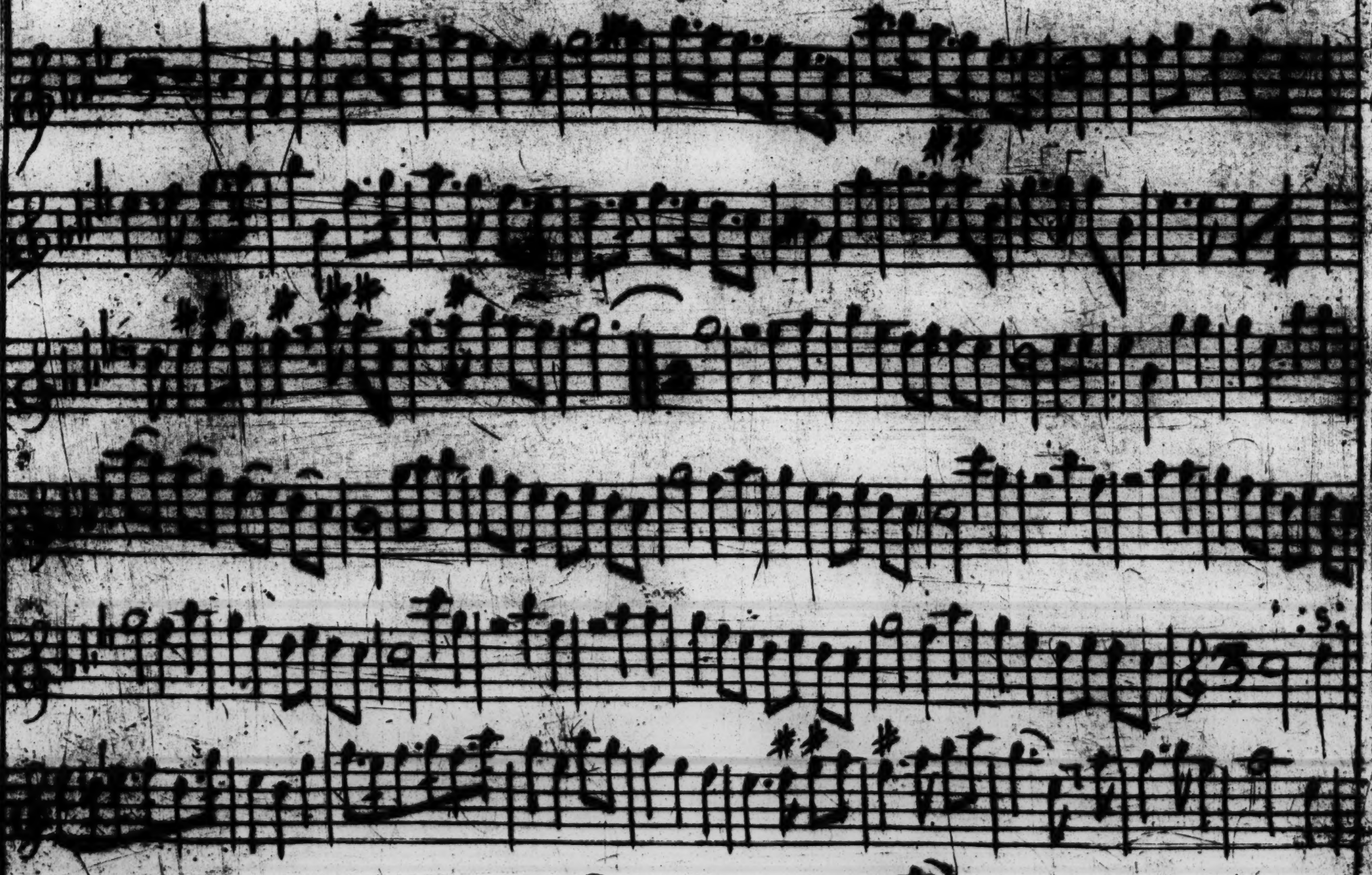


# A Song in the Comedy call'd the Ladies Viſiting Day, Set by Mr. Gillier, Sung by Mrs. Hains, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs

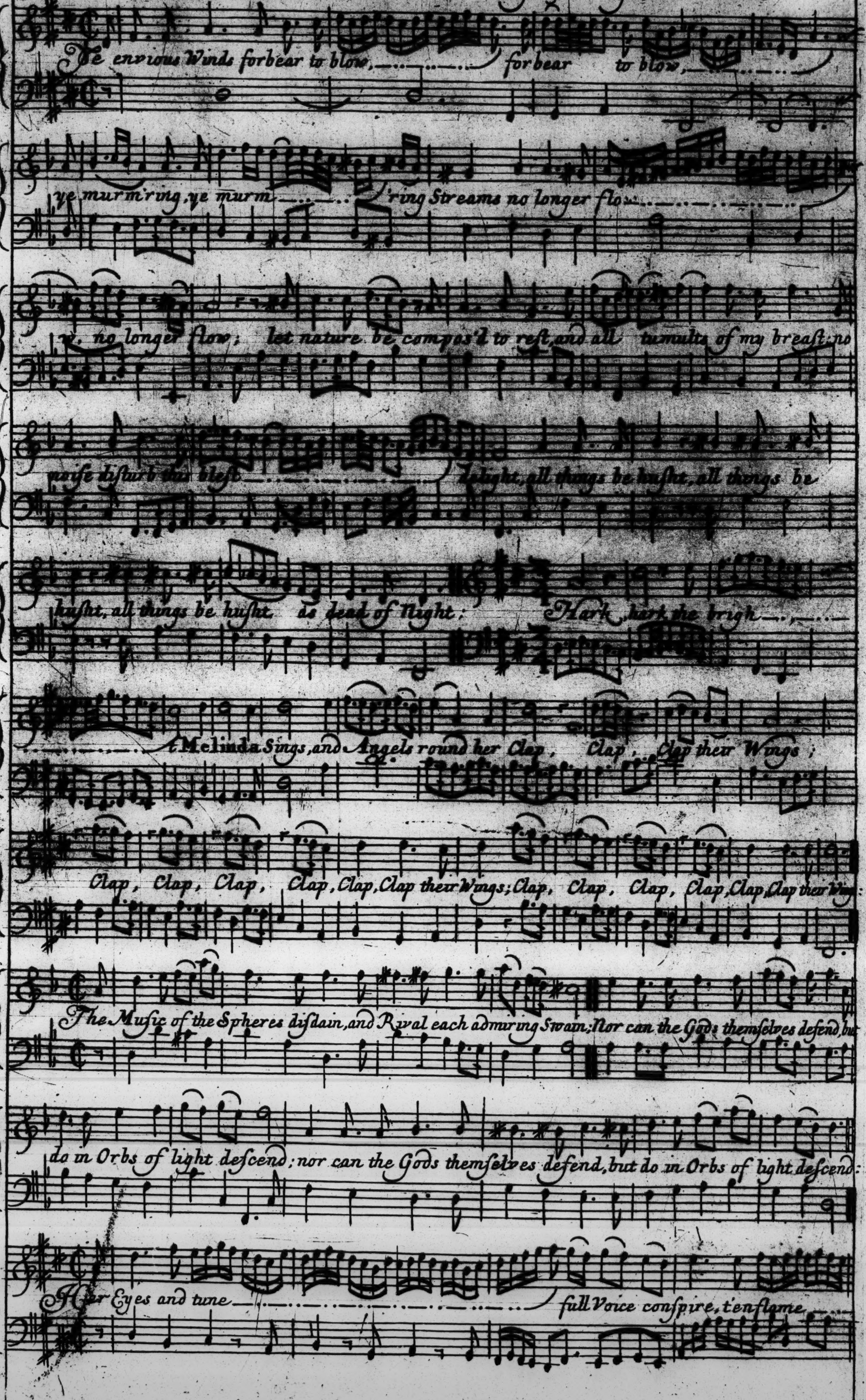

Chloe, Chloe, Chloe is Divinely fair, and Sing......
=s with eaſy moving air; the God of love, the God of love his bow for=
=sook.......and now wou'd liſten, now wou'd liſten, now wou'd liſten,
7 6
now, now wou'd look, wou'd liſten, now, now wou'd look:
Nothing harſh in Chloe's found, Chloe's gentle, Chloe's
gentle, Chloe's gentle when She wounds: Nothing harſh in Chloe's
found, Chloe's gentle when She wounds, nothing, nothing, nothing harſh in Chloe's

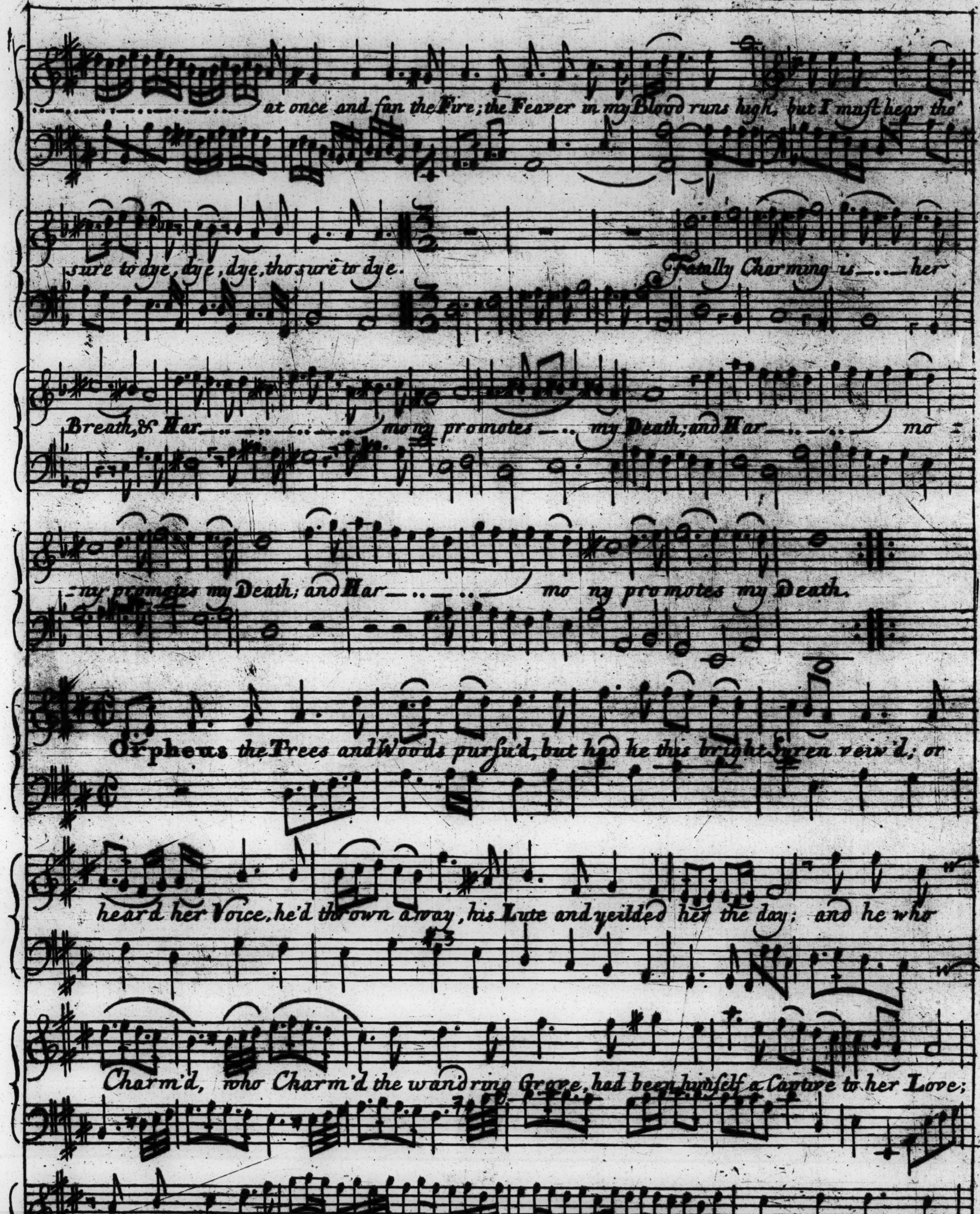

found, Chloe's gentle when She wounds; nothing, nothing, nothing harſh in Chloe is found, Chloe
gentle when She wounds, all beau — ty's, all beau — ty's in the Nymph combine, this Chloe
is, this Chloe is, and Chloe's mine, all beau — ty's in the Nymph combine, this Chloe
is and Chloes mine, this Chloe is and Chloes mine; all mine.

## For the Flute



A Song the Words by Mr. Repington, Set by Mr. Phill Hart, Sung by
**Charles Chriſtian** at the new Theater; and exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs.**

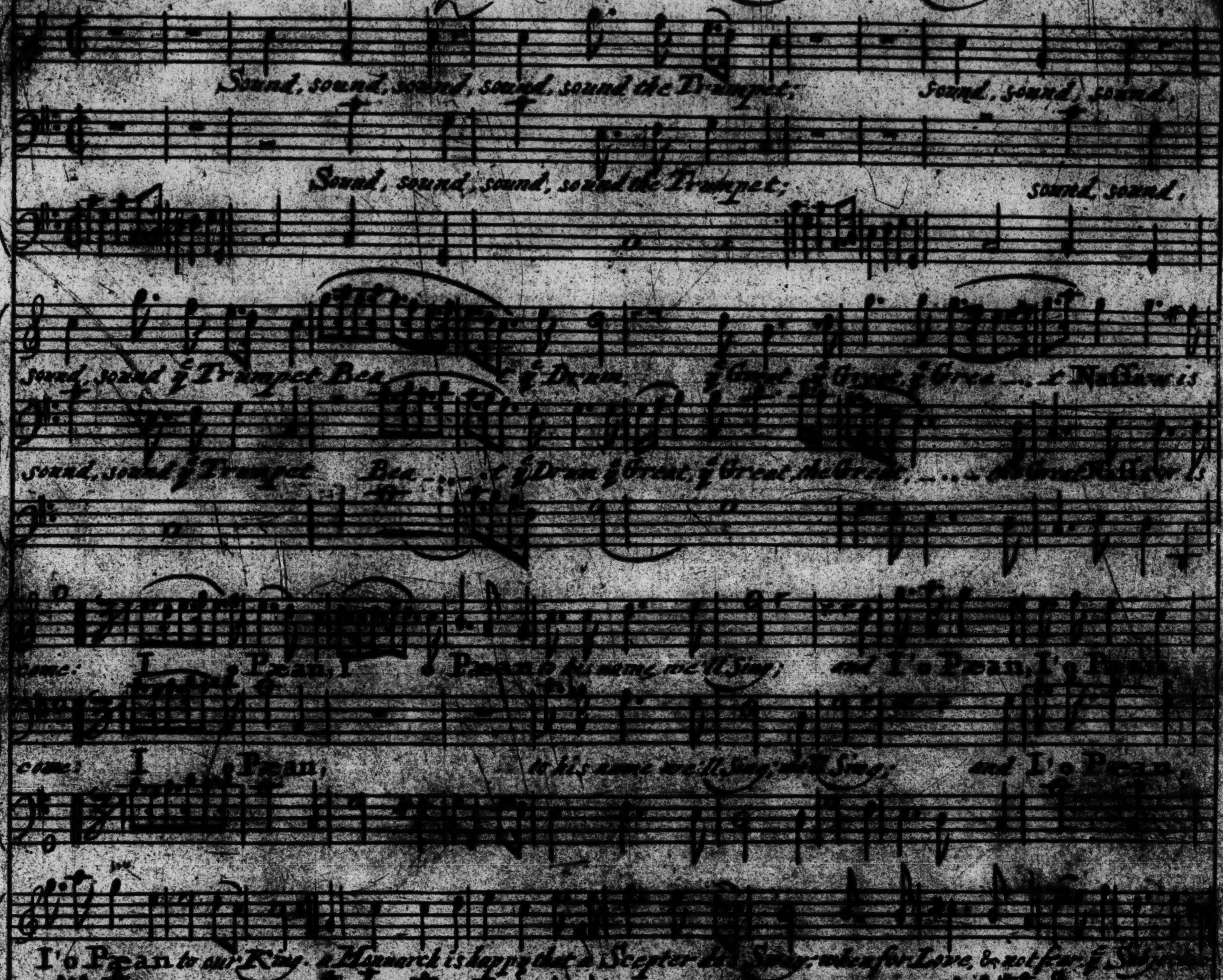

Ye envious Winds forbear to blow, forbear to blow,
ye murm'ring, ye murm ring Streams no longer flo
w, no longer flow; let nature be compos'd to reſt, and all tumults of my breaſt; no
noyſe diſturb this bleſt delight, all things be huſht, all things be
huſht, all things be huſht as dead of Night: Hark hark the brigh
t Melinda Sings, and Angels round her Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings;
Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings; Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings:
The Muſic of the Spheres diſdain, and Rival each admiring Swain; Nor can the Gods themſelves defend, but
do in Orbs of light deſcend; nor can the Gods themſelves defend, but do in Orbs of light deſcend:
Her Eyes and tune full Voice conſpire, t'enflame


at once and fan the Fire; the Feaver in my Blood runs high, but I muſt hear tho'
ſure to dye, dye, dye, tho ſure to dye. Fatally Charming is ... her
Breath, & Har ... mony promotes ... my Death; and Har ... mo
ny promotes my Death; and Har ... mo ny promotes my Death.
Orpheus the Trees and Woods purſu'd, but had he this bright Syren veiw'd, or
heard her Voice, he'd thrown away, his Lute and yeilded her the day; and he who
Charm'd, who Charm'd the wandring Grove, had been himſelf a Captive to her Love;
had been himſelf a Cap ... tive to her
Love; had been himſelf a Cap ... tive to her Love.

92

# A Song upon the safe Return of his Majesty King WILLIAM

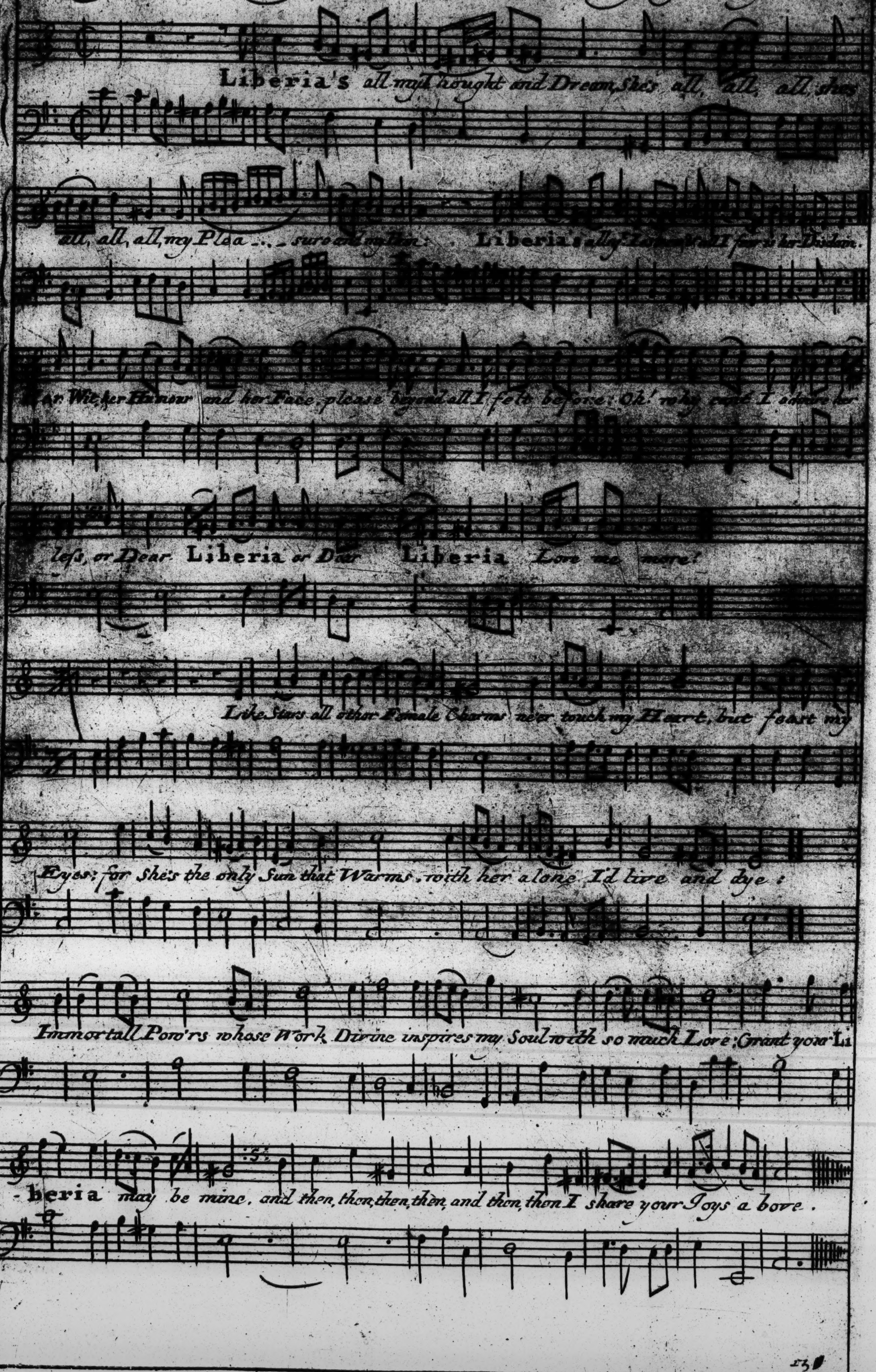
Set to Musick by Mr **Phill: Hart** and exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs**


Sound, sound, sound, sound, sound the Trumpet; Sound, sound, sound,
Sound, sound, sound, sound the Trumpet; sound, sound,
sound, sound y^e Trumpet Bea- t y^e Drum. y^e Great, y^e Great, y^e Grea- t Naſſaw is
sound, sound y^e Trumpet Bea- t y^e Drum, y^e Great, y^e Great, the Great, the Great Naſſaw is
come: I'o Pæan, I'o Pæan, to his name we'll Sing; and I'o Pæan, I'o Pæan
come: I'o Pæan; to his name we'll Sing; we'll Sing; and I'o Pæan.
I'o Pæan to our King. a Monarch is happy that a Scepter dos Sway; when for Love, & not fear, y^e Subjects o-
I'o Pæan to our King. a Monarch is happy that a Scepter dos Sway; when for Love, & not fear, y^e Subjects o-
-bey. a Monarch is happy, y^t a Scepter dos Sway; when for Love, & not fear, the Subjects o-
-bey a Monarch is happy, y^t a Scepter dos Sway; when for Love, & not fear, the Subjects o-
-bey: When for Love and not fear, the Subjects o-bey.
-bay: When for Love and not fear, the Subjects o-bey.

Printed and Sold by **Tho: Croſs** and are to be Sold at the Muſick-Shops.

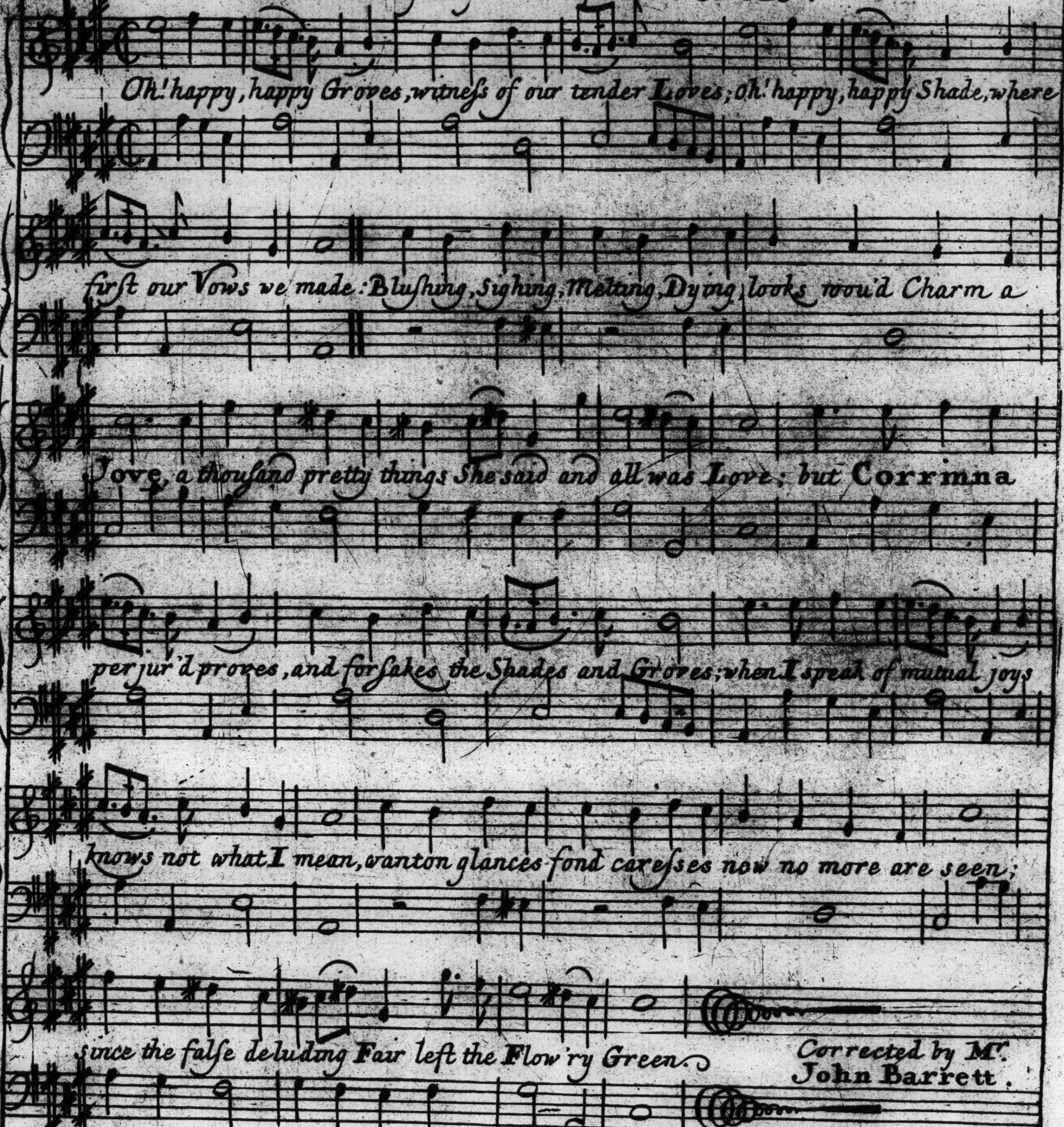
K

## A Song Set to Musick by Mr. John Barrett & exactly engrav'd by T. Cro


Liberia's all my thought and Dream, She's all, all, all, she's
all, all, all, my Plea....sure and my Theam: Liberia's all my [illegible] & all I fear is her Disdain.
Her Wit, her Humour and her Face, please beyond all I felt before: Oh! why can't I admire her
less, or Dear Liberia or Dear Liberia Love me more!
Like Stars all other Female Charms ne'er touch my Heart, but feast my
Eyes; for She's the only Sun that Warms, with her alone I'd live and dye:
Immortall Pow'rs whose Work Divine inspires my Soul with so much Love; Grant your Li
-beria may be mine, and then, then then then and then, then I share your Joys a bove.

K

## A Song call'd the **Pilgrim**, the tune by Mr. **John Barrett**, and exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs**.


Oh! happy, happy Groves, witneſs of our tender Loves; Oh! happy, happy Shade, where
firſt our Vows we made: Bluſhing, Sighing, Melting, Dying looks wou'd Charm a
Jove, a thouſand pretty things She said and all was Love; but Corrinna
perjur'd proves, and forſakes the Shades and Groves; when I speak of mutual joys
knows not what I mean, wanton glances fond careſses now no more are seen;
since the falſe deluding Fair left the Flow'ry Green.

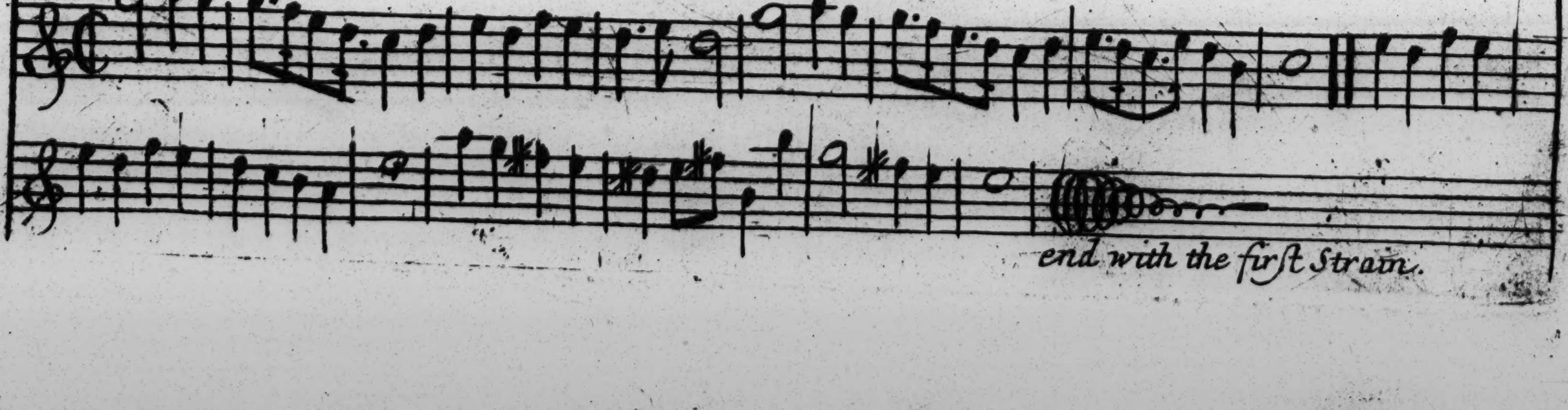
Corrected by Mr. **John Barrett**.

### ( II. )

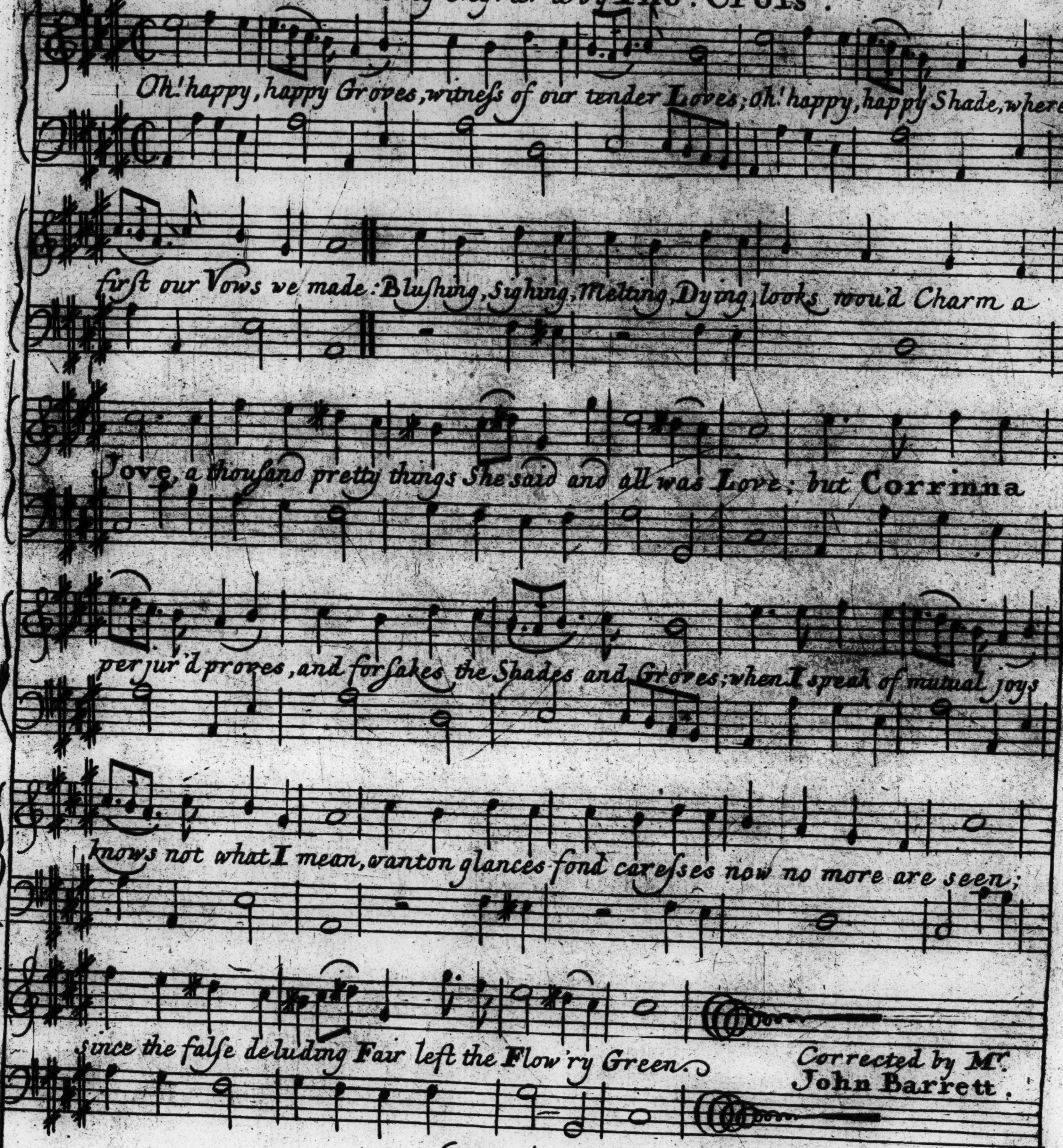
Sing theſe 4 lines to the 1st. part & end wth. it

*Mourn ye Nymphs that sporting play'd,*
*Where poor* **Strephon** *was betray'd;*
*There the Secret Wound She gave,*
*When I was made her Slave.*

### For the Flute.


end with the firſt Strain.

# A Song call'd the **Pilgrim**, the tune by Mr. **John Barrett**, and exactly engrav'd by **Tho: Croſs**.


Oh! happy, happy Groves, witneſs of our tender Loves; Oh! happy, happy Shade, where
firſt our Vows we made: Bluſhing, Sighing, Melting, Dying, looks wou'd Charm a
Love, a thouſand pretty things She said and all was Love; but Corrinna
perjur'd proves, and forſakes the Shades and Groves; when I ſpeak of mutual joys
knows not what I mean, wanton glances fond careſses now no more are seen;
ſince the falſe deluding Fair left the Flow'ry Green.

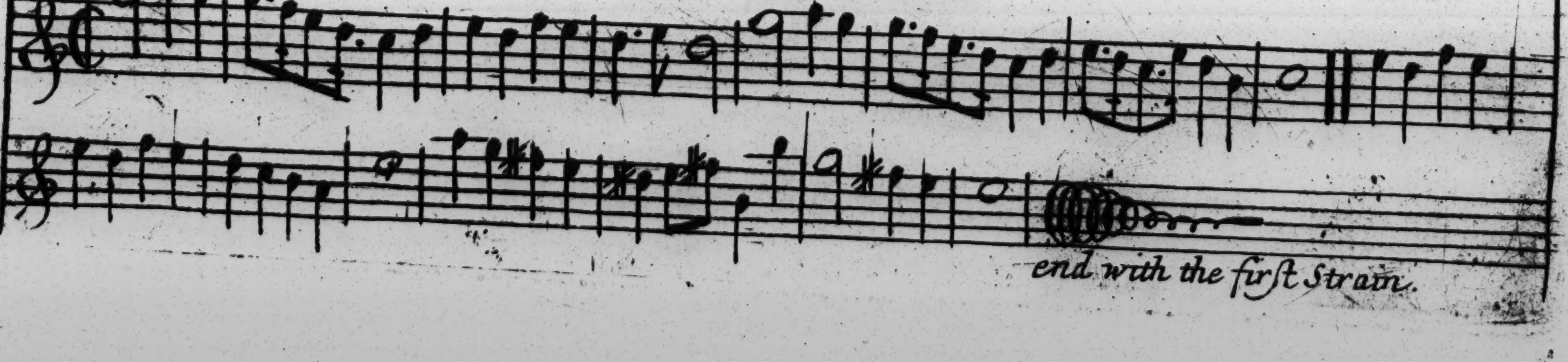
Corrected by Mr. **John Barrett**.

(II.)

*Sing theſe 4 lines to the 1st part & end wth it*

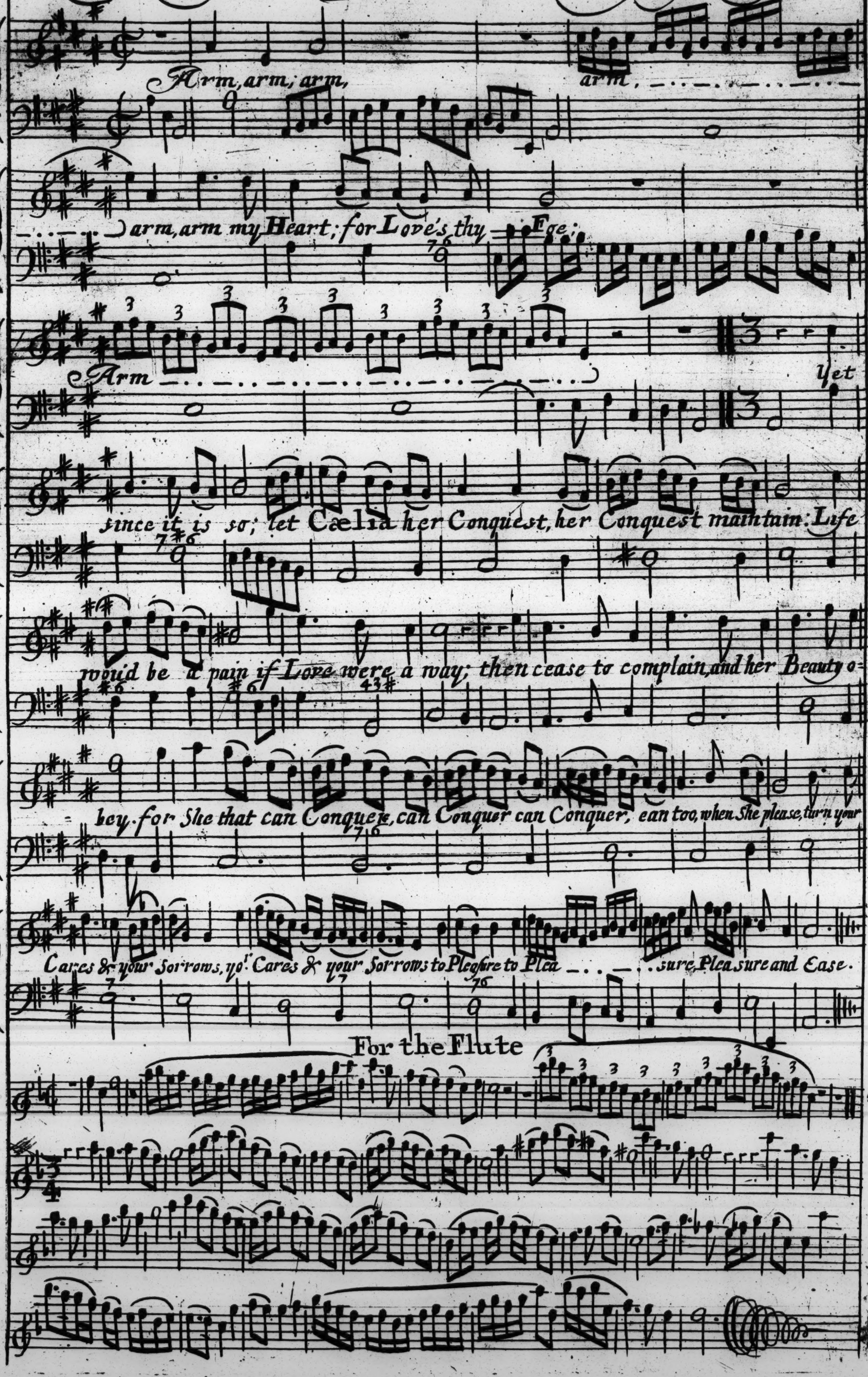
*Mourn ye Nymphs that ſporting play'd,*
*Where poor* **Strephon** *was betray'd;*
*There the secret Wound She gave,*
*When I was made her Slave.*

## For the Flute.



*end with the firſt Strain.*

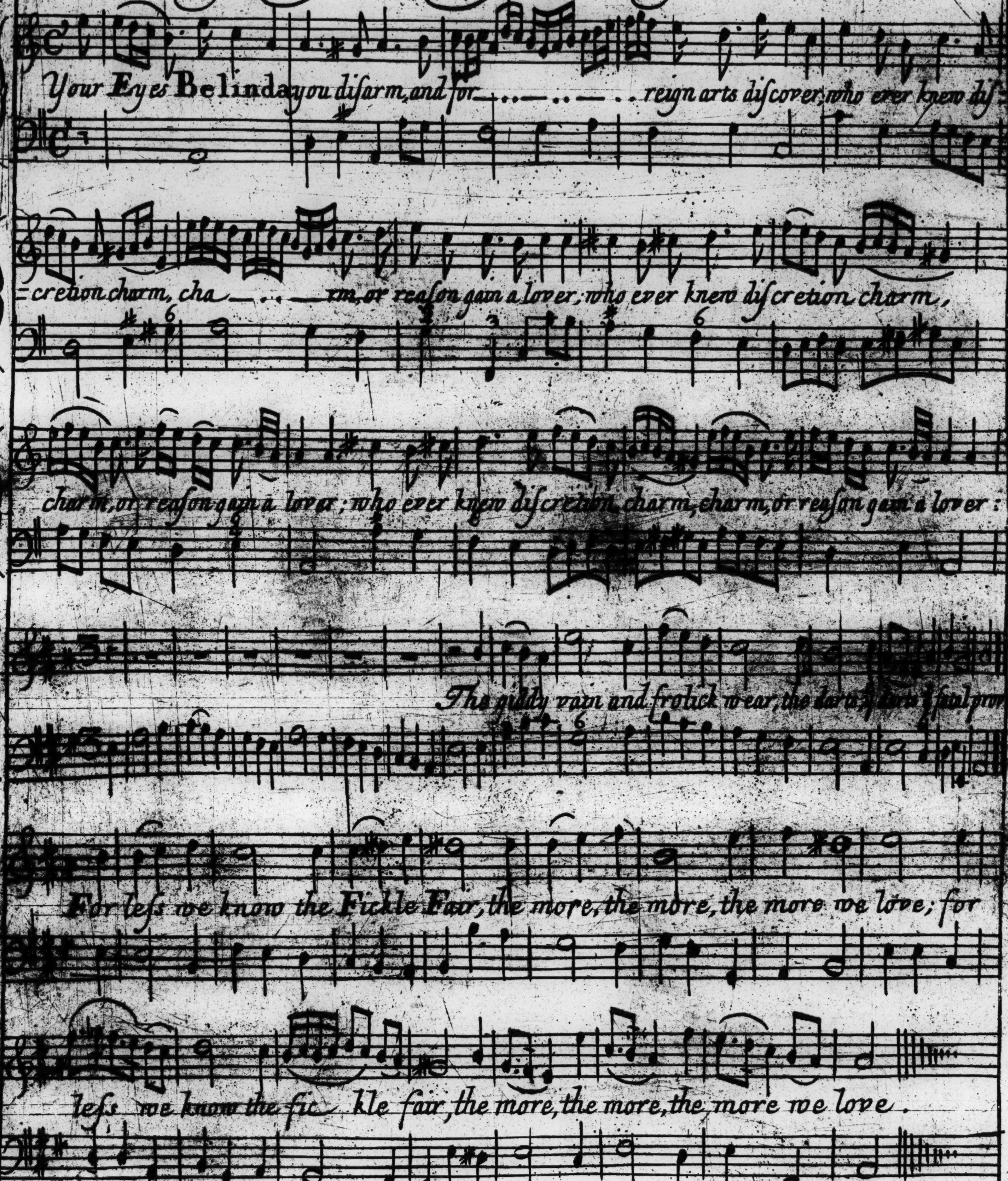
# A Song Set by Mr. Berenclow and exactly engrav'd by T. C.


Arm, arm, arm, arm, ——— arm, arm my Heart; for Love's thy Foe;
Arm ———
Yet since it is so; let Cælia her Conquest, her Conquest maintain: Life
would be a pain if Love were a way; then cease to complain, and her Beauty o-
bey. for She that can Conquer, can Conquer can Conquer, can too, when She please, turn your
Cares & your Sorrows, yr. Cares & your Sorrows to Pleasure to Plea——sure Pleasure and Ease.
For the Flute

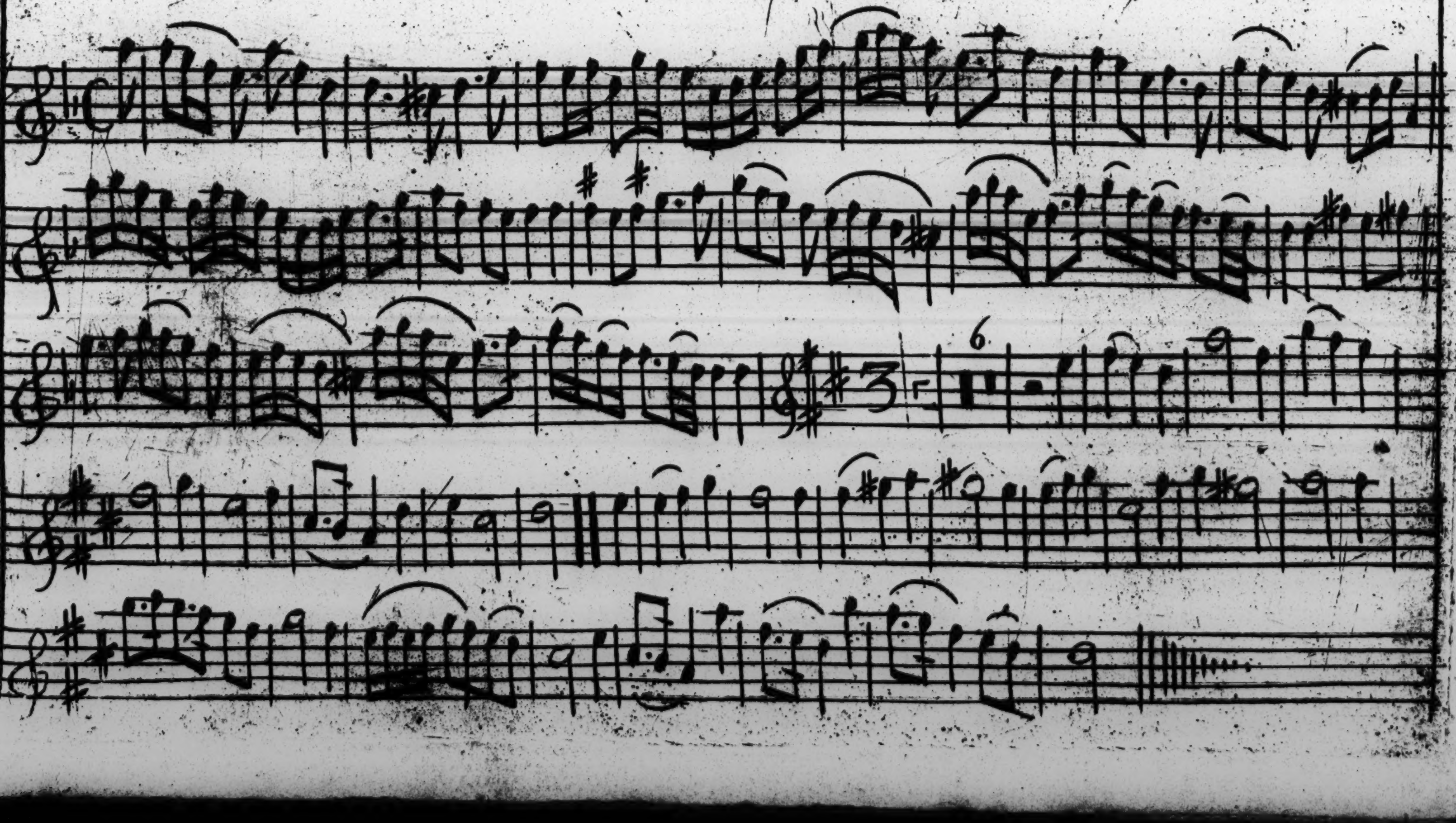
6

K

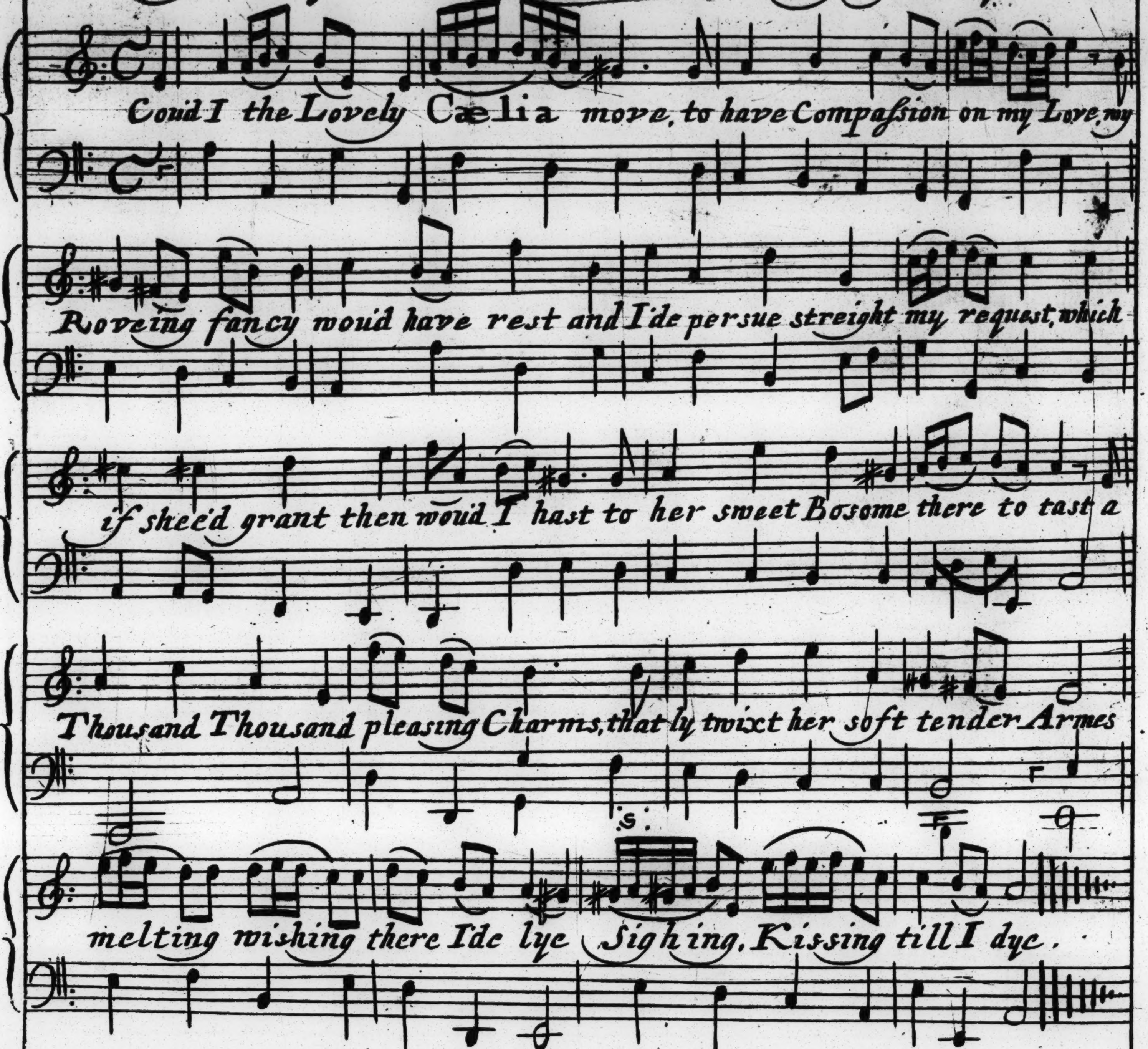
# A Song in the Comedy call'd The Ladies Viſiting Day, ſet by Mr. Courco, Sung by ye Boy, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.


Your Eyes Belinda you diſarm, and for . . . — . . — . . reign arts diſcover, who ever knew diſ-
cretion charm, cha . . . — rm, or reaſon gain a lover, who ever knew diſcretion charm,
charm, or reaſon gain a lover; who ever knew diſcretion charm, charm, or reaſon gain a lover:
The giddy vain and frolick wear, the darts, [illegible] fatal prove
For leſs we know the Fickle Fair, the more, the more, the more we love; for
leſs we know the fic- kle fair, the more, the more, the more we love.
6
3
6
3

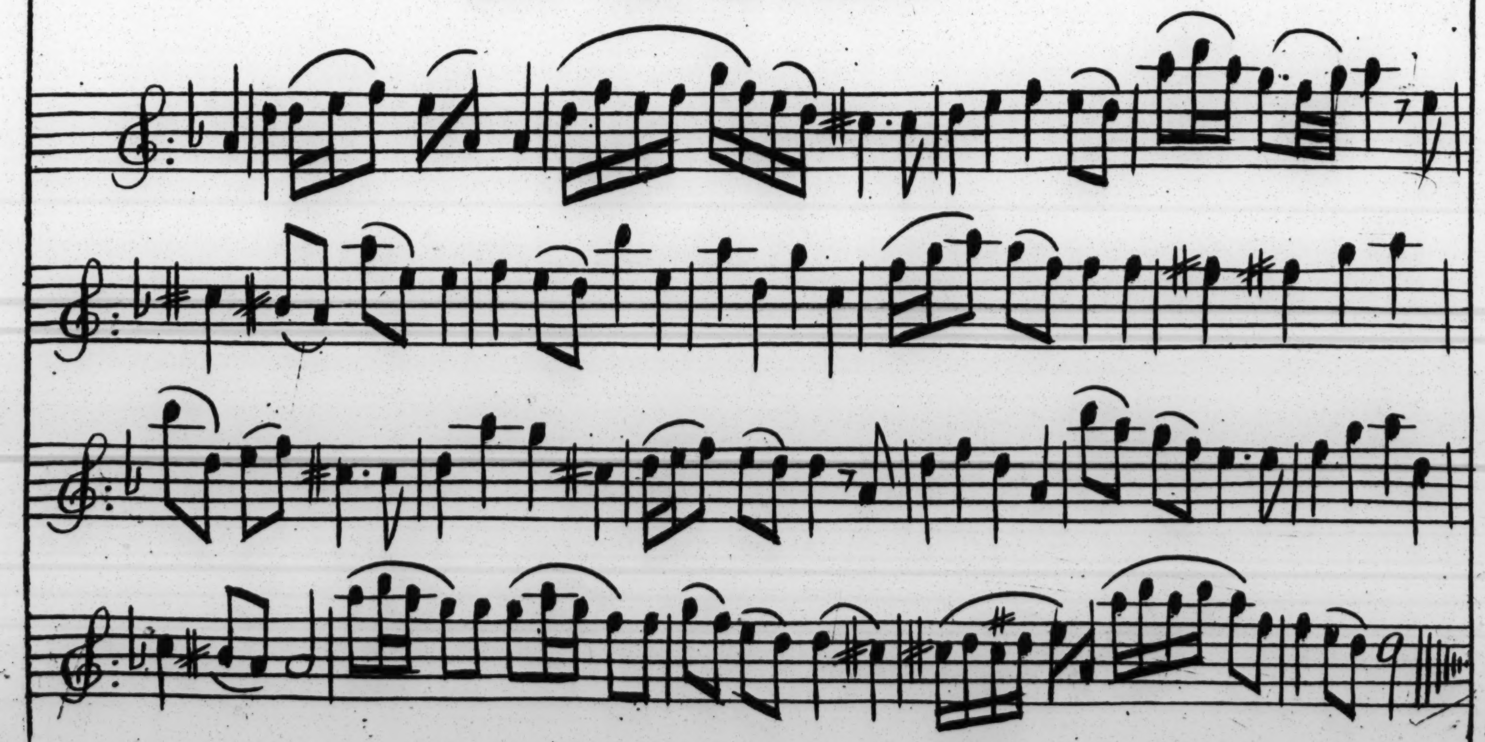
## For the Flute.



## A Song Set by Mr. Rene Harris, and exactly engrav'd by T. Croſs.


Coud I the Lovely Cælia move, to have Compaſsion on my Love, my
Roveing fancy woud have rest and I'de perſue streight my request, which
if shee'd grant then woud I hast to her sweet Bosome there to tast a
Thousand Thousand pleasing Charms, that ly twixt her soft tender Armes
melting wishing there Ide lye Sighing, Kiſsing till I dye.

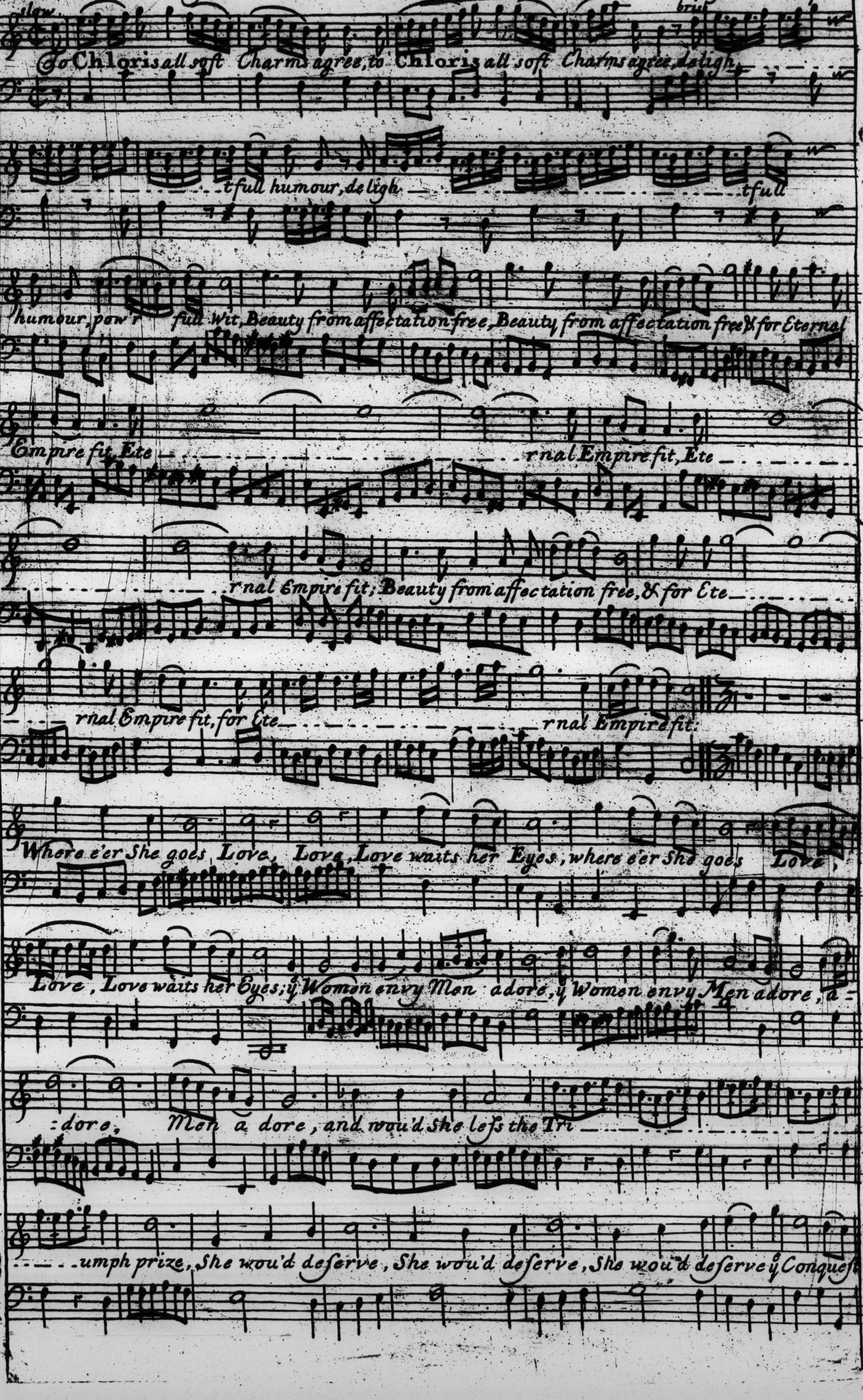
## For the Flute

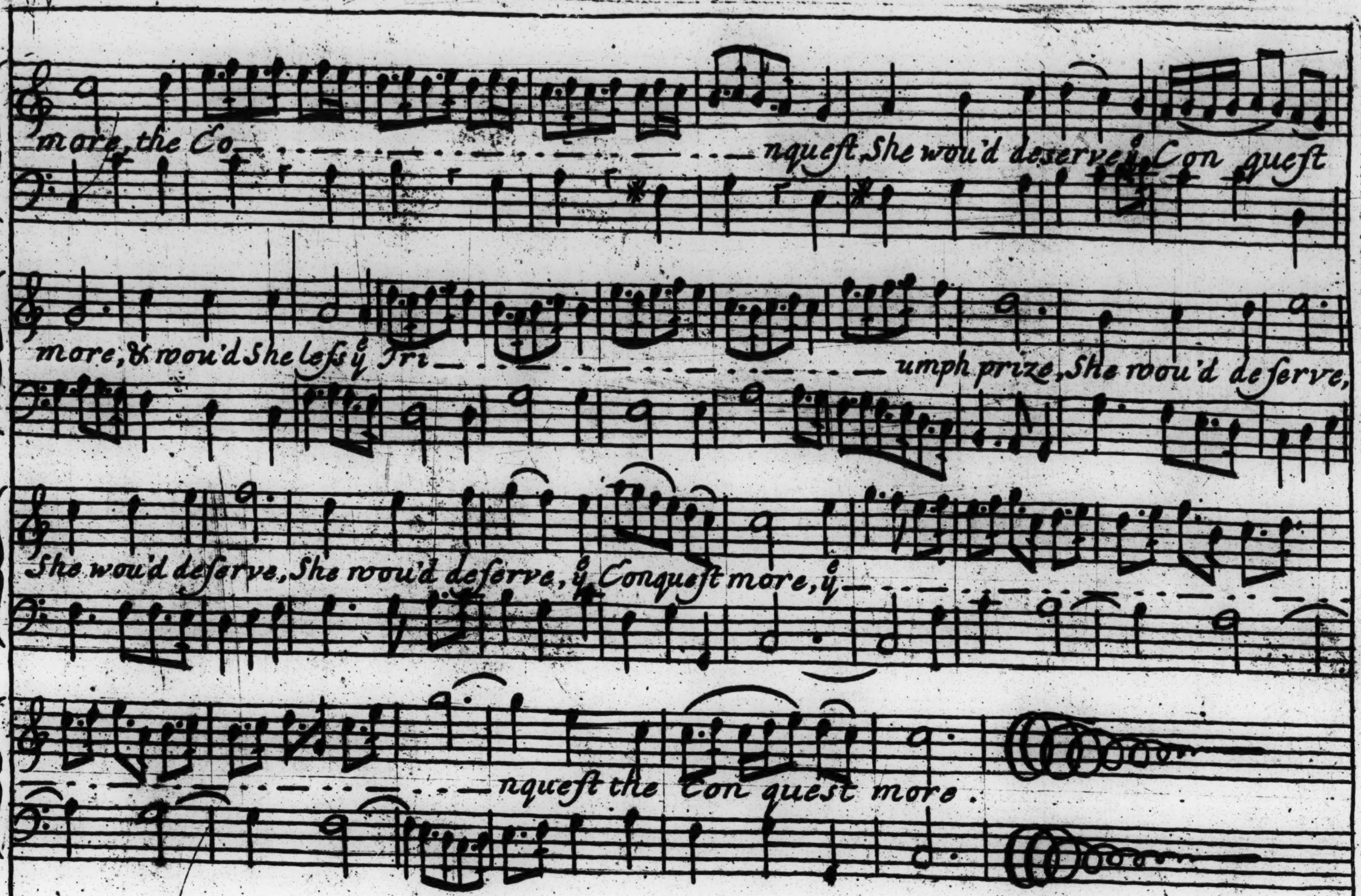


8

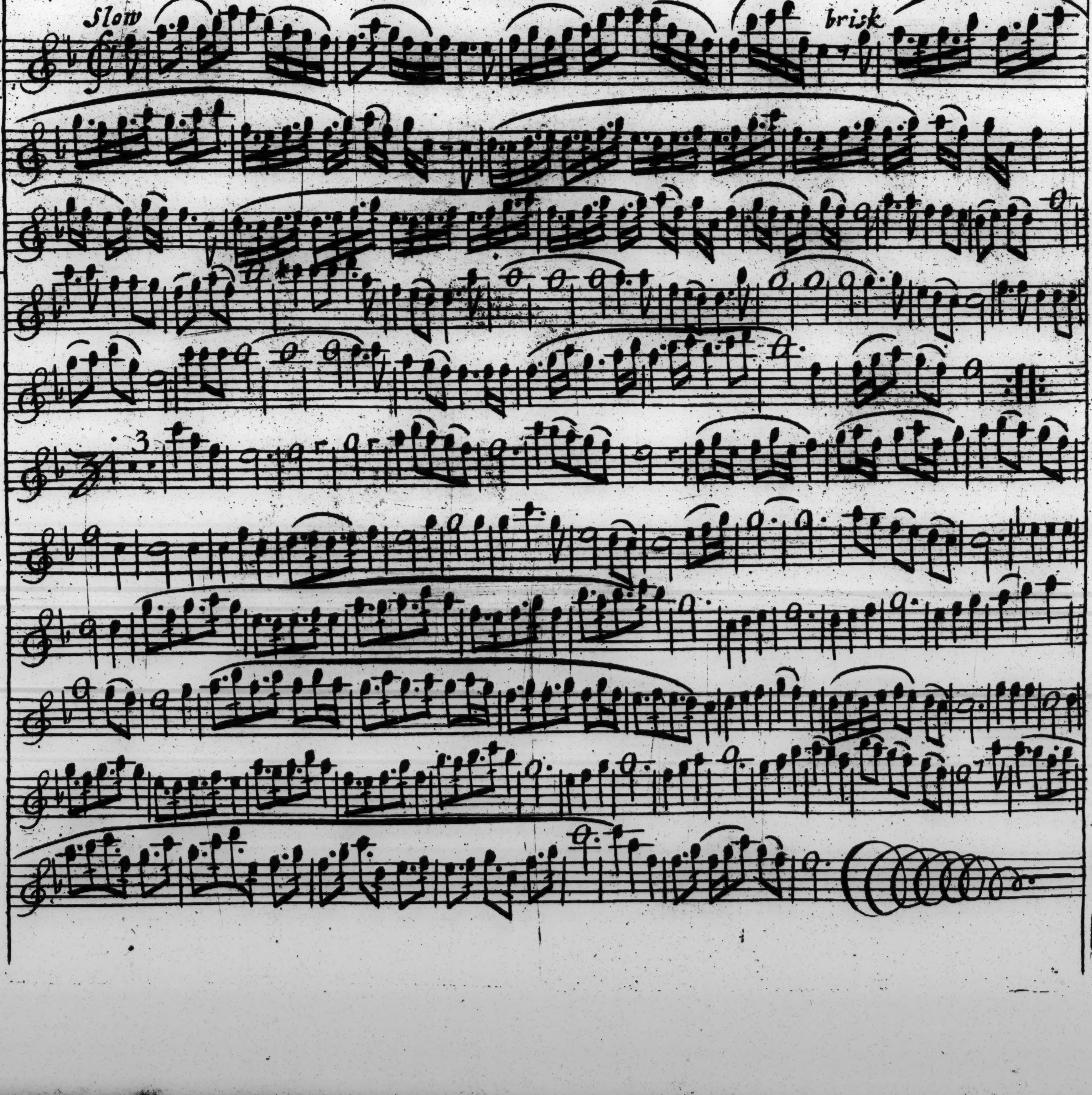
K

## A Song Set by Mr. Richard Elford. Tho: Croſs Sculp.

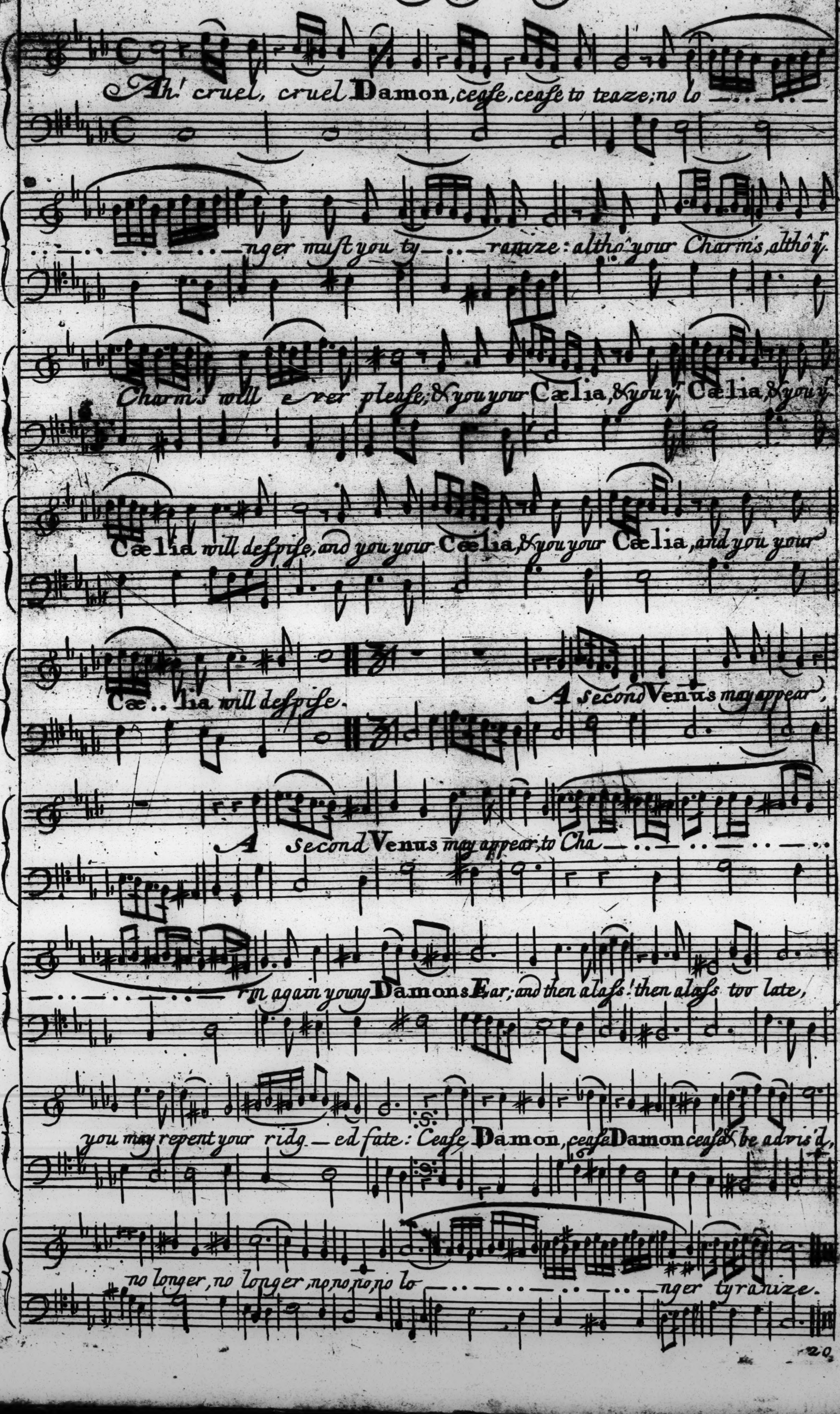

slow
brisk
To Chloris all soft Charms agree, to Chloris all soft Charms agree, deligh-
t full humour, deligh- t full
humour, pow'r full Wit, Beauty from affectation free, Beauty from affectation free & for Eternal
Empire fit, Ete- rnal Empire fit, Ete-
rnal Empire fit; Beauty from affectation free, & for Ete-
rnal Empire fit, for Ete- rnal Empire fit:
Where e'er She goes Love, Love, Love waits her Eyes, where e'er She goes Love,
Love, Love waits her Eyes; ye Women envy Men adore, ye Women envy Men adore, a-
dore, Men a dore, and wou'd She leſs the Tri-
umph prize, She wou'd deſerve, She wou'd deſerve, She wou'd deſerve ye Conqueſt


more, the Co———nquest, She wou'd deserve ye Con quest
more, & wou'd She lesse ye Tri————umph prize, She wou'd deserve,
She wou'd deserve, She wou'd deserve, ye Conquest more, ye——
——nquest the Con quest more.

## For the Flute

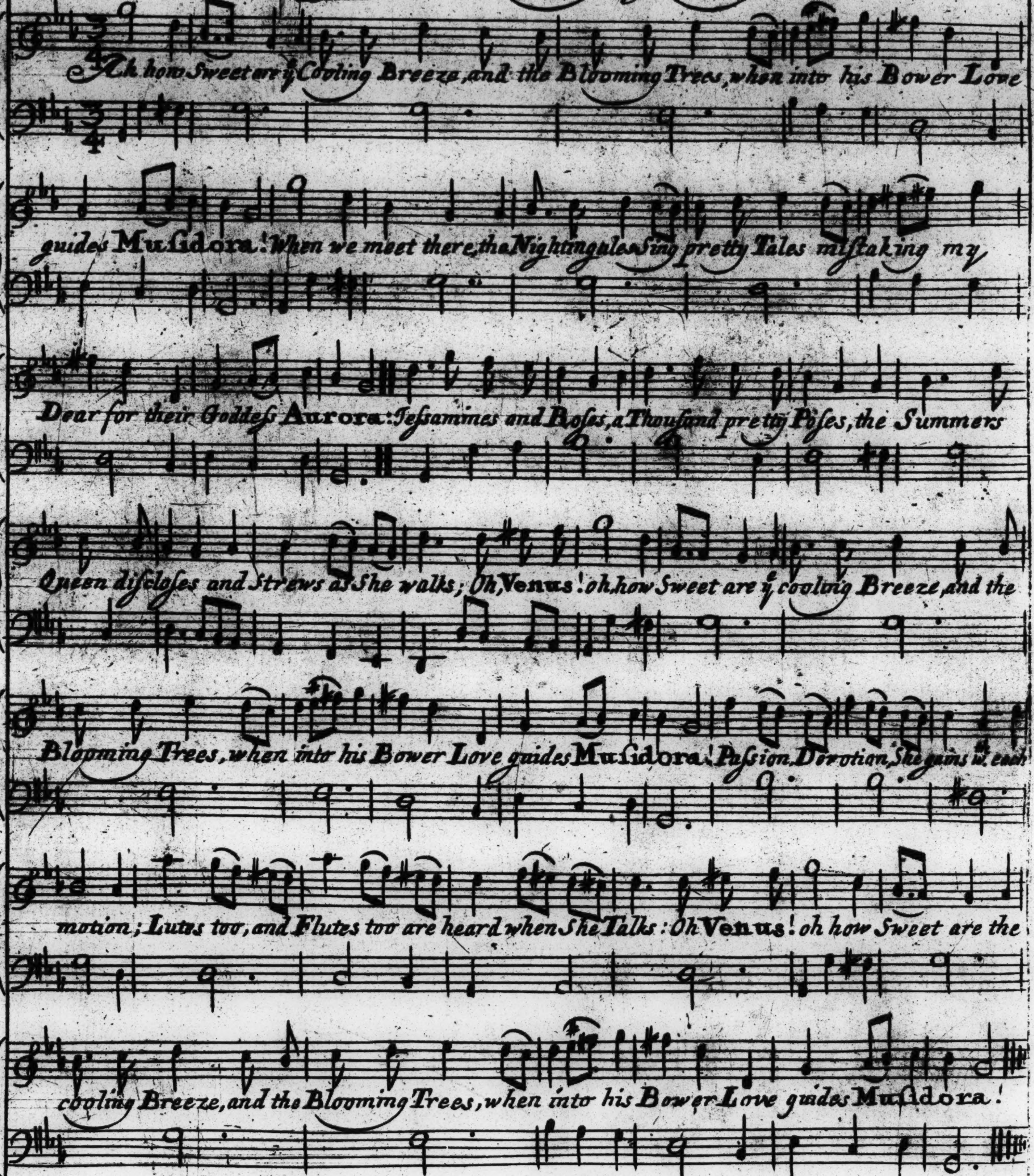

Slow
brisk
3

**A SONG, Set by Mr. Richard Elford, Sung by Mrs. Hodgſon, at the new THEATRE and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.**

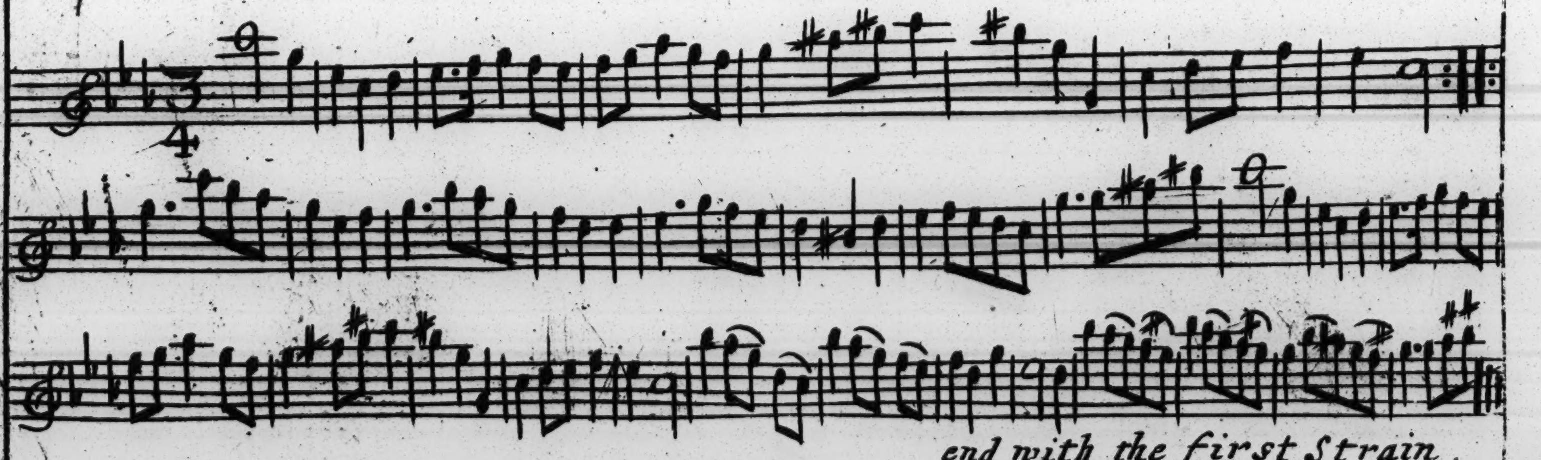

Ah! cruel, cruel Damon, ceaſe, ceaſe to teaze; no lo——nger muſt you ty——rannize: altho' your Charm's, altho' y.
Charm's will ever pleaſe, & you your Cælia, & you y. Cælia, & you y.
Cælia will deſpiſe, and you your Cælia, & you your Cælia, and you your
Cæ..lia will deſpiſe. A second Venus may appear,
A second Venus may appear, to Cha——
rm again young Damons Ear; and then alaſs! then alaſs too late,
you may repent your rigg—ed fate: Ceaſe Damon, ceaſe Damon ceaſe & be advis'd,
no longer, no longer, no no no, no lo——nger tyrannize.

k

# Words made by Mr. Tho: D'urfey, to a Tune of Mr. William Croft's, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs.

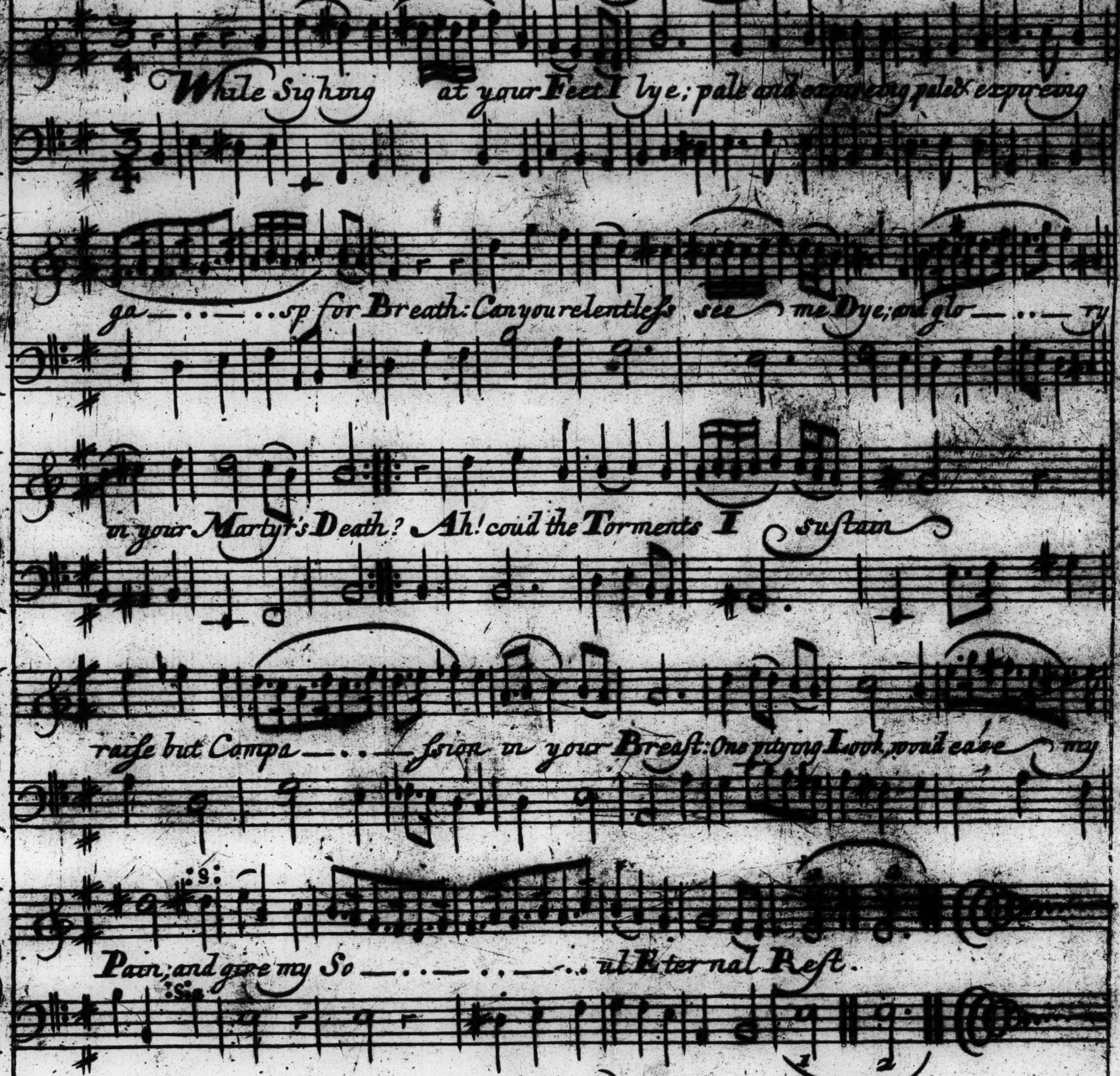

Ah how Sweet are ye Cooling Breeze, and the Blooming Trees, when into his Bower Love
guides Muſidora! When we meet there, the Nightingales Sing pretty Tales miſtaking my
Dear for their Goddeſs Aurora: Jeſsammes and Roſes, a Thouſand pretty Poſes, the Summers
Queen diſcloſes and ſtrews as She walks; Oh Venus! oh how Sweet are ye cooling Breeze, and the
Blooming Trees, when into his Bower Love guides Muſidora! Paſsion, Devotion, She gains wth each
motion; Lutes too, and Flutes too are heard when She Talks: Oh Venus! oh how Sweet are the
cooling Breeze, and the Blooming Trees, when into his Bower Love guides Muſidora!

## For the Flute.



end with the first Strain.

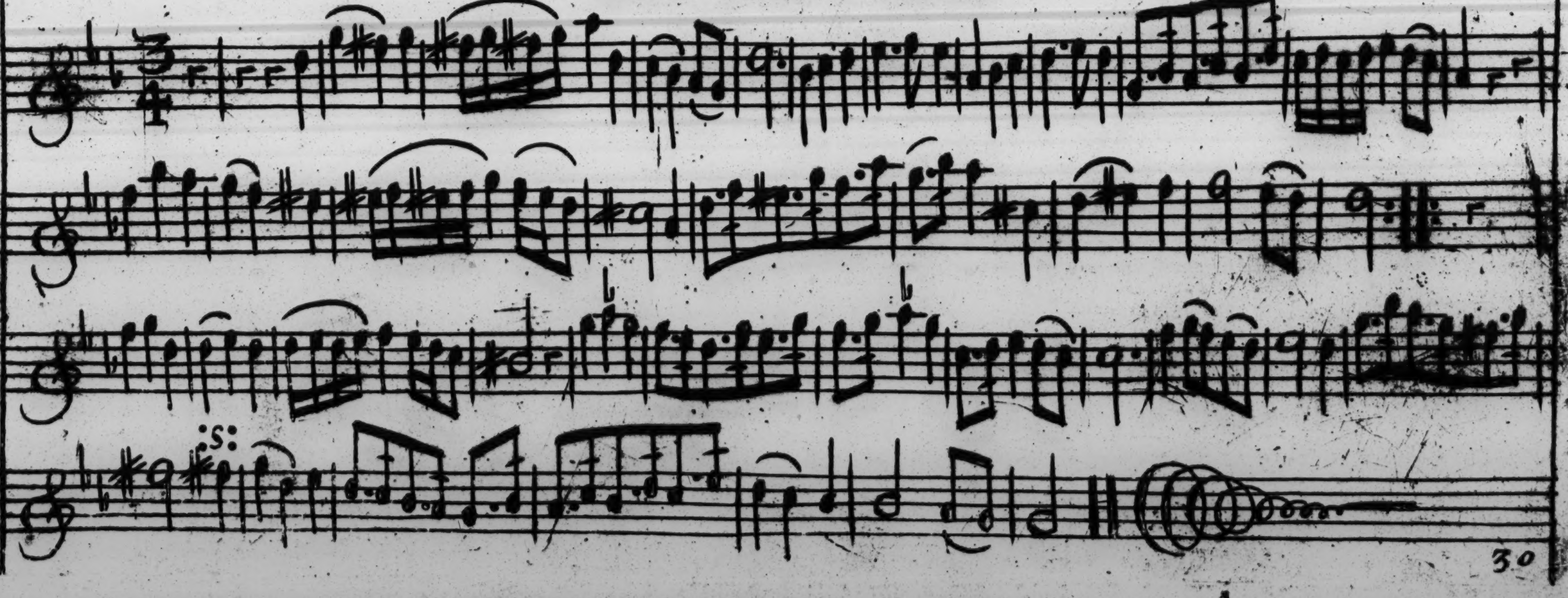
# A SONG, *Set and Sung by Mr.* Gouge; *at the new* THEATER, *and exactly engrav'd by* Tho: Croſs.


While Sighing at your Feet I lye; pale and expiring pale & expiring
ga—...—...sp for Breath: Can you relentleſs see me Dye; and glo—...—ry
in your Martyr's Death? Ah! could the Torments I sustain
raise but Compa—...—ſsion in your Breaſt: One pitying Look, would ease my
Pain; and give my So—...—...—...ul Eternal Reſt.
1
2

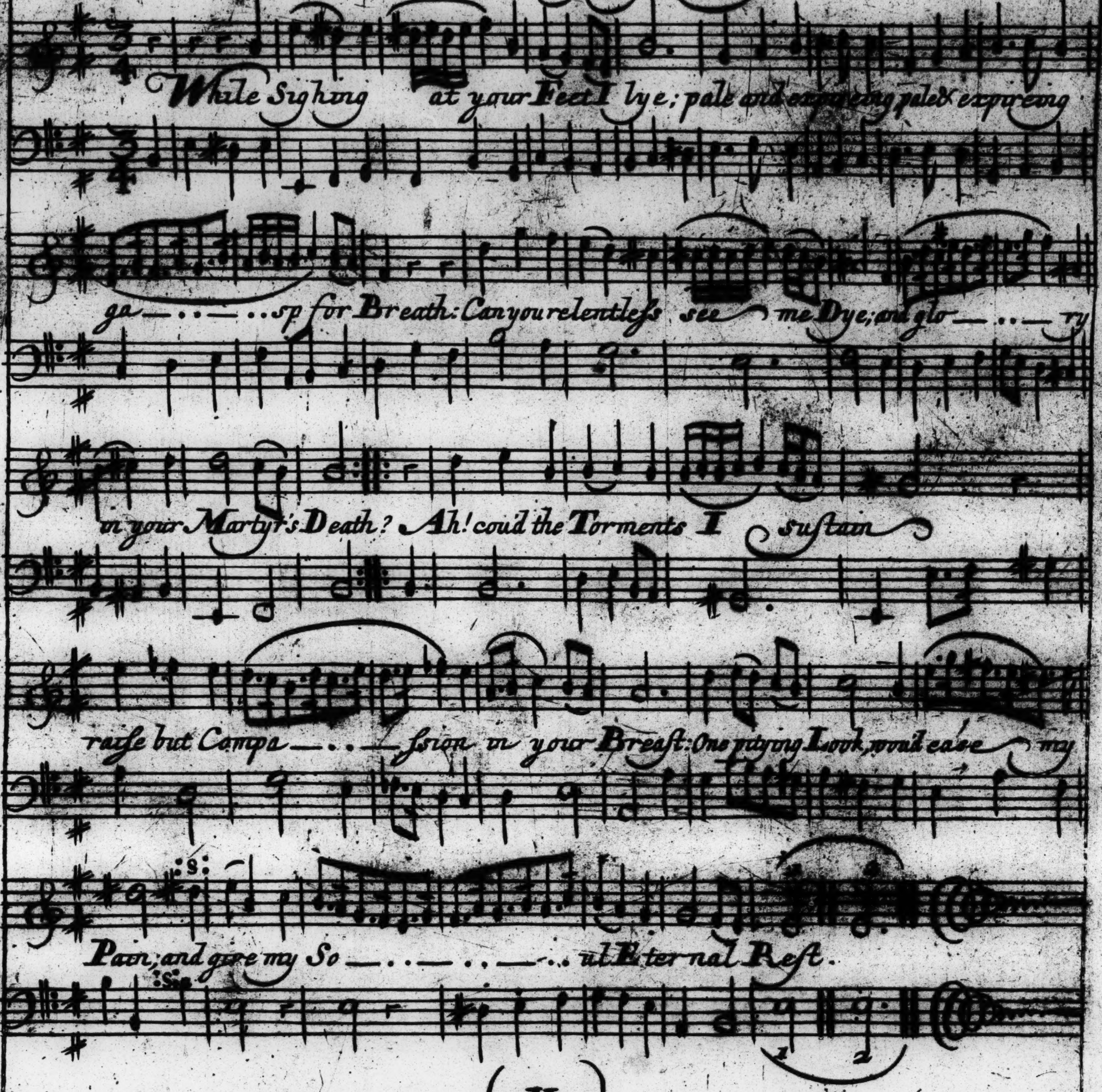
(II.)

Tho you comand me not to live,
And I with Pleasure must obay:
My Soul shall affter Death sirvive,
Which Fate or Time can ne'er decay.
But since all Hopes of you are lost,
And Life with pay must disappear;
When I'm converted to a Ghost,
I'll be your guardian Angel here.

### For the Flute



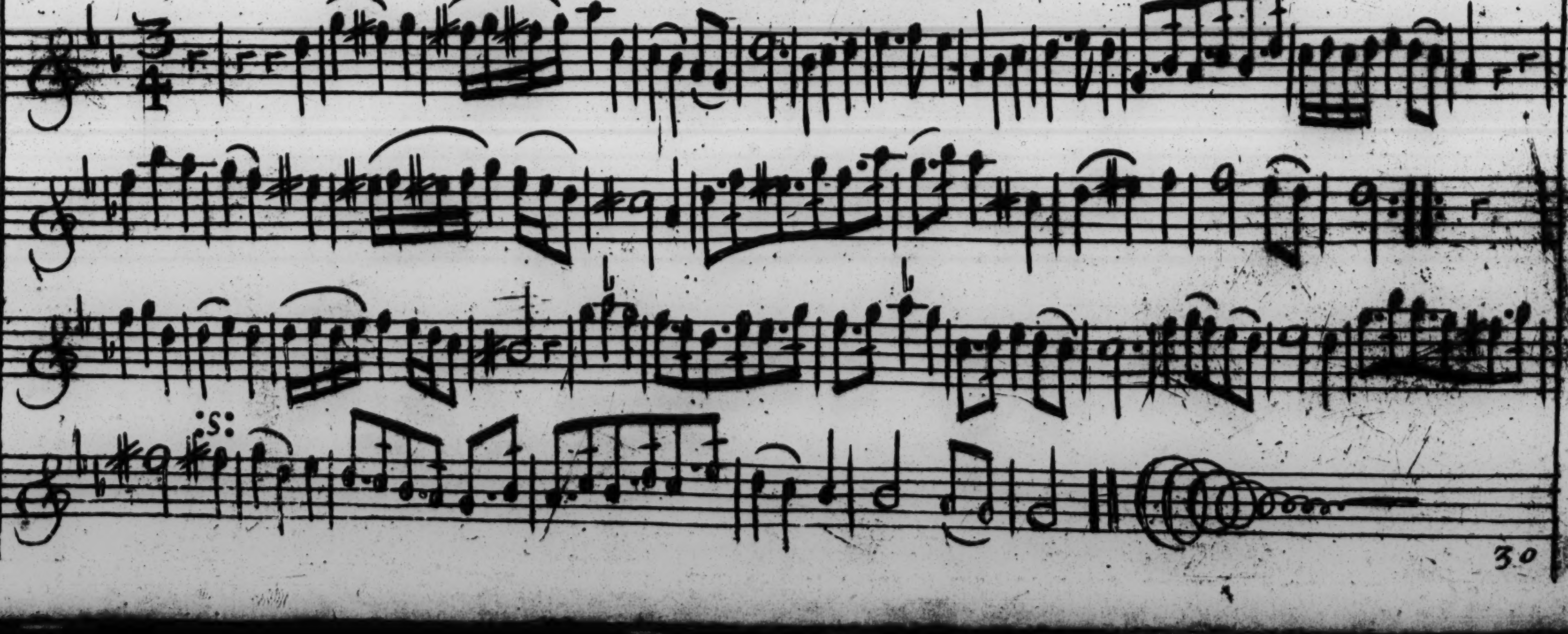
# A SONG, *Set and Sung by Mr.* Gouge; *at the new* THEATER, *and exactly engrav'd by* Tho: Croſs.


While Sighing at your Feet I lye; pale and expireing pale & expireing
ga—..—..sp for Breath: Can you relentless see me Dye; and glo—..—ry
in your Martyr's Death? Ah! coud the Torments I sustain
raise but Compa—..—ssion in your Breast: One pitying Look, would ease my
Pain; and give my So—..—..—..—..ul Eter nal Rest.
S:
1
2

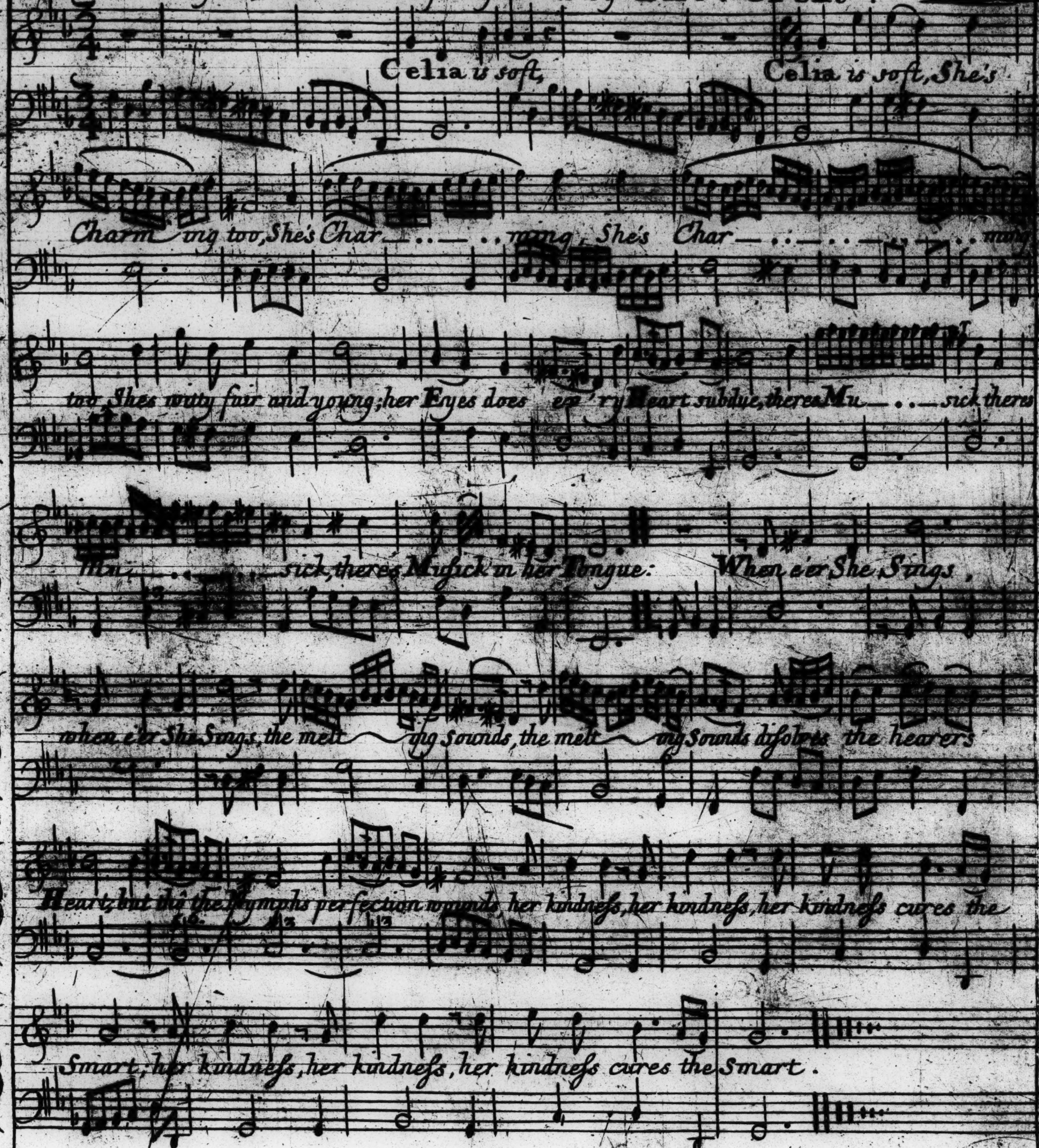
### ( II. )

Tho' you comand me not to live,
And I with Pleasure must obay;
My Soul shall affter Death sirvive,
Which Fate or Time can ne'er decay.
But since all Hopes of you are lost,
And Life with pay must disappear;
When I'm converted to a Ghost,
I'll be your guardian Angel here.

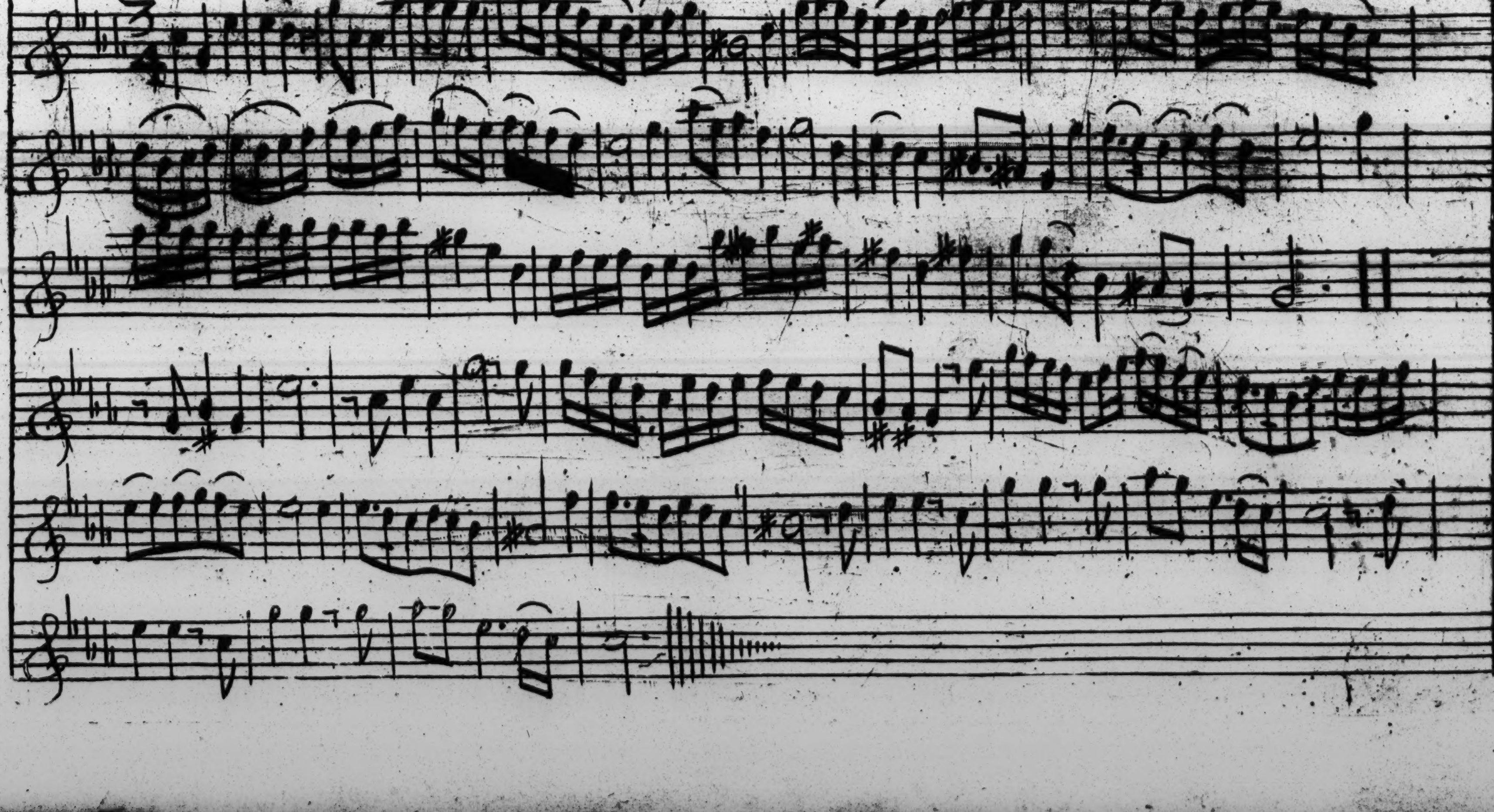
## For the Flute.



# A Song Set by Mr Jeremiah Clarke, Sung by Mrs Erwin at the Theater Royall; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Croſs


Celia is soft, Celia is soft, She's
Charming too, She's Char.........ming, She's Char...............ming
too She's witty fair and young; her Eyes does ev'ry Heart subdue, theres Mu.....sick theres
Mu.........sick, theres Muſick in her Tongue: When e'er She Sings
when e'er She Sings, the melting Sounds, the melting Sounds diſsolves the hearers
Heart, but tho' the Nymphs perfection wounds, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the
Smart, her kindneſs, her kindneſs, her kindneſs cures the Smart.

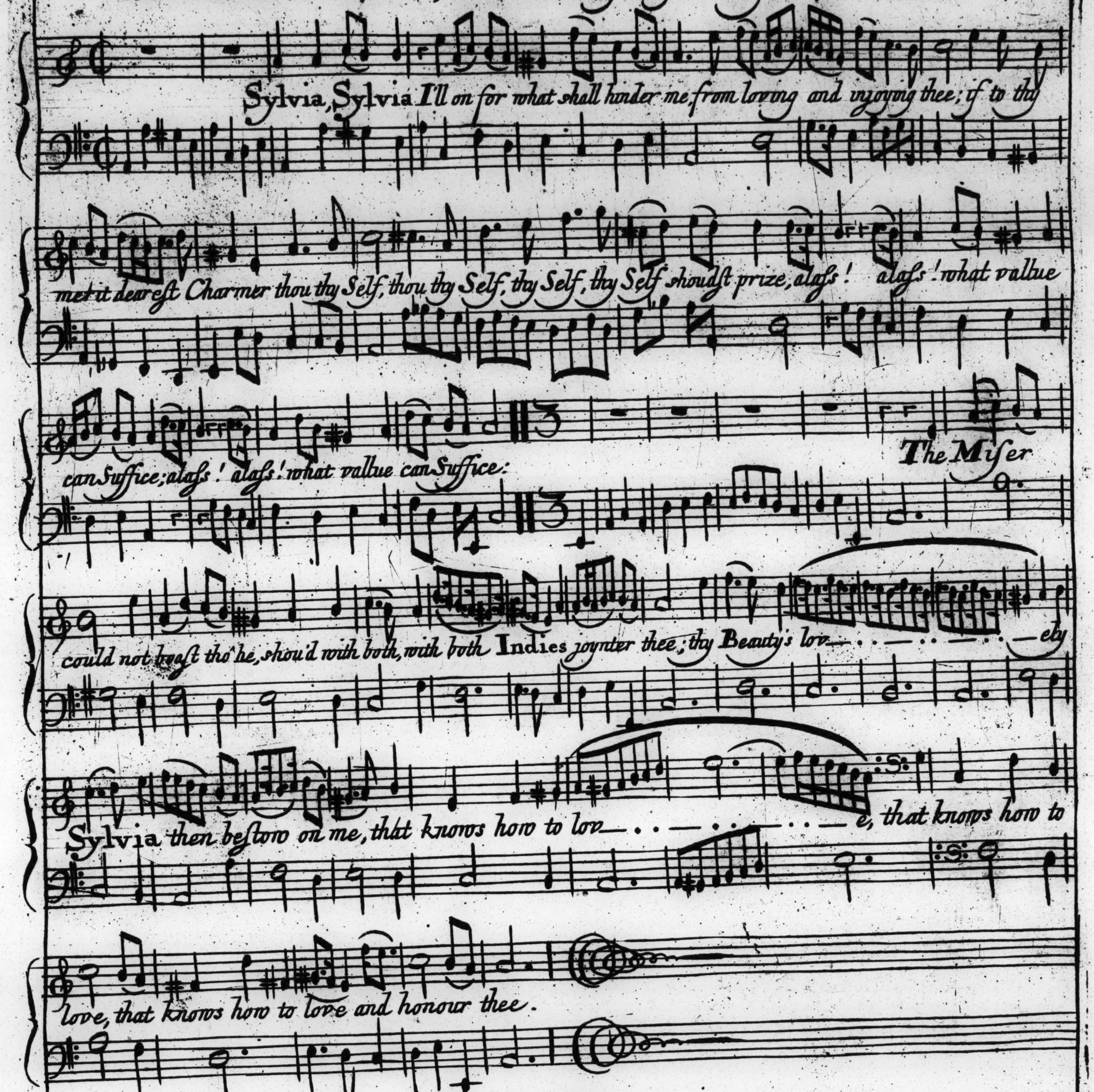
## For the Flute.



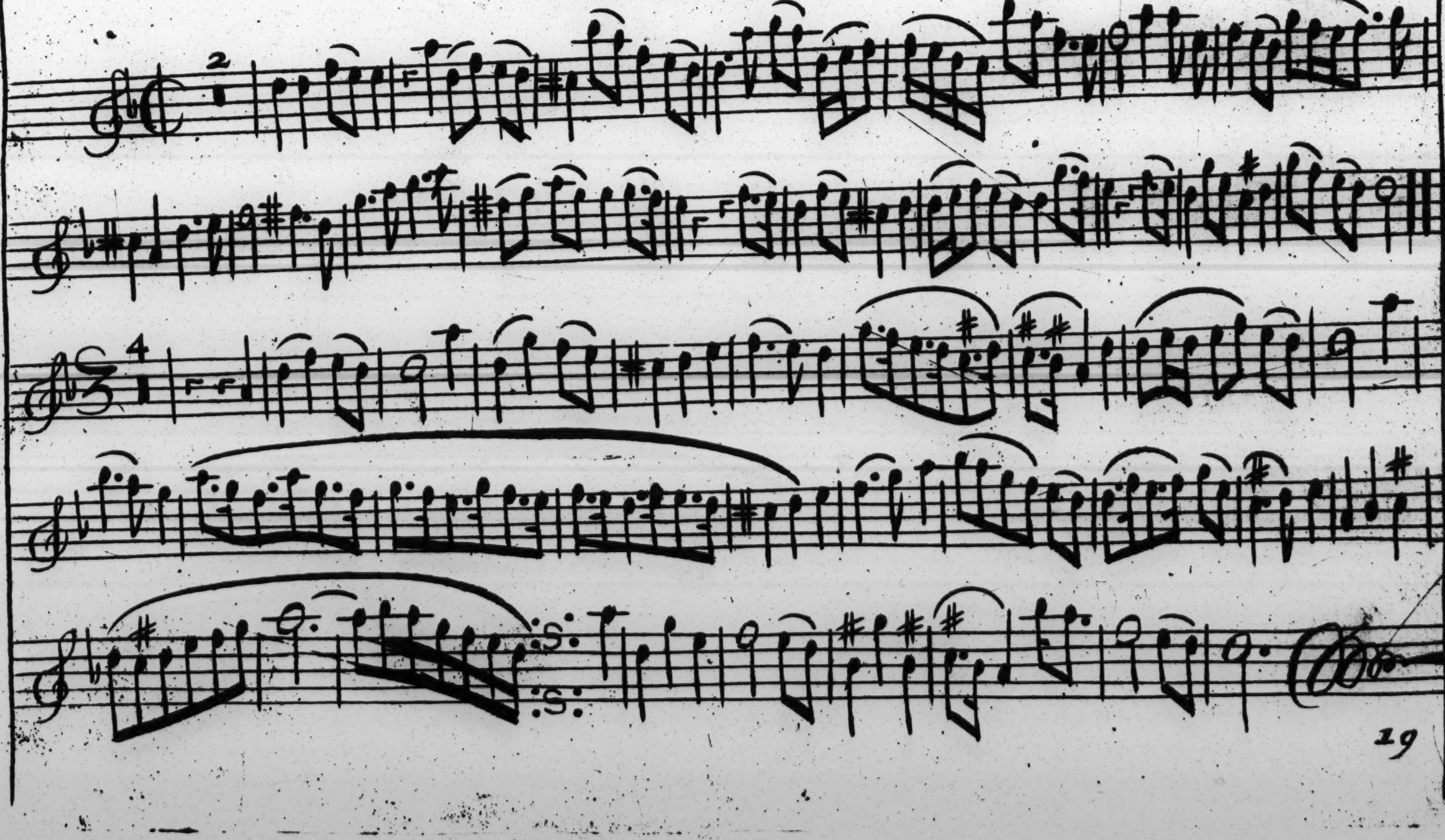
k

3

# A SONG, Set by Mr William Robart, Sung by the Girl, at the new THEATER, and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Sylvia, Sylvia I'll on for what shall hinder me, from loving and injoying thee; if to thy
merit it dearest Charmer thou thy Self, thou thy Self, thy Self, thy Self shouldst prize, alass! alass! what value
can Suffice; alass! alass! what value can Suffice:
The Miser
could not boast tho' he, shou'd with both, with both Indies joynter thee; thy Beauty's lov— — — ely
Sylvia then bestow on me, that knows how to lov— — — e, that knows how to
love, that knows how to love and honour thee.

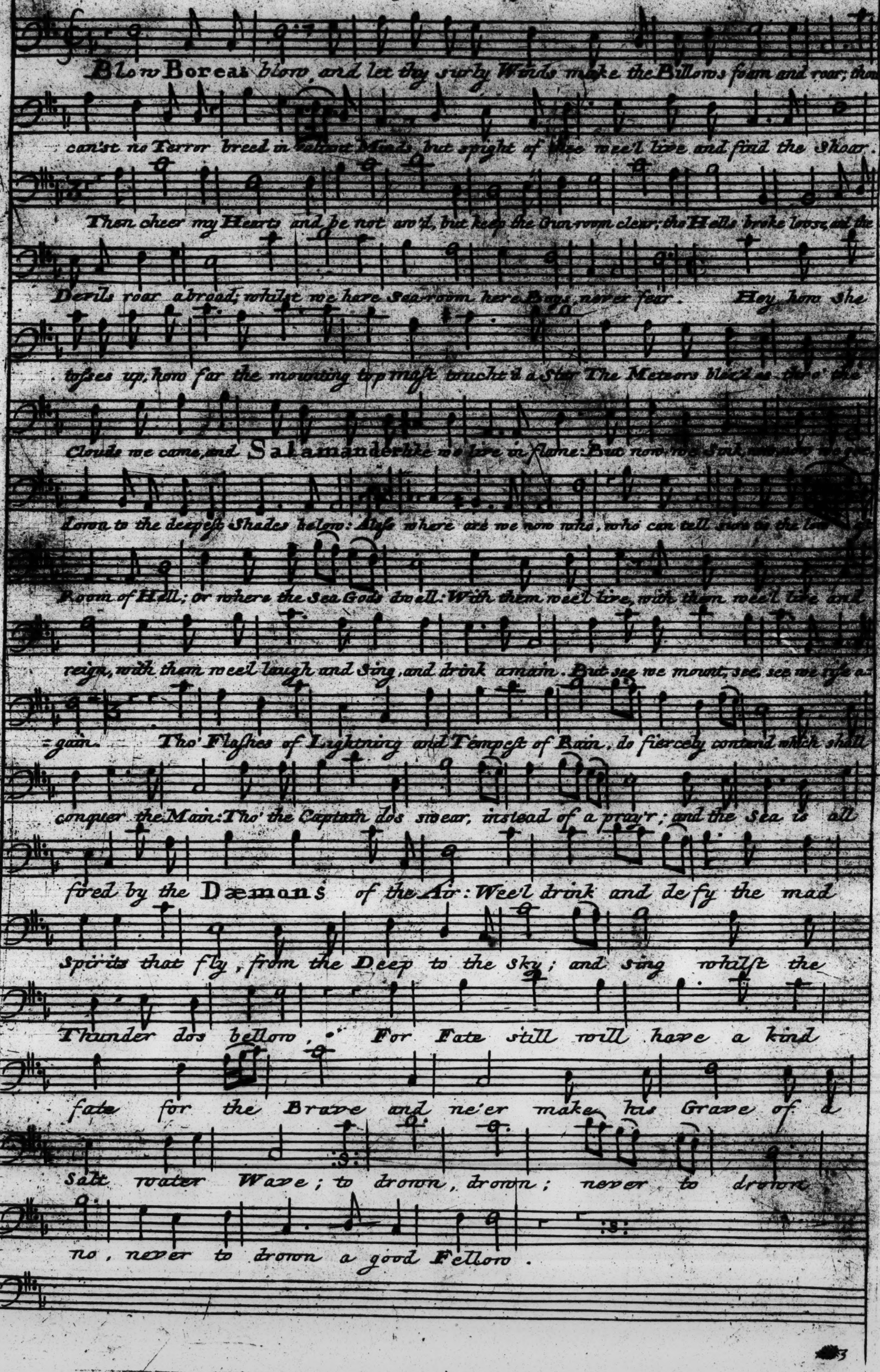
## For the Flute.



04

K

# A Storm at Sea, Set by Mr. Robert Bradley — and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.


Blow Boreas blow, and let thy surly Winds make the Billows foam and roar; thou
can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee wee'l live and find the Shoar.
Then cheer my Hearts and be not aw'd, but keep the Gun-room clear; tho Hells broke loose, and the
Devils roar abroad; whilst we have Sea-room here Boys, never fear. Hey, how she
tosses up, how far the mounting top mast touch'd a Star The Meteors blaz'd as thro' the
Clouds we came, and Salamanderlike we live in flame: But now we Sink, now now we go
down to the deepest Shades below: Alass where are we now who, who can tell sure to the low[illegible]
Room of Hell; or where the Sea Gods dwell: With them weel live, with them weel live and
reign, with them weel laugh and Sing, and drink amain. But see we mount, see, see we rise a-
gain. Tho' Flashes of Lightning and Tempest of Rain, do fiercely contend which shall
conquer the Main: Tho' the Captain dos swear, instead of a pray'r; and the Sea is all
fired by the Dæmons of the Air: Wee'l drink and defy the mad
Spirits that fly, from the Deep to the sky; and sing whilst the
Thunder dos bellow, For Fate still will have a kind
fate for the Brave and ne'er make his Grave of a
Salt water Wave; to drown, drown; never to drown
no, never to drown a good Fellow.

BRITISH MUSEUM

## A

2. Take Oh take those Lips away – Shakespeare
33. Dear pretty Youth – Tempest –
69. Song in Hamlet